

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

J. Tarlton

GLASGOW:

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DRAMATIC WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CECIL, VISCOUNT

ROSEBURY

C

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II.

III.

IV.

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

- I. HEROIC Love: *Or, The Cruel Separation.*
A Tragedy.
- II. Once a Lover, and always a Lover. *A Co-*
medy.
- III. *The Jew of Venice.* *A Comedy.*
- IV. *The British Enchanters: Or, No Magic like*
Love. An Opera.

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES

IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED

IN SENATE

AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

HEROIC LOVE:

OR THE

CRUEL SEPARATION.

A

TRAGEDY.

Rectius Illiacum carmen deducis in actus, —

Hor. de arte poetica.

Quam si proferres ignota indistaque primus.

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T O

Mr. *GRANVILLE*,

On his excellent Tragedy, called, *HEROIC LOVE*.

A USPICIOUS poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend!
But since 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and with'ring age submit,
With less regret, those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes obstinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
Old monarchs tho' successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace; and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage,
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
And in despair, their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill:
Thus they jog on; still tricking, never thriving;
And murd'ring plays, which they miscall reviving.
Our sense is nonsense, thro' their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis so disguis'd in death: nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own fire the chief invited guest.

I say not this of thy successful scenes;
 Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains:
 With length of time, much judgment and more toil,
 Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil:
 * Their setting-sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray,
 Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay:
 And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
 § Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
 This difference, yet the judging world will see;
 Thou copie'st Homer, and they copy thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.

* Mr. Betterton's company in Lincolns-inn fields,
 § Drury Lane Play-house.

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PROLOGUE.

By the right honourable HENRY ST. JOHNS, Esq;

HOW hard's the poet's task, in these our days,
Who such dull palates is condemn'd to please,
As damn all sense, and only fustian praise?
Charm'd with heroic nonsense, lofty strains,
Not with the writers, but the players pains,
And by the actors lungs, judge of the poet's brains.

Let scribbling judges, who your pleasures serve,
Live by your smiles, or by your anger starve,
To please you in your vain fantastic way,
Renounce their judgment, to secure their pay:
By written laws, our author would be try'd,
And write as if Athenians should decide,
With Horace and the Stagyrte for guide.
Applause is welcome, but too dearly bought,
Should we give up one rule, those mighty masters taught.
Yet some, methinks, I here and there descry,
Who may with ancient Rome and Athens vie;
To whose tribunal we submit with joy:
To them, and only them; for not to wrong ye
'Twould be a shame to please the most among ye.

Chiefly the softer sex he hopes to move,
Those tender judges of heroic love:
To that bright circle he resigns his cause,
And if they smile, he asks no more applause.

Persons Names.

M E N.

Agamemnon, king of Argos, general of the allies at the siege of Troy.	}	Mr. Betterton.
Achilles, general of the Myrmidons.		Mr. Verbrugen.
Nestor, a Grecian commander.		Mr. Bowman.
Ulysses, another commander of the Greeks.		Mr. Sandford.
Patroclus, the friend of Achilles.		Mr. Scudamore.
Chryses, high priest of Phoebus, father of Chruſeis.	}	Mr. Kynaſton.
Chalcas, a Grecian ſoothſayer.		Mr. Freeman.
Talhybius, } Eurybates }	}	Captains of the king's guard.
		Mr. Bailly.
Officers, guards, and attendants to the king.		

W O M E N.

Chruſeis,	Mrs. Barry.
Briseis,	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Artemis, a woman attendant to Chruſeis.	Mrs. Prince.

The SCENE is of the Grecian fleet and camp
before Troy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before AGAMEMNON's pavilion.

CHRYSES the high priest, and CHALCAS.

CHRYSES.

SEE him I will, and must.

Chal. See him you may, but wait a better time.

Chr. Chalcas, what time? Whose time shall Chryses wait?

Shall I, who to th' assembled gods can say,
Let me be heard, and straight they bend their ears,
And at all hours, are ready to my prayers;
Shall I upon a mortal's leisure wait?
I say, I will be heard, and now.

Chal. Forgive me, holy Chryses, prince of prophets;
Thou oracle, unerring, when thy gods
Enlighten thee to speak their dark decrees;
But human born, retaining human frailties,
Your reason by your passion is mis-led.
To temperate tongues, unbiass'd by resentment,
Trust your demands; or failing to persuade,
You may provoke. For tho' the king be mild,
Inclin'd to good, of easy disposition,
Yet he's of hasty temper, catching fire,
As the best natures are indeed most apt:
Surprize him not, nor work him unprepar'd;
He knows not your arrival yet: let us begin
By easy steps to lead him to your wish;
And if we fail, then urge what you think fit.

Chr. Why do we pray for children? Call 'em blessings,
And deem the barren womb a curse? O marriage!
Unhappy! most unhappy of all states!
Matching with sorrows, teeming still with more;
The vexed womb seems to bring forth to vex,

Producing none but to disgrace or ruin
 The rash begetters. Had Helen never been,
 Troy were safe: or had Chryseis been unborn,
 Greece had been well reveng'd—O fatal pair!
 Most mischievous where most lov'd: pleasing,
 And yet destroying. Not Medusa kills,
 With her envenom'd glances, half so sure,
 Not Hector's sword has cost more Argive lives,
 Nor has Achilles' spear more Dardans slain,
 Than each of these, with her devouring eyes.

Chal. Well am I pleas'd to find your soul thus mov'd:
 If you can pity, sure you will redress;
 Where pity rests, there mercy too will lodge.
 These heavy vengeancees that press so sore
 Are owing to your pray'rs incensing heaven.
 O Chryses, Chryses! look on yonder camp,
 Behold what heaps of dead, without one wound;
 Behold how like the dead the living look,
 So near their end, that they who wait their friends
 To the last rites, are burnt on the same pile:
 The sturdy Greeks, unfinew'd by diseases,
 That firmly went, impressing deep the ground
 On which they trod, with their large lusty strides,
 Now scarcely crawl, supported on their spears:
 No friendly ray, to shew us to our tents,
 But a dim red that overcasts the sky,
 A blood-shot beam all dreadful to behold:
 Nor march we now by any other light
 But funeral fires.

Chr. Nought can'st thou urge from this,
 But that the gods are just.

Chal. The gods are just, but they are merciful,
 Were Chryses so, these woes would have an end,

Chr. Th' uninjur'd at their ease, forgiveness preach
 At second hand: But all who smart alike,
 Forgive alike: Vengeance is nature's debt,
 And all who can, will have it strictly paid:
 Forgiveness is the cunning of revenge,
 A wise delay, for want of pow'r to hurt,
 And but dissimulation at the best:

H E R O I C L O V E .

9

Had Chalcas lost a daughter, thus had I urg'd
To him, and he had heard like me.

Chal. Of all the attributes that Jove can boast,
Mercy's the most divine; and of all men
The merciful are pleasing to the gods.
Let but a truce be granted, till we know
The king's resolve.

Chr. No — Not a moment's respite will I give:
By dangers I'll awake him from delights;
Whom plagues shall spare, the merciless sword shall cut,
And who escape the sword, new plagues shall reach.
None rate their love so high, but they will part
When life's the price — Why do I dally here
In idle talk? Now, now perhaps, this moment
The sacrilegious ravisher's at work!
And shall I wait till his hot fit be done?
Shew me the way, and let me rush upon him — [*Going.*]

Chal. Have but an hour's patience, reverend Chryses,
[*Stops him.*]

Nestor is gone, and with him wife Ulysses,
Achilles too: A council is conven'd,
Where your demands will fully be made known;
You shall have justice.

Chr. I will have justice, Chalcas, and look to't,
For once I give your humour way — but know,
And mark it well — Chryses must have justice,
Or Agamemnon perish.

Chal. Doubt it not Chryses, all will be amended.
But oh! how much I fear!
So much I know he loves.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Chryses and Chalcas.*]

S C E N E II.

AGAMEMNON and CHRUSEIS.

Ag. O my Chruiseis! why these alter'd looks?
Why weeps my love, whose smiles are all my joy?
Those eyes that wont to dance at my approach,
And sparkle on me with redoubled light,

Why veil they now in clouds when I draw near?
 That charming voice, that with its chearful sound
 So chear'd my heart, why is its language sad?
 Why broken thus with sighs? Thy gentle hand,
 Not to be felt without transporting joy,
 That when I press'd it, answer'd to my touch;
 Why feels it now so cold? O tell thy griefs!
 If ought there be in Agamemnon's reach,
 Tho' with the price of kingdoms to be bought,
 Tho' with the lives of millions to be conquer'd,
 Let but Chruſeis speak, and think it sure.

Chru. My dearest lord, you wrong my tender love,
 Possessing you, what is there left to wish?
 But ah! who fear to lose what they have got,
 May grieve as much as those who weep for more.

Ag. Both to yourself, and me, 'tis much unjust
 To fear my change, or doubt your pow'r to fix.
 Arriv'd at heav'n, there's no returning back.

Thy image, my Chruſeis, on my heart
 Lies like a shield, where every dart that strikes
 From any other eye, bounds swiftly back,
 Nor leaves a dint behind. ———

Chru. ———— O happy Helen!
 Who when the trumpets call, and the loud voice
 Of war provokes the soldier from his rest,
 Holds fast her Paris; safe embrac'd he lies,
 No call of honour takes him from her arms;
 But I, unhappy I ———

Ag. ———— Dismiss that grief.
 The conq'ring year's arriv'd, when Troy must fall;
 Nine years of fruitless pain, so fates ordain'd
 We should endure; the tenth rewards our toil.
 'Tis come, my fair, nor shall our slumbers more
 Be broke by rude alarms; but yet a little longer
 And all our task is love: close cleaving to thy side,
 No cry, To arms! shall interrupt again
 Our balmy joys. ———

Chru. ———— Still, still I fear.

Ag. Vain are thy fears, Chruſeis; but they're kind.
 The gods are weary of this doubtful strife,

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And now will finish it: the sun nine years
Has rose and set in slaughter, and now turns
His face from death, and scarce will look abroad,
But pale and sad, winks with a feeble light
Upon our camp, as sick with human blood.

Chru. Would that were all: But my foreboding mind
Says otherwise. Ill omens haunt my steps,
Unquiet thoughts disturb my nights and days,
I know not why: and when I meet my lord,
Some hand unseen still thrusts me back again,
And chides my haste: If I but lift my eyes
On yours, some voice unknown still whispers me,
Take heed, Chruſeis, those are guilty looks:
Ev'n in the midst of our transporting bliss,
Where all's devoted to immortal love,
In those dear arms, where none can lie unblest,
The holy place where grief should never enter,
Sacred to joy, even there my tears pursue me,
Flowing uncall'd. ———

Ag. ——— Well have I mark'd those tears,
And chid thy eyes, which rapture could not dry.
The gods are envious sure of our delights,
Mankind is never happy, but by halves;
For, from that hour since first I saw my love,
The public woes are dated: then began
Fev'ers to rage, and plagues that thin our ranks;
The lusty Greeks, that wont to march to battle
With chearful pace, now drag their slothful feet,
And but in flight are nimble.
Heartless our victims are, and every bird
Sinister flies ———

Chru. ——— Alas! am I the cause?

Ag. Nor you nor I; else should we perish too:
In midst of sickness we preserve our health,
In midst of death we live: the guiltless 'scape.
No, my Chruſeis, some kind pow'r that saw
These wounds would break my heart, gave thee to heal 'em;
That when returning, driven by those foes,
Whom I was us'd to drive, embracing thus,
I might forget my griefs: that what I lose in glory

Might be repaid in love. — Should Troy escape,
 Should Argos too be lost, my kingdoms all
 Laid wast, and scepters wrested from my hand,
 Whilst I can hold Chruscis, I'm a gainer,
 Within these arms I am a conqueror still.
 Why does my love not meet my fierce embrace
 With wonted warmth? why drop thy snowy arms
 That us'd to clasp me round? — Now by the gods she weeps —
 What griefs are yet untold? thy gentle heart
 Beats at thy breast, like an imprison'd bird,
 And thy swoln eyes, like clouds that paus'd a while,
 Flow faster than before.

Chru. Ah prince!

Ag. Out with it then, give me thy griefs, Chruscis.

Chru. My father ———

Ag. What of him?

Chru. Is in your camp arriv'd ———

Ag. He's welcome then.

Fain would I see the man who gave thee life,
 The parent of my joy — — By Juno and by Pallas,
 Those guardians of my arms, were Phoebus self
 Arriv'd, whose minister he is,
 That glorious God, he were not half so welcome,
 Nor should receive more honours from the king.

Chru. Alas, he seeks not honours: all his thoughts
 Are bent on heaven, devoted to the gods;
 Tho' in his hand he bears a golden scepter,
 Tho' on his reverend head a crown he wears,
 The marks of his high office; tho' to kings
 Equal in dignity, his humble mind
 Shuns worldly pomp ———

Ag. So humble, and a priest, my love! that's strange.

Chru. He comes not here, I know it by my fears,
 For honours, nor for wealth: for me he comes,
 To take me from your arms, and from your bosom,
 And bear me where I ne'er shall see you more.
 Will Agamemnon let him?

Ag. What armies brings he with him in his train,
 That he should think, here, in my very camp,
 To force my treasure from me?

Chru. Legions of gods attend his pious call,
That shoot with shafts unseen: and O! perhaps
These deaths that have already strew'd the plain
Are owing to his prayers.

Ag. ——— Thy fears are needless;
What is there to offend him in our loves?
That from a captive, you become a queen;
That Agamemnon, king of mightiest kings,
Is slave to his Chruſeis; that the man
Whom princes serve, serves thee.

Chru. Such honours might perhaps move other men,
But oh! his rigid virtue, nice, severe,
Allows to nature nothing.

Ag. If honours he contemns, we'll give him gold,
Wealth he shall have enough to ransom kings,
I'll empty all my treasures at his feet:
Fear not my love, where pride and avarice reign,
These are sure baits. ———

Enter Talthymbius,

Tal. The great Achilles,
With Nestor, and the prince of Ithaca,
Approach your royal tent.

Ag. They sent us word, that somewhat of import
They would reveal, that does concern us much,
Our honour and our peace, and would restore
Health to our soldiers, to our arms success.
Retire, my fair, nor vex thy gentle mind
With needless doubts — Tho' men and gods conspire,
I'll hold thee fast — My life, my soul, farewell.

[He leads her to the door. Exit Chruſeis.]

Enter Achilles, Nestor, and Ulysses.

Ulyſ. Health to the king; nor can we wish him better
In camps where foul infections seize on all,
And mix without distinction, base and noble.

Ach. Atides heeds not that, secure of love:
What tho' the soldiers die, the princes murmur;
What tho' Troy stand, so but Chruſeis smile?
The public griefs are general to all
But thee; O happy Agamemnon!

Ag. The king of Myrmidons, of all mankind

Might have spar'd that reproach ; for 'tis well known,
 Brave as he is, oft when the trumpet sounds,
 He'll loiter ———

For a parting kiss from his Briseis.

Nest. What cruel woes have women brought to Greece !
 For empire and for honour once we fought ;
 But the new mode is women ——— Cursed sex !
 Of all our plagues, the worst : nor will our camp
 Be free, whilst there's one woman left.

Ag. Old age may make us all thus Cynical,
 But Nestor once was young, and then a woman
 After the tug of a hard foughten field,
 Pass'd for a blessing. — But to our business now ;
 At your request, Achilles, we are met :
 First let us sit ———

[*They sit. Agamemnon and Achilles in two chairs of state
 at the upper end of the table : Nestor and Ulysses on each
 side.*]

—— If you have ought to urge
 Of public good ; ought that can heal our wounds,
 And stay the vengeance of offended Jove,
 Speak freely, princes, — Agamemnon's heart
 Bleeds for his people : if the gods require
 His life, a sacrifice to save the rest,
 And to atone their wrath ——— the king shall die.

Nest. Well have you vow'd, O king, and I rejoice
 To find such piety ——— O Jove confirm it ! [Rises.
 Kings, above other mortals are requir'd
 To be observant to the pow'rs divine,
 Since on their actions, good or ill, depends
 The public peace — O gods ! what crime are these !
 Whose crime ?

No private man's, since a whole nation suffers,
 No little fault, the vengeance is too great ;
 And much I fear, whoe'er th' offender be,
 This criminal is obstinate in guilt :
 For, mark it well, these judgments by degrees
 Grew more, and greater daily : the disease
 First on our cattle seiz'd : the generous horse,
 That bore his rider safe thro' armed ranks,

Snapping in sunder darts and spears; then fell
 Unhurt, untouch'd.——From beasts it spread to men:
 The merry Greeks, as at their cups they sit,
 Drop in the midst of laughter.——As some huge tow'r
 At which men gaze, astonish'd at its strength,
 If waters undermine, and springs unseen
 Sap its foundation, unawares comes down,
 And covers with its ruins all the place:
 So look our strong battalions, and so fall
 Whole ranks at once, and the dead lie on heaps.
 O Phoebus! stay thy hand that shoots unseen;
 All pestilence, all fevers are from thee,
 These shafts are thine, restrain thy murd'ring wrath,
 For pious Agamemnon, king of kings,
 Has vow'd to do thee justice, [He sits. Ulys. rises.]

Ulys. Great are our ills; too grievous to be born.
 Had we a king less pious——kings there are,
 Who, slaves to their own wills, regard not fame.
 What, tho' their people weep, their eyes are dry;
 What tho' they starve, their coffers still are full;
 Tho' heaven by surest tokens of its wrath
 Give warning to repent, they mind not heav'n,
 But still go on, and own no gods but lust.
 Such kings are hated here, despis'd hereafter;
 Their memories are curst, the widows tears
 And orphans wrongs, reveng'd upon their issue,
 What glories then, O mighty Agamemnon!
 What honours here, what praise in after-times,
 What love of men, what favour of the gods,
 Will crown thy pious deeds, who looking down
 With aking heart on thy griev'd people's suff'ring,
 Hast vow'd to give whate'er the gods exact,
 Tho' dear as life, to stay their miseries.

Ag. Nestor, in wisdom nearest to the gods,
 By long experience of three ages taught;
 O were thy strength proportion'd to thy mind,
 Achilles would be weak, compar'd to thee;
 Could but thy body, bending under years,
 Act thy high thoughts, Troy should not stand a day.
 And thou, Ulysses, prince of Ithaca,

Forward in fight, and fam'd for stratagem,
Be witnesses to men of what I swear.

And thou, O Jove, the giver of all laws, [*Rises, all rise.*
And Phoebus too, who from thy orb above
Art conscious to what mortals do, or say ;
O seas! O earth! and you impartial pow'rs
Below, who judge and punish perjury,
Bear an eternal record of my oath.

If I have err'd, and not atone my crime,
Whatever way the deities ordain,
If I obey not, as at Aulis once,
When to appease Diana's cruel rage,
My Iphigenia was led forth to bleed,
Public dishonour, and domestic strife
Be then my doom —— if any other prince,
Tho' Menelaus, Ajax, Diomede,
Or, tho' last nam'd, the first of all the Greeks,
Divine Achilles, honour'd as a God,
Be author of these plagues, if thro' respect,
Thro' favour, or thro' fear, I spare the guilty,
On me, and mine, still light this heavy curse.

[*Sits.*]

Ach. Then hear, Atrides, what the gods declare,
What they require, and who's the guilty man ;
'Tis thou art this offender ——

[*Starting up.*]

Ag. Ha!

Ach. Nay, frown not, son of Atreus, for 'tis true :
Frowns do not fright Achilles, but provoke.
Apollo is th' offended God, and thou
The criminal. —— But not for vows forgot,
Or hecatombs omitted, come these plagues,
But for his priest, whose daughter's here detain'd
Against his will. —— Chryses himself is come
With his demands, as legate from high heaven,
And holy Chalcas, who reads ev'ry page
Of secret fate, and knows the hearts of gods,
More plagues denounces, till she be restor'd.

Ag. Chryses and Chalcas are two lying priests :
Thou the fomentor of eternal broils ;
And this a plot to vex me.

Nest. What you have heard, Atrides, is most true,

Such

Such is the will of heaven: but grieve not, king,
He comes not empty-handed to demand
His daughter back — the priest a ransom brings
As might content —————

Ag. The avarice of a priest.

Were I old Nestor, past the age of love,
I might sell mine — I scorn his proffer'd treasure;
My honour's now concern'd to keep my love,
Lest the malicious world, that censures kings
Like common men, should say of Agamemnon,
That like a sordid slave he chang'd for gold
All that his soul held dear.

Ach. But like a sordid slave to lusts as vile;
You matter not to sacrifice your fame,
To brave the gods with violated oaths,
To sell your faith, your glory, and the lives
Of millions, for a woman.

Ag. Proud Myrmidon, provoke me not too far,
Upon thy life no more —————

Ach. My life! who dares attempt it;

Ag. Ha! Who dares —————

*[They rise, and laying their hands on their swords stand in
a posture of drawing, Nestor and Ulysses interpose.]*

Ulys. Take heed, Achilles, and respect the king,
Who strike at kings, repeat the giants crime,
And strike at Jove.

Nest. *[to Ag.]* You know his temper, cholerick and fierce.
Provoke him not, Atrides, 'tis not well:
You that should shew th' example of good order,
Whom all the princes and the kings of Greece
Have chosen their leader — For shame, command yourself.

Ag. Unconscionable men! Must I of all the Greeks,
Must I be robb'd of what the chance of war
Has made my prize? I, only I, debarr'd
Of what to every centinel's allow'd?
What petty leader is there in the camp
Whom I disturb? When, when did I invade
Another's pleasures? — Nestor, Ulysses, speak.
And thou, Achilles, did I ever wrong
You of your rights? or with lascivious rage

Force from your tents, your captives? princes, speak,
Why then these wrongs to me?

Ulys. Not we, Atrides, but th' immortal gods —

Nest. Can Agamemnon, that religious king,
Who not deny'd his daughter to the gods,
Refuse a stranger, and a captive?

Ach. Leave, leave him to his fate, and let Troy stand.
Whom heaven abandons, men in vain support.
What harm has Troy done us? nor came we here
But for his sake, ungrateful as he is.
My troops I'll lead from this infectious air,
And let him moulder here in plagues alone.

Ag. Go when thou wilt; in an unlucky hour
Thou cam'st — and may ill fate go with thee.
Lead hence thy Myrmidons, to Phthia back,
And plague some other country with thy pride:
Or back to Lycomedes' daughters — whence
Ulysses forc'd thee hither, to fulfil
The musty prophecies of doating priests,
That Troy, without thy aid, could not be conquer'd.
There hide thee in thy woman's garb again,
And with inhospitable lust debauch
Some new Deidamia.

Ach. Had Mars himself said this —

[Lays his hand on his sword]

Ag. Keep in thy rage: We know that thou canst fight,
I am thy witness, who have seen thee pierce
The Dardan ranks. — So would Therfites fight,
Had he been dipt in Styx: or had lame Mulciber
Wrought him a coat of arms not to be pierc'd.
What slave with an invulnerable skin,
And with impenetrable armour on,
Would be a coward?

Ach. Thus I reply — this injury's thy last.

[Draws; Nestor and Ulysses hold li

Ag. Not so, Achilles, there remains behind
A greater yet — Where are our guards?
Talthybius and Eurybates —

Nest. Sheath, sheath your sword —
The king shall make amends.

Enter Talthybius, Eurybates, and guard.

Ulyf. You were too fierce; and so would you be mov'd
Were your belov'd Briseis threatned.

Ach. Not all his guards shall save him —

[They hold him, he struggles.]

Ag. Hurt not, but keep that roaring lion in.
And thou, Talthybius, with our choicest troops
Haste to Achilles' tent and fetch Briseis;
Kill all that dare resist, 'tis my command.

[Exit Talthybius.]

I'll let thee know, by what thyself shalt feel,
What 'tis to part two lovers.

Ach. *[Struggling.]* Thou dar'st not do it —
By the gods thou dar'st not.

Ag. Thou turbulent invader of my love,
Be this thy punishment, and learn from hence
How to respect superior majesty.

Now let him loose, to save *[To the guards.]*
His mistress if he can.

Ach. Love calls me hence ere I can take thy life;
But my next labour my revenge shall be,
Tremble, Atrides, that my hands are free. *[Exit Achilles.]*

Ulyf. Oh gods! what joy to Priam will this bring,
What grief to the Achaeans!

Nest. O Agamemnon! this double violence —

Ag. I guess your meaning, Nestor, but intend
Nor love, nor violence, to fair Briseis;
Untouch'd, with all respect she shall remain
Till I have humbled this proud Myrmidon.
But O Chruseis!
Love, piety, and honour pull at once
All several ways — nor know I which to follow.
O Jove! assist me in this doubtful strife,
And if thou doom'st my love, condemn my life. *[Exeunt.]*

The end of the first act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

I'LL hear no more,
 The faithful dog flies at the robber's throat
 That would break in, to force his master's treasure;
 But dogs are watchful servants, true to trust,
 Men are the first to prey upon their lords;
 In danger they forsake us, shifting still
 From side to side, as they can mend their bargains;
 Are these, are these those daring Myrmidons
 That threaten Hector with their valiant boasts,
 And could they stand spectators of my wrongs?
 With arms a-crofs, behold my rifled tent,
 Nor with drawn swords, and lifted spears rush in
 To kill the ravishers —

Pat. What could such a handful —

Ach. They should have dy'd, if not enough to conquer,
 Each standing in his rank, with shield to shield,
 Have made a wall, and barr'd the passage up.
 Briseis, O Briseis! art thou lost,
 And do I live? and art thou ravish'd from me,
 And art thou unreveng'd? O had'st thou dy'd!
 Had we been sunder'd by the common course
 Of mortal things, necessity and fate,
 Th' inevitable doom of wilful gods,
 Had made these griefs less painful — had'st thou been false! —
 But thou wert true, our loves were in the spring,
 And yet we part: a human pow'r divides us,
 A man less worthy than myself has forc'd thee,
 And I must tamely bear it.

Pat. The gods are sparing ev'n to those they love,
 And stint their bounties to the best of men:
 A man, and never cross'd, would be a God.

Ach. They should have form'd my nature then to bear,
 They should have made me a tame patient fool,
 If they had meant to exercise my patience:

But they have cast me in a fiery mould,
 Of wrong impatient, furious for revenge.
 Why should they tempt us, where our virtue fails?
 Why do they give us frailties, yet expect
 That we should act, as free from any weakness?
 If nature must resist to all attacks,
 Why is not nature fortify'd alike
 In ev'ry part? why are we fram'd so brittle,
 If we must never break? O had they try'd my courage!
 Had Jove commanded more than Juno bid
 The strong Alcides, he had found me proof:
 But patience is the virtue of a beast
 That trots beneath his burthen and is quiet:
 A man's above it, and I scorn my load,
 Which I'll shake off, or perish.

Pat. Oh love! thou bane of the most generous souls!
 Thou doubtful pleasure! and thou certain pain!
 What magic's thine that melts the hardest hearts?
 That fools the wisest minds? what art is this
 That on so long experience of all ages,
 So known, so try'd a traitor should be trusted?

Ach. Now by th' immortal gods, this rape has pleas'd her;
 She willing went, delighted with the change:
 Oh! she could never from her heart forgive
 My rage at sack'd Lyrnessus; when mounting up
 The mighty wall, thro' darts, and stones, and spears,
 I fill'd the streets with slaughter of her friends:
 Her seven brothers, at her feet lay dead,
 She only 'scap'd, her wond'rous beauty sav'd her,
 And in the midst of fury made me tame.
 Sleep, sleep ye ghosts, lie quiet in your graves,
 Briseis has reveng'd your bloody deaths,
 Oh! she has thrust a dagger in my heart,
 I feel the poison'd point, here, here it sticks;
 It tears, it burns, and I shall sleep no more.

Pat. Suppose her false: and count this mighty loss,
 A woman! and a woman you've enjoy'd!
 Compose yourself, nor let the great Achilles
 Be thus disturb'd about a trifle.

Ach. And art thou false, Briseis; art thou false?

Was then thy tenderness thro' fear, not love?
 And didst thou, like a serpent, twine about me
 Only to sting? and does this parting please?
 Oh how she clasps Atrides in her arms!
 So she hugg'd me, and with her darting kisses
 Met me half way, as now she meets his lips.
 How close she clings! and how with rapture melts!
 Achilles is forgot — or if remember'd,
 'Tis but to curse me for her slaughter'd brothers.

Pat. If she is false, she is not worth this care:
 If she is true, her virtue will secure her.

Ach. No — she is true — by all the gods she loves me:
 Her vows were just, her tenderness sincere:
 There could be no deceit in such embraces.
 The joys she felt were mighty as my own,
 I saw it in her eyes, that dy'd away,
 I felt it in her arms, that claspt me close,
 And in the eagerness of every kiss,
 Love could not be dissembled in those moments.
 But what's her love, her virtue, or her truth?
 The ravisher has caught her, she must yield:
 O how that image stings! Now, now he drags her,
 His lustful arm, strong twisted in her hair,
 In his right hand, with his drawn sword he threatens;
 See! she resists — and with her tender nails
 She tears his cheeks, and struggles out of breath;
 On heaven she calls, on her Achilles calls,
 Help! help! she cries, I can resist no longer,
 The ravisher's too strong, and innocence
 Too weak for lust — Help! help! Achilles, help!
 Arm, arm, Patroclus, let our squadrons move,
 Draw ev'ry sword to save my ravish'd love;
 Nor leave the slaughter till the tyrant lies
 Struck to the ground, and cut to pieces dies.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, TALTHYBIUS
whispering the king.

Ag. 'Tis well, Talthybius——be it your care
To see all fitting honours paid; we would
Seem just, not terrible: and tho' our heart
Be shut to any other love, the sex
Commands respect.——Nestor, king of Pyle,
What says the holy man? [Exit Talthybius.]

Nest. He'll not be mov'd.

Ag. But did you press him with your utmost art,
With all that force of famous eloquence
As I have heard you when the squadrons fly,
Stop armies in a rout; make cowards turn
And run on certain death?

Nest. All that was fit, I said.

Ag. And did you tell him of my wondrous love,
How much I grieve but at this name of parting?
That I'd to Argos send her crown'd my queen,
That she should reign in Clytemnestra's stead,
That I would give him all the wealth of Greece,
Empty my coffers, ransack kingdoms for him——

Nest. [*aside.*] Half the price might purchase the whole sex.

Ag. And did you weep, my Nestor, could you weep
For sad Atrides? down thy reverend cheeks
Flow'd the round drops? did you add tears to words?

Nest. I wept indeed———

[*Aside.*] For a new Helen born.

That brings more woes to Greece.

Ag. Inhuman priest! why have the gods such servants?
The gods are merciful——but priests are bloody,
Peevish, hard-hearted, positive and proud;
Curst obstinate old man!

[*Apart to Ulysses.*]

A word, Ulysses——Saw you Chruséis;

Ulyf. I did as you commanded, and inform'd her
Of this hard decree——I would I had not.

Ag. Thou art a judge of tenderness, Ulysses,
The fair Penelope, whom thou hast left,
Oft gives thee waking thoughts — Oh ! if to part,
Tho' but to meet again, be such a pain,
What is't to part for ever ?
How bore she the surprising sentence ?

Ulyf. At first she wept ; and as we see the sun
Shine thro' a shower, so look'd her beauteous eyes
Casting forth light and tears together.

Ag. You told it not as a thing fixt and certain.

Ulyf. Not wholly fixt, but scarce to be avoided.
To tears succeeded rage, like claps of thunder,
And then a calm — I left her in a swoon.

Ag. Oh my torn heart !

Enter Chrusseis.

Chru. And must we part ? Atrides, must we part ?
And do you say it ? has your tongue pronounc'd
The sentence of my death ? have you consented ?
Oh Agamemnon ! all my fears were true,
My hopes were false, built on your faithless vows ;
'Tis scarce an hour, since with your lips to mine,
Pressing my body in your eager arms,
You swore, and call'd down ev'ry God to witness
That nothing ever should divide our loves ;
And the next news, is, that we part for ever.

Ag. What will the fates do with me ! [dreamt,

Chru. The Greeks, the Greeks will have it ; Chalcas has
Nestor has made a speech, Achilles frown'd,
And mighty Agamemnon must obey !
Has then this leader of the world in arms
No will, no reason of his own ? must he,
Who governs all, by every one be govern'd ?
Had Paris thus, Paris, who was no king,
No general, of no authority,
Had he for a few threats resign'd his Helen,
Troy had been freed from danger : Priam wept,
Cassandra prophesy'd, and Hector rag'd :
The people cry'd aloud to give her back,
The furious Greeks with fire and sword demand her.
Burn, burn, said he, proud city, Ilium fall,

Father, brothers, country; perish all;
 But still be Helen mine, my love be mine.
 Has Paris then more love than Agamemnon,
 More courage to look danger in the face,
 Or I less charms, to make my lover bold?

[Agamemnon stands silent, seeming in great distraction of thought, and looking sometimes stedfastly upon her.]

Nest. Were Agamemnon but a private man
 So might he love; and to a woman's arms
 Resign all other care: tho' that be weakness.
 But for a king, who has the charge of nations,
 Entrusted with the glory of his people,
 Of many kings, confederates in his quarrel,
 The vengeance of the gods—

Chru. Why should the gods be angry at our loves?
 I leave no husband, no pollution bring,
 I am no Helen.

Ulys. The gods are absolute; whate'er they will
 Must be obey'd. Nor ought we ask the cause.
 See how he stands distracted with his thoughts,
 This way, and that way, moving in his mind;
 Oh! let him take the path that honour leads,
 And veil those eyes that break his heart with doubts.

Chru. My glory is offended at his doubts,
 Nor shall the man who had my leave to love,
 Forsake me till I please. Try all your arts,
 Plot, plot, Ulysses; and thou Nestor, tempt him
 With all the strength of pow'rful eloquence;
 Join Greeks and heaven, ambition, piety,
 Like the gods tugging at the chain of Jove,
 I will oppose my eyes, and bring him back.

Ag. Oh Chruſeis!

Ulys. Had Iphigenia been thus obstinate,
 Our fleet at Aulis might have anchor'd still.
 But she came forth a victim to the gods,
 And chearfully obey'd their cruel call:
 Th' assembly wept; she only, she look'd glad,
 And offer'd to the knife her willing throat
 To save her father.—Can a mistress be
 Less kind and tender than a daughter?

Chru. O that the gods commanded but my death,
 How gladly would I die! to die and part
 Is a less evil——but to part and live
 There, there's the torment——change, ye gods, my doom;
 Take, take my life t'atone your bloody wrath;
 Come, lead me to the altar, let me bleed;
 Is there a single drop within these veins,
 Is there a limb that I would leave unmangled,
 To give my dearest Agamemnon joy?

[Agamemnon takes her in his arms.]

Ag. Live, live, Chruſeis——live immortal——thus
 And thus embrac'd, and be of life as ſure
 As it is ſure that we will never part.

Nest. [Apart to Ulyſ.] This Helen in our camp
 Is worſe than her at Troy.——O why have women beauty,
 But as the Sirens voice? To ruin
 All they meet.

[awhile,

Ulyſ. [To Neſtor.] Let 'em alone to pleaſe themſelves
 I have a plot ſhall ſunder 'em, when moſt
 They think themſelves ſecure.

Chru. My dear Atrides, may I truſt your love?
 Tell me, my king, whiſt thus around thy neck
 I throw my arms, and preſs thee to my boſom,
 Will you forſake me?

Ag. Empire and victory, be all forſaken,
 All but Chruſeis.——Yes, ye partial pow'rs!
 To plagues add poverty, diſgrace, and ſhame;
 Strip me of all my dignities and crowns,
 Not one of all your curſes will be felt
 Whiſt I can keep this bleſſing. Take, Oh! take
 Your ſcepters back, and give 'em to my foes;
 Give me but life, and love, and my Chruſeis,
 'Tis all I aſk of heaven.

Nest. Think of your oath, Atrides, how you ſwore——

Chru. Yes, he has ſworn; be witneſs heaven and earth,
 Be witneſs ſun and moon, and ev'ry ſtar,
 Be witneſs all ye gods, that he has ſworn:
 Is there an hour, either of night or day,
 Free from ſome oath of everlaſting love?
 Think, think on that, Atrides.

Ag. Since perjur'd either way, I'll choose the best;
 He broke all oaths, but what I made to thee.

Nest. Then farewell Troy — 'tis better sailing back
 Than stay consuming here with plagues.

Ag. And so we will; to-night we will embark:
 Draw in your anchors, hoise up every sail:
 What is this town, that I should lose one hour
 Of smiling love to win it? O Chruſeis!
 Thy tender truth has mov'd my soul so much,
 I will be deaf to every call but thine.
 Be it your care, Ulyſſes, to diſpoſe
 Our troops to march.

Ulyſ. I'll carry no ſuch orders.
 Nor would they pay obedience if I ſhould;
 They love your honour better.

Ag. So many valiant Trojans as have dy'd
 Theſe fertile fields, for nine years ſpace with ſlaughter,
 And made the ſwift Scamander run with blood,
 And Menelaus, who in ſingle fight
 Struck to the ground this raviſher for dead,
 Has ſatisfy'd our vengeance, and our honour.

Chru. Atrides, no. Your glory muſt be mine,
 Nor can you thus retreat without diſgrace,
 Believe me, prince, who lightly weigh their fame
 Make but ill lovers: honour's the ſtrongeſt tie,
 That chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind.
 It is my pride, that the firſt man on earth
 Loves me: Oh Agamemnon keep that name!
 Be glorious ſtill — ſend for my cruel father,
 Thy love may teach thee eloquence to move him.
 Remember that Chruſeis is at ſtake,
 Nor think it mean to kneel, to beg, to weep;
 Be conſtant in this trial of thy love,
 Mine may be next: fate in each other's hand
 Has plac'd a mighty truſt: be true to thine,
 Thy care be love: and glory ſhall be mine. [*Exit Chruſeis.*]

Ag. By Mars, her father's ſpirit mov'd her tongue,
 And his prophetic fury ſhook her ſoul.

Nest. Right woman ſtill —

Then foulest, when most niceness they pretend;
They'll talk of honour, whilst they're acting shame.

Ulys. She brought these plagues, yet counsels you to stay;
Can this be love?

Ag. Now by the gods she loves me; peace, blasphemers.
Conceptions may, like oracles, be dark
To human search, till by events explain'd.
Oh! I have faith for every word she speaks,
And when I leave her, may the furies seize me.

Enter Chalcas.

Chal. Hear, Agamemnon, all ye princes hear.
Thus to the gods, in sacred synod met,
Has Jove pronounc'd——let not one god be seen
Henceforth to help the Greeks: our self to-day
Will lead the Trojans on to vengeful fight:
Juno and Pallas, and the friends of Greece
In vain implore: but children stand aloof,
Nor dare reply. Yet ere the doom be seal'd,
Or writ by fate irrevocable down,
If possible, atone this wrath of heaven,
Appease the gods, and send Chruſeis back,
The cause, the curſed cause of all our plagues.

Ag. Prophet, be dumb.
I read thy purpose, and I know thee well,
Thy fatal voice ne'er boded good to me:
Brib'd by Achilles still with popular lies,
Devising prophecies to cross my will.
Think not that I forget, seditious priest,
'Twas thy curst tongue pronounc'd my daughter's death:
The gods are just, and merciful, and mild,
Nor make such harsh demands. 'Twas priest-craft all.

Chal. From heav'n these warnings come—O hear me, king!
Be yet advis'd——

Ag. Not fate's more fix'd: whate'er the gods have purpos'd,
My purpose is immutable as theirs.
Nor think me rash, or obstinate in this;
Debated and deliberate's my resolve,
Whatever eloquence can urge or frame,
I have fore-thought: and shall I part with love,
More precious than my life, to save my life?

What fool would barter blessings for a curse?
And life, without Chruseis, is the worst
That fate can find.

Chal. But millions are concern'd.

Ag. And can they better die than for Chruseis?
The world's a worthless sacrifice for her
More worth than thousand worlds. Let Chaos come,
Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part;
Int'rest, ambition, piety, renown,
Pity and reason, I have weigh'd 'em all,
But O how light! when love is in the scale.

Chal. If love with ev'ry breath can drive it thus,
No more let glory lodge in human breast.

Ag. The gods that with unnumber'd eyes look down
From their high firmament, all stuck with lights,
See nothing half so glorious or so bright.
Glory, that common mistress of mankind,
Court'd by all, but by so few possess'd,
For which so many rivals hourly fall,
Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoy'd.
But love has led me to new realms of bliss,
Where pleasures blossom with eternal spring,
Enjoyments made immortal by desire,
And joys flow in on joys, and rapture streams:
All other sweets are visionary bliss,
Nothing but love substantial ecstasy.

Nest. Oh! that a face should thus confound our reason!
This is mere wildness, phrenzy, raving——
Lunatics talk better sense.—If this be love,
Why then, to love, is to be mad, stark mad.

Chal. Not for thyself, for thou seem'st pleas'd with ruin;
But for the lives and honours of all Greece
Do I implore——Nestor, Ulysses, join,
Treat him all.——

Weep, princes, for your glories are at stake;
Weep, all ye soldiers, for your lives condemn'd;
Melt, melt this stubborn king——Oh Agamemnon!
To thee I kneel, thus hanging on thy robe,
Who never wept or knelt but to the gods;
Let pity and let piety prevail:

Behold in me, their representative,
The gods of Greece all prostrate at thy feet,
To save their altars, that ere night are doom'd
A prey to Trojan rage.

Ulys. Not for myself, or that I fear to die,
Would I avert these fates——

Ag. Gods! 'tis too much: why am I hunted thus?
Let loose my robe ——

O love! how hard a fate is thine!
Obtain'd with trouble, and with pain preserv'd,
Never at rest.

Chryseis appearing.

Haste to my rescue, my Chryseis, come,
O hide me from these tyrants, in thy arms,
Thou only bring'st me peace.

Chal. She only brings you ruin.

Nest. Infamy.

Ulys. Inevitable fate.

Chru. I fear'd th' advantage that my absence gave,
Forgive my doubts that bring me back again.
By gods abandon'd, and mankind pursu'd;
All, all are foes to your Chryseis now,
Nothing but love pleads for me.

Ag. And love's enough: what argument so strong?
Absent and present, thou art still the same,
My faith's the same.——What tho' the hunter flies,
The stricken stag bleeds on!
Th' impression that thou leav'st upon my soul
Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,
That memory recalls no other thought
But only love: and only love of thee.

Chal. Chryses will have a better answer——

Ag. No other will I give——so tell him, prophet:
O there is wond'rous eloquence in eyes!
Let him complain, and arm all heav'n against me:
Yet stay——our self will hear what he demands.
Fain would I reconcile my love and fame;
Judge me, ye pow'rs! I would be justify'd
In all I do——but come what will——
Gods, ye may make us perish; but not part.

Give me thy hand.

Tho' the winds beat, and loud the billows roar,
Firm stands the rock, unshaken from the shoar:
Against my love, tho' heaven and earth combine,
So will I cleave to thee, for ever thine.

The end of the second act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter from one side of the theatre AGAMEMNON, attended: from the other, CHRYSES, attended by a procession of priests.

AGAMEMNON.

ART thou that holy man, so near the gods,
Admitted to their synods, to incline
Their hearts to men, to represent our griefs,
And move redress for the afflicted world,
Yet art thyself, obdurate to our prayers.
Can'st with dry eyes behold a monarch weep,
And preaching mercy, yet thyself have none?

Chry. Art thou that king, renown'd for pious deeds,
Who from far Argos, to the Dardan coast
Has led so many kings to punish rapes,
Yet art thyself, a ravisher?

Ag. Thy daughter was a captive of the war,
My liberal stars made me the precious gift:
Thy right is lost; by conquest she is mine.

Chry. Then as a captive, I demand her back,
Paying her ransom, which by right of war
None can refuse.

Ag. Keep, keep thy sordid pelf,
The gleanings of thy trade by holy taxes:
Should that bright god, whose minister thou art,
Who in his spacious round, from pole to pole,
Surveys the hidden treasures of the deep,
Then lifting up his prying eyes to land,
Searches the secret bowels of the earth,
O should he bid me for my lov'd Chruscis
All that his eye beholds, his beams create

In that vast circle of the girded globe,
By Mars, it were too little — priest, I tell thee
She is above all ransom.

Chr. Then ransomless restore her.

Ag. Ungrateful man, are these, are these my thanks?
When by the right of war I might have sold,
As others did, thy daughter for a slave,
A household-drudge to some far distant land,
I kept her for myself, to be my queen,
To raise her, as in beauty, in degree
Superior to all others of her sex:
What would thy pride have more?

Chr. Consent is free.

I tell thee, king, thou shalt not force her from me.

Ag. Have I us'd force? what have I left unsaid?
What have I left unbid to tempt thy pride;
Or glut thy sacerdotal avarice?
Will pow'r and riches, bend thy stubborn soul!
Take Argos, and Mycene, all I have —
Will pray'rs and tears prevail? behold me weep.
Will adoration touch thee? see me kneel
Thus prostrate at thy feet, as to the gods.

Chr. Were Clytemnestra dead —

Ag. Were Clytemnestra dead! her doom is seal'd:
Yes, she shall die, she has deserv'd it long.
Whilst I pursue my brother's wrongs at Troy.
My brother's fate has caught me: —
Whilst I besiege a vile adulterer here
Adultery is got to my own bed.

Chr. How fatal still to thee, and to thy blood,
Has beauty ever been! Ærope first
With foulest incest stain'd thy father's bed;
Thence follow'd rapin, and avenging wars,
Murders, at which th' astonish'd sun went back,
And turn'd aside, and veil'd his head in clouds.
Thy brother was the next; and thou the third;
Heirs of adultery: from sire to son,
Pollution, like inheritance, descends
On thy whole race; nor wilt thou yet be warn'd.
Curse, curse the sex; hate women, and be wise.

Ag. Chruséis is a star, without a spot;
 With all her sex's charms, without their faults.
 Though there are seas that rocks and quicksands hide,
 And with impetuous rage tofs every bark,
 Are there not streams that we may safely trust?
 Tho' from each soil spring forth the deadliest roots,
 Are there not fragrant flow'rs and wholsom plants?

Chr. I came not here to argue, but demand,
 Nor am I to be mov'd.

Ag. Nor I, proud priest. —
 Oh! give me patience, heav'n! 'tis well, 'tis well
 Chruséis is thy daughter, or thy life
 Should pay thy arrogance. — Hence hence, be gone,
 Lest I recal my mercy — if again
 Thou'rt seen returning to my camp, thou dy'st,
 Neither thy office. nor thy gods shall save thee.

Chr. Hear me, Apollo! with thy silver bow
 Shoot these proud Greeks, and double all their plagues,
 And thou, O Jove, when their battalions face
 The Trojan hosts, prepar'd to join the battel,
 With light'ning and with thunder singe their ranks,
 Drive 'em before their foes; burn, burn their ships,
 Nor let a man be seen returning back
 To tell the news in Argos.

Ag. My mortals are a match for thy best gods.
 Twice has strong Diomed, in single fight,
 Dipp'd in immortal Nichor his huge spear,
 And driv'n the god of combat from the field.
 I dare thy worst, insulting prophet.

Chr. The curse of curses; may domestic broils
 Never forsake thy house! may that lewd couple
 Who now pollute thy bed, contrive thy death,
 And perish by the hands that most have wrong'd thee!
 Next, may thy son Orestes, to revenge
 Thy fate, murder his mother, then run mad,
 By furies haunted. And as thou hast robb'd
 Me of a daughter, so may thine be forc'd
 Into some land unknown to serve a priest.
 I pray the gods that this may be the fate

Of thee and thine: and so I leave thee to it.

[Exit Chryses, and priests.]

Ag. Come all these plagues — yet trust me I am mov'd,
And somewhat whispers to my soul — thus it shall be.

The prophet's voice is but the voice of fate,

Thus perish Agamemnon and his race.

My children too! in what have they offended?

From son to son shall vengeance descend,

Guilty and innocent alike involv'd!

Can this be justice, gods? why am I curst

But for my father's crimes? Thyestes' incest;

Thy blasphemies, oh Atreus! cry aloud

For judgment still, and bloody expiation.

Command our priests do present sacrifice;

By prayers the gods are mov'd.

Forward Eurybates. — [Exit Agamemnon and train.]

Remain Nestor and Ulysses.

Nest. 'Tis better be a dog, than be a man;

Instinct of nature is the only guide

Uncerring. Vain light of reason! Ah how frail!

How hard to be kept in by steadiest bearers,

Put out by every accidental breath

That passion blows! I say again, Ulysses,

What fool would be a man, who had the choice

Of his own being? the best, most perfect,

Are so allay'd; the good so mix'd with bad;

Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,

The noble part's not currant for the base.

Ulys. What pity 'tis, a man so brave, so just,

Bate but this failing, this one fault of love;

A man resembling more the gods than men,

Should so be lost. —

Nest. What hinders us to loose

The fury of the soldiers on this woman?

Why tear they not this auth'refs of their woes

Piecemeal, and hew th' enchantress limb from limb?

Ulys. There Nestor, there's the wonder: as at Troy,

When Helen passes thro' the croud'd streets,

Who curs'd her out of sight, straight blefs aloud

And cry, she's worth the war; who would not fight,

Though sure to die, to serve such wond'rous beauty?

So when the fair Chruseis comes in view,
Her beauty reconciles the most enrag'd;
The sick, who know they perish for her sake,
Crawl from their tents to gaze upon her face,
And looking on her, feel returns of strength.
Soldiers and captains throng in crouds about her,
And with loud cries, approve their general's love,
And with one voice consent to their own ruin.
To lose the sight of her, seems what they fear
More than the loss of life or victory.

Thus desperate are our ills. ———

But we will yet retrieve him ———

If human wit or artifice can find

A remedy, spite of himself he shall be safe.

Nest. Vain boaster of thy wit! O flatterer!

Is there in art, a remedy for love?

For love thus obstinate!

Ulys. Nestor, there is.

Himself has furnish'd us the means, the ground

Whereon to build — 'tis jealousy shall do't.

Th' arrival of Briseis shall effect it;

And with this little spark I'll light a flame

Shall purge our air of all this love-infection.

Already have I urg'd our fair destroyer,

And vext her mind with sharp anxieties:

I left her pond'ring, doubtful, and perplext,

And see, she comes — how thoughtful!

Let us retire — when this has work'd,

The dose shall be repeated.

Nest. I guess which way thou driv'st: succeed it, gods!

'Tis our last throw of fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CHRUSEIS, ARTEMIS.

Chru. SAID you so hot and passionate?

Art. Worse, madam, worse than I can tell you.

Chru. And so they parted!

Art. On such ill terms, better they'd never met.

Chru. Then farewell all my hopes; and all the joys
Of love for ever — ah! farewell —
Love, what is love? State me that question right,
Let me consider — is it to quench desire,
To follow nature roving after sense?
This is self-love, unquiet to possess
For its own ease; the brutal love of beasts.
Then what is love? Stay — let me think again.
Is it to fix our wishes on one object?
Pleas'd only when the thing we love is pleas'd;
Partaking of its sorrows, seeking its good,
Desirous more to give than to receive;
Willing to part with all, with fortune, life;
Choosing all miseries, satisfy'd, rejoic'd
With any ruin that's the means of safety
To the man belov'd — Ay — this is love,
True love, Heroic love:
Say, Artemis, think'st thou no woman yet
Lov'd thus?

Art. None, madam — that I e'er heard of.

Chru. I tell thee then, there will be one ere night,
Thanks to your kindness, gods — but that's a secret.
Why, why am I pick'd out to be the first?
The first — perhaps, and last — the custom is,
From man to man to wander with our wishes,
Meeting and parting, as it seems convenient:
These are call'd happy; these enjoy the goods
Of life and fortune; all the world's their own;
Pleasure's their mate; their hearts are still at ease.
But have these virtue? no. — Is virtue then
Given to make us wretched? ah! sad portion,
Fatal to all that have thee! shunn'd on earth,
Depress'd, and shown but in severest trials,
Condemn'd to solitude, then shining most
When black obscurity surrounds — poor, poor,
But ever beautiful.

Art. Your thoughts are much disturb'd; you think too much.

Chru. Could I not think, I were most happy.
But to the purpose —

Something I must resolve, quickly resolve,
 For fate comes on apace, and treads us near.
 To stay, is to undo the man I love ;
 Shall I, shall I do that ?

Art. Ulysses, madam.

Ulysses entering.

Chru. Ha! thou hast rous'd a thought ! no ; 'tis impossible :
 To doubt's an injury ; to suspect a friend
 Is breach of friendship : jealousy's a seed
 Sown but in vicious minds : prone to mistrust,
 Because apt to deceive — I'll think no more on't.
 Draw near, Ulysses, let me view thee well.
 Look up, look on my face, erect and bold,
 That humble cringe, and that malicious smile,
 Those downcast eyes betray a treacherous soul :
 I tell thee, Greek, thou hast a lying look.
 My love's above thy malice.

Ulyf. Far be all malice from my honest meaning ;
 But thus unwelcome truths are still receiv'd :
 No secret have I told, nor idle rumour,
 But public certainties — Briseis' rape
 Is now the common talk of every tongue ;
 But for what end, what purpose — far be it from me
 T' interpret — such violence indeed
 Looks strange, exceeding strange, to have no meaning.
 And thus much may I add, without offence,
 When ladies can foresee approaching change,
 'Tis good to be beforehand with a lover ;
 Better to leave than to be left. But you know best ;
 I advise nothing — he has sworn, say you,
 Not to forsake ; and having rais'd your hopes
 To that degree, 'twere cruel to delude :
 Yet I have known many an eager lover
 Protesting love to death, defying ruin,
 When reason and all remedies have fail'd,
 Cur'd by another love. Nothing so common
 As love excluding love. For just as poison
 Is expell'd by poison ; so one woman
 Drives another out. Frown not, nor be displeas'd ;
 What I suggest, is meant but to forewarn.

Chru. What you suggest, is false ; is false, Ulysses.
Beware the vengeance of an injur'd lover :
Not blasphemy's more hateful to the gods,
Than to a lover is his faith traduc'd.

Ulyf. It may be false, and it may not. 'Tis wise to arm
'Gainst every ill that's barely possible,
You have his word ; the gods his oath : he loves you,
And loves he not the gods ? both ways engag'd ;
To part, and not to part. But now we saw him
Doubting and unresolv'd, perplex'd to choose :
Who once has doubted, may do so again.
And why this other woman ? why Briseis,
Just at this time, just now, the very moment
When fate pronounc'd your parting ? implies it not
Design of change ? intention to supply
The space in love, that destiny has doom'd ?
And seems it not to say — take, take her, gods,
But let me first provide a successor.
Love, like an eager gamester, overlooks ;
But reason, an impartial stander-by,
Sees this and more.

Chru. Reason seems malice when it comes from thee ;
This might have weight from any other mouth.
From men professing treach'ry and deceit,
Even truth itself's suspected. ———
I know you false, insinuating, fly ;
I know Atrides just, and full of honour,
Nor will I doubt his truth.

Ulyf. The king is just, and you are just to think it :
Oh 'tis a wond'rous proof of strong esteem,
Not to mistrust a friend, tho' there were ground :
And here are grounds, weighty appearances ;
I say in any other man 'twould look suspicious ;
That's all — but sure the king is full of honour,
Oaths indeed in love, differ from other cases ;
They bind, that's true. But as in vanquish'd towns,
The conquer'd to the conqueror takes an oath :
Yet if another comes, of greater pow'r,
And drives him out, that former oath is null'd :
Nor is it perjury to swear a-new,

For who can help his fate? just so in love,
Men swear — and so observ'd — 'tis constancy.

Chru. Who would be wicked, and yet fear the name,
Excuse their yielding still by pleading force.
But speak, Ulysses, truly, if thou canst,
For I would know my danger. You have seen
This miracle. Report still adds ———
And smallest things are magnify'd by fame.
Is she indeed so dangerous?

Ulyf. What images shall eloquence prepare,
To paint a form so perfect and divine?
Others by slow degrees advance in love,
And step by step, and leisurely get ground:
We article with judgment ere we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where fancy's fond.
She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent:
Like sudden death that snatches unprepar'd;
Like fire from heav'n, scarce seen so soon as felt.
All other beauties seem inferior stars,
At her appearance, vanishing apace;
Whene'er she mounts, they set.

Chru. 'Tis worth my pride to brave a foe so fair:
Cease, cease my eyes to weep, resume your pow'r,
Your glory in this battle is concern'd:
Approach, thou rival, for my monarch's heart;
I'll face thy beauties with as many more,
With eyes oppos'd to eyes, and charms to charms,
I'll fight it out, and combat for his love,
And let him be inconstant if he can.

Ulyf. None who have eyes but must allow your pow'r;
If she has any equal, it is you.
But fortune holds the scale for all events;
Light is the ballance where desert is weigh'd,
If but a grain of better luck's against it.
How many beauties, scarce regarded pass,
While thousands with worse faces gather crouds?
Beauty itself owes many slaves to luck.
In dangers imminent, retreats are wise;
And a new face has strange prevailing charms.

Chru. From cowardice, not prudence, springs despair.
Who doubt their fortune, are not wise, but fear.

Ulyf. Her's are the odds, by being unenjoy'd;
Were there but that, O 'tis a pow'rful charm!

Chru. I see your snare: the Greeks would have me gone;
The king resists, and you would bait his eyes
With a new beauty, to supplant my pow'r:
You counsel flight, lest I should stay and conquer:
Therefore I'll stay, to add this triumph more.
Thou plott'st against thyself, vain, vain, projector!
My honour needs no lessons you can give;
I see my way, and will consult my fame.

Enter Briseis guarded, and led in struggling.

Bri. Let go, ye slaves, how dare you disobey?
Achilles will not leave me unreveng'd.
How dare you touch with impious hands what's his?
If not his wrath that keeps the world in terror,
Then fear my frown that makes Achilles tremble. [arrival;

Ulyf. [To Chruseis.] I must acquaint the king with her
Forgive the office, madam — [Exit Ulyfles.

Bri. Loose me, I say —

Chr. Stand off, ye ravishers — and let my eye
Take a just view of this imperious beauty.
Let go your impious hold — 'tis my command.

[*They leave her at liberty, and stand at a distance. She comes forward.*

Bri. Whose voice is this that has more pow'r than mine?
With shame this freedom I receive, that's ow'd
To any other frown but to my own.

Chr. If you'd be absolute, you should have staid
Where you were so — but here 'tis I command.

Bri. If here you reign, thank fortune for your pow'r,
That never brought Briseis here till now.

Chr. Survey me well, and as you look grow humbler.

Bri. I have survey'd, and I confess you fair,
I like you well — but like myself much better.

Chr. Nature this comfort has to none deny'd;
That all are wits and beauties to themselves.

Re-enter Ulyfles.

Ulyf. Thus Agamemnon greets the fair Briseis:

air. Brightest of beauties, hail ! welcome, as once
 Chryseis was, ere yet the curse of heav'n
 Made her and ruin one — welcome as Venus,
 Would she abandon Troy to side with Greece :
 gone ; Forgotten be this day, all sorrows past,
 For here are endless joys — unmark'd the sun
 Now shrouds his beams — for here are brighter rays.
 Sound, found our trumpets, and our timbals, found
 Triumph thro' all our camp — for victory
 Not shows a form so fair.

Chr. Thou do'st bely him, basely thou bely'st him,
 These words are thine, this welcome is thy own.
 It is the fate of kings to be so serv'd,
 Ill ministers prophaning thus their names
 With acts unknown to them.
 Think not to practise treason and escape :
 Offended majesty and injur'd love
 arrival ; Shall find thee out, and thunder on thy head :
 with her Traitor, they shall.

Ulysses. Bri. I easily believe his homage true,
 Nor thank him for't — but take it as my due.

Chr. Foolish self-flatterer ! how my Agamemnon
 Will turn to scorn thy senseless vanity !

Bri. How I shall triumph to behold thy rage
 e. She For a lost love ! not conquerors delight
 In winning towns and kingdoms from each other,
 n mine ; More than we women to take lovers —
 Though fancy may be nice and ty'd to one,
 Pride is insatiate and demands a croud.
 My beauty, like Achilles, fights at all.
 Oh, 'tis a glorious fight ! to see the men
 Gazing with eyes that glow with rapture on us,
 To hear them cry aloud, oh gods, how charming !
 bow'r, To have a train attending up and down,
 mbler. Watching at ev'ry turn to catch a glance,
 Breathing their wishes after us in sighs :
 Oh how we triumph ! and with scornful tofs
 We tread along in state, and look disdain !

Ulys. [*Aside.*] O sympathy of mind ! well-suited pair !
 Happy Achilles ! happy Briseis ! two so like,

So much the same ; how blest were they to meet !
 How firm and lasting must their passion be !
 Strong as self-love ! in them 'tis nothing else :
 As in a glass each their own image sees,
 And loving, in each other they enjoy,
 And hug their own reflection —

Chru. Proportion thy endeavours to thy strength :
 To such vain things, no grief of heart's like this,
 To labour to be lik'd, to sue for praise
 With greedy eyes, and still to be deceiv'd :
 Go somewhere else to practise thy designs ;
 Here like a common thing thou'lt pass along,
 And unregarded, scarce attract one eye.

Ulyf. [*To Briseis.*] Forgive the anguish of a rival'd beauty ;
 When ladies rail, 'tis envy, not dislike.
 'Tis plain she fears, by counselling to go,
 Nor dares to stand the trial with your eyes :
 Stay, and assert your empire over man,
 Which heav'n design'd, creating you so fair.

Bri. Wife, wife Ulysses — I remember well,
 Oft I have seen you in Achilles' tent :
 For nice discernment, and deep wisdom fam'd.
 Yes, she would have me go, I see her cunning ;
 But I will stay to get her lovers from her,
 And then I'll leave you all, to break your hearts.
 I come not like a conqueror to remain,
 I have a better country of my own ;
 But mean to shew the terror of my eyes,
 To burn, consume, to ravage, and away.

[*To the guards.*] Come, shew me to this king, who waits to
 I long to let the killing arrow fly. [die,

[*To Chruiseis.*] Follow, and witness to thy own disgrace ;
 I challenge thee — to meet me face to face.

Exit Briseis with the guards.

Ulyf. [*To Chruiseis.*] Judge better now of my advice.

Chru. Traitor, avoid me ; from my sight be gone ;
 The king shall know thy malice, and revenge it.
 Avoid my sight —
 Glory that bid me go, now bids me stay

To clear my king; that you and all may see,
Rather than live with her, he'll die with me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to the tents of ACHILLES,

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

THE gods have taken vengeance from our hands,
And seem resolv'd to do our work alone;
Like sprightly steeds broke from their mangers loose,
That toss in air their necks, and neigh aloud;
So march the Trojans from behind their walls:
They clash their armour, and they shake their spears,
And with loud cries provoke the Greeks to battle.

Pat. Oh Achilles!

Ach. Why weeps Patroclus in this hour of joy?
Vengeance is sure; his foes upon his foes
Shall do Achilles right. Rejoice, rejoice:
O give me music; sound aloud, rejoice,
Till every valley echoes back, rejoice.
Let all our Myrmidons be seen to-day
With garlands crown'd, as at a feast of triumph;
Let songs of joy be heard in every tent;
And like the Corybantes crush the ground,
Each drumming in his hand a brazen cymbal.
Now by the gods, the Myrmidon that weeps
To day's a traitor, and shall die.

Pat. That traitor is Patroclus:— death's my choice.
Rather than live to see my friends destroy'd.

Ach. Has then Patroclus any other friend
More lov'd than his Achilles? would'st thou die,
Rather than live to see my wrongs reveng'd?

Pat. No, by the gods I'd die to bring thee vengeance:
Thy foes are mine: but let our wrath be just,
Not brutal. What wrongs hast thou receiv'd
From any other Greek, but Agamemnon?
And must all perish for the crimes of one?

Ach. Perish like dogs : I laugh to see 'em bleed ;
 Their dying groans are music to my ears ;
 My rage makes no distinction : all are foes,
 That to my foes are friends — away Patroclus,
 How canst thou pity them, and yet love me ?

Pat. O gods ! let never rage like this possess
 Patroclus. O hard hearted, cruel prince,
 Thou surely wert not of a goddess born,
 Nor was the good Æacides thy sire :
 Sprang from the sea thou seem'st, begot by storms,
 And thy impenetrable heart's a rock.

Ach. Take heed, Patroclus, lest thy ill-tim'd pity
 Provoke me too ; and I forget our friendship.

Pat. Forget it, do ; and bury in my breast
 Thy bloody blade : I'll not outlive the day
 That brings such foul dishonour to my country.
 Think not that I'll stand by, a tame spectator.
 If Greece must fall, then fall Patroclus too.
 I'll to the fight.

Ach. Now by the gods thou shalt not ;
 With my drawn sword I'll bar the passage up,
 And see what Myrmidon dares help the Greeks.

Pat. That Myrmidon am I. — Dishonour brand me,
 If I not go ; or falling on the point
 Of my own sword, give freedom to my soul,
 That does disdain to live beyond its honour.

Ach. Is this thy love, Patroclus ?

Pat. That I do love thee, well thou know'st, Achilles
 Command me to cut off a limb, I'll do't.
 Let but this day be past, on which depends
 The safety and the glory of all Greece ;
 This day of such importance to the public,
 And then thy private grudge shall be my own.
 To single fight I'll challenge Agamemnon ;
 Let us preserve him for our own revenge,
 'Tis base to see a foe oppress'd with odds ;
 Make vengeance sure, but let it then be brave.

Ach. Thou hast o'ercome me ; and my heart, like wa
 Melts at thy tears, and can deny thee nothing.
 Go then, Patroclus, where thy glory calls :

And thou alone of all the Greeks be safe.
 What mean my eyes by these unusual drops?
 No: thou must stay. Oh! think again, Patroclus,
 The good Maenetus, when at Phthia last
 We parted, gave thee, weeping, to my charge;
 Take here, said he, all that my soul holds dear,
 And safe return him, to support my age.
 Well have I kept my word; behind my shield
 I plac'd thee still; my body was thy armour;
 Still side by side we fought, and never parted.
 My friend, my dearest friend, why wilt thou leave me?

Pat. At night I'll come all glorious back again,
 And fill your tents with spoils of slaughter'd foes.
 The Greeks and Trojans that beheld me fight
 Beneath your buckler, shelter'd by your sword,
 And think Patroclus is too weak alone,
 Shall see that I can fight without a guard.

Ach. Oh cruel honour! that obliges thee
 To go, and me to stay. My soul till now
 Ne'er felt such strife; not when I lost Briseis.
 Then wilt thou go?

Pat. O melt me not with so much tenderness:
 My heart that beat but now with manly virtue,
 Is soften'd like a woman's.

Ach. Go then, whilst all thy courage is upon thee,
 Eat go attended like Achilles' friend;
 Take all my troops, and put my armour on;
 Look like Achilles, like Achilles fight;
 Be thou victorious, perish all the rest;
 Let Agamemnon, like a beaten slave,
 Fly to his ships, and there be burnt or drown'd;
 Let fire and sword all other Greeks destroy,
 Till thou and I, alone, are left to conquer Troy.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

NESTOR and ULYSSES, in discourse with CHRUSEIS.

Nest. Let but some modest matron come in view,

How unregarded and unmark'd she goes :
 O let her pass, they cry, she's good for nothing.
 But let some flanting minx come prancing by,
 All eyes are on her, and all necks are bow'd ;
 Oh how they strive and juggle to get nearest !
 Hide, hide your heads, ye gods, from mortal worship,
 When such as these divide our adorations.

Ulyf. It looks more like a triumph, than a rape :
 To joyful tunes the merry timbrels play,
 While captive queens like minstrels dance and sing.
 Trumpets and timbals sound Olympus high ;
 The voice of vict'ry made a call to lust :
 In graceful order each battalion's drawn ;
 And in the front our princes stand in arms,
 Shining with gold, and nod their stately plumes,
 Saluting as she passes. — Armour that's proof
 To swords and spears, and to the jav'lin's thrust,
 Gives easy passage to one glance of hers ;
 Whilst with disdainful state she treads along,
 And looks regardless of such petty conquest ;
 None but their king, their general. — But hark !
 Again the trumpets — this way bends the sound ;
 Sure she approaches — madam, will you meet
 The show — it may be worth your curiosity.

Chru. D'ye mock me, Greek ? am I become your scorn ?
 I thank ye, gods, tho' love is mine no more,
 Yet vengeance is — ungrateful man !
 And was I kept with so much form of truth,
 To be but left with greater infamy !
 Forfaken ! Oh the disgraceful word ! False !
 Is he false ? no, let him if he dares —
 I'll stay, that he may perish.

[Exit Chruzeis.]

Nest. Nay, then we are again outwitted.

Ulyf. Is't not in art to tempt a woman once
 To stray from wickedness ? or to beguile her
 Into good ? are then their stars so strong,
 That they are fated to be mischievous ?

Enter Agamemnon, attended.

Ag. Let Diomed with his Ætolian horse,
 Observe 'em from yon hill. —

To live and conquer is the noblest fate,
 But the next glory is a gallant death.
 Success, O Jove, and victory are thine;
 Fortune is thine: my honour is my own:
 Facing my doom, with my drawn sword I'll stand,
 Nor turn my back upon thy wrathful bolt.

Ulys. Yet might I advise——

Ag. Still the same argument?

Thou know'st my answer. — I am fixt.
 I see my fate, ye gods, and I accept it;
 Life is not worth the price you ask — to live
 With her I love, was my first wish — my next,
 Is to die with her.

Ulys. But this word more, and I have done. ——

Ag. Spare thyself the pains — thy words, like winds
 Against an oak, regardless whistle by;
 The leaves are troubled, but the root is fix'd.
 I say, thou may'st displease, but canst not move.
 I am not to be mov'd.

Ulys. Then hear me as an advocate for love,
 The friend of love: — for what so sweet in love
 As change? if you must love, then love
 Like other men: love, like th' immortal gods,
 Variety, the luxury of love.

Ag. I understand thee not. Trust me, Ulysses,
 I fear thy brain is troubled.

Ulys. Thus I unfold the riddle. — Briseis' rape
 I neither counsell'd nor approv'd; you know it:
 Much urg'd, and much provok'd, against your nature,
 Unwilling to all violence, you did it.
 Make the best use of what is past recall;
 Take her, and give Chryseis to the gods:
 So shall you love, and be victorious still,
 Live and enjoy. Exchanges like to this,
 Love does allow and practise every hour.
 She's handsome, and a woman, a kind woman,
 What would you more? and what does love require,
 But beautiful and kind?

Ag. Far be such wicked counsellors from kings:
 How dar'st thou, traitor, tempt my honest heart

To such vile purposes? when I am false,
 Forfake me all that's true. What! parcel love
 Like common dole, by scraps to ev'ry eye
 That hungers after lust! shall I do this?
 No; my frank soul gives largely, all at once,
 Nothing by halves. True love has no reserves.
 Yes, my Chruſeis, I am only thine;
 Only and all. The soul that's snatch'd by death
 Returns no more: nor will her eyes give back
 The heart she keeps in her eternal chain.
 Ulys' Behold Briseis entring — timely she comes
 To end this argument: her eyes will plead
 More strongly than my tongue: to them I leave it.

[Ulyſſes retires.]

Enter officers and attendants, then Briseis.

[Agamemnon approaches her, bowing respectfully.]

Ag. Forgive me, madam —

Bri. Ere thou speak'st, hear me: thy vain intent
 I easily divine —

Ag. With needless fears —

Bri. Approach me not —

Perhaps you thought, because I lov'd Achilles
 'Twas possible some other might succeed. —

Ag. Give me but leave —

Bri. No; you shall never have my leave to love.
 Or did you think, because your empire's wider
 In power and wealth, exceeding my Achilles,
 With higher offers to corrupt my faith?
 Tho' hearts for hearts, uncertainly prevail,
 Riches and power are baits that never fail:
 He makes most progress in a woman's breast,
 Who proffers highest, not who loves her best.
 These are the insolent remarks of men,
 With which we know you all arraign our sex;
 But learn, to the confusion of thy hopes,
 I would not change for Mars — much less for thee.

Ag. Think not that I mean —

Bri. I care not what you mean — thou dar'st not, Greek,
 Not for thy life offend divine Achilles.
 When he withdraws his arm, your glory sinks,

Achilles

Achilles is the pillar of your cause,
The prop of Greece, and terror of the Trojans,
And thou without him, nothing.

Enter Chruſeis.

Chru. Think not I come to interrupt your joys,
Ungrateful king, I know I am unwelcome ;
As willingly as thou haſt made this choice,
So willingly, Chruſeis does confirm it,
Take, take her, traitor, take her to your arms,
Falseſt of Greeks, who are of men the falseſt :
I quit you of all vows, of all engagements,
Give her my oaths that you repent you made,
And I repent that ever I receiv'd.
[To Brifeis.] Nor triumph thou, for were he worth my keeping,
Thou ſhould'ſt not have him yet: the gift I make
Is of a thing I ſcorn.

Bri. I ſcorn as much to take it.

Ag. What means Chruſeis?

Chru. Oh Agamemnon! haſt thou but been true,
Haſt thou been conſtant but a little longer,
Could'ſt thou have perſever'd but yet one hour,
My virtue had prepar'd for thee, for me,
Such proofs of love, ſo paſſionate and noble,
Such ſcenes of glory, delicate and nice,
As had amaz'd mankind—but thou haſt ruin'd all;
O ſquanderer of fame! thy honour, mine,
'Tis loſt, 'tis gone for ever, paſt recal:
A perjur'd lover, and forſaken miſtreſs,
Is all the name, that's left for both——

Ag. Who's perjur'd? who forſaken?

Chru. Seek not to hide what I have heard and ſeen;
My heart deceiv'd, for want of knowing thee,
Receiv'd thee in, a robber, not a gueſt,
But on diſcovery, thus turns thee out,
Unworthy to remain——

Ag. Have I been falſe?—by the immortal gods——

Chru. Yes, thou canſt ſwear, and ſwear, I know it well:
But ſwear not by the gods, whom thou haſt mock'd,
Nor yet to me, who can believe no more:
But ſwear to her, for ſhe is yet to learn
How well thou canſt deceive——

Traitor, I know the value of your oaths,
Ulysses told me——

Ag. What has Ulysses told you?

Chru. What I have seen.

Ag. Ulysses is a traitor—speak, Briseis,
Be thou my witness—have I mention'd love?

Bri. I would not give you leave.

Tho' I commanded silence to myself,
And my nice ear disdain'd to hear thy love,
Who bids thee make a secret of thy passion?
My scorn were lost, were not thy love proclaim'd;
To me be silent, to the world be loud;
Begin by telling her; I give thee leave.

Ag. To her alone——

Chru. I'll spare thee the confession.
'Tis a stale story, and I know enough.
Would'st thou then own it? brave me to my face?
Thou dar'st not—no—thou art not yet so harden'd.
Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'st speak, upon thy falt'ring tongue
The accents die; all arguments of guilt!
Thy colour goes and comes upon thy face,
And thy young treason blushes to be seen.
The murder'd body, at the murd'rer's touch
Will bleed afresh: nor can betrayers bear
The sight of one betray'd, without confusion.
Thou fear'st me still, I read it in thy eyes,
And in thy limbs, that scarce support thy body,
Oh! that I could look thee dead——

Ag. My wounded soul is on its flight——

Bri. Die quickly then, for I'm in haste to go——
How dar'st thou look

When I am by, on any face but mine?

Chru. Look on, look on—gaze till thy eye-balls burst,
And rolling round thy sight from charm to charm,
Survey me all, and then repent thy change.
Gaze till thou'rt mine again; till falling down
Low at my feet, thou dost expire with shame.
There is a secret struggle in thy soul,
I see thou would'st return, but 'tis too late;
For know, Atrides, thou behold'st thy last.——

Ag. Hear me, Chruſeis.

Would either hear, both might be ſatisfy'd.

Ye both have dream'd, and each of ye believes

The viſions of her ſleep—would you but hear——

Chru. Oh that I ne'er had heard, nor ever ſeen;

'Tis paſt, Atrides, love is now no more,

My heart is harder than it once was ſoft.

Farewel for ever.—Yet forgive him, gods!

Not on his head, but on his faithleſs ſex

Revenge the cauſe of poor abandon'd truth:

Nor let it be by famine, or diſeaſe;

Nor yet by thunder, nor tempeſtuons blaſt;

Nor fire, nor ſword, nor by conſuming wars;

Let us revenge ourſelves; commit to us

This mighty charge—no vengeance like a woman's.

Let falſhood puniſh falſhood: let deceit

And treachery be only womens arts.

Henceforth, thro' rolling ages, let there be

Not one example of a woman faithful,

Let all be Helens, perjur'd creatures all,

Let every husband be a Menelaus.

Give 'em not wives to comfort, but to plague:

Let love be all a trick, and a pretence,

And every woman be a boſom ſerpent.

The gods have granted—and methinks I read

The page of fate, and find it fixt for ever,

That not a woman ſhall be born hereafter

But ſhall deceive ſome man—debates ariſe,

Diſſenſions reign, pollution be triumphant,

And jealousies and jars confound the world. [*Exit Chruſeis.*]

Bri. My conqueſt is complete: ſhe flies, ſhe flies,

And has avow'd the triumph of my eyes.

So may all thrive, who dare my empire brave,

Like her deſpair, and be mankind my ſlave.

How pleas'd will be Achilles, when he knows

My beauty has reveng'd him on his foes:

I go to tell him, nor will be delay'd,

nor not to ſtop me—for I'll look thee dead. [*Exit Briſeis.*]

Ag. Go where I never may behold thee more

Thou imp of thy Achilles—like a child

I struck, and hit myself; I rais'd a storm
And perish in it.

'Tis just, ye gods, your providence has caught
My foolish wrath, and my own act of vengeance
Becomes revenge for him, 'gainst whom 'twas meant.

[Ulysses advancing.]

Art thou there, traitor? com'st thou then to watch
The workings of thy poison on our loves?
Safer thou'dst met a tigress hunting out
The thief that robb'd her young——

Ulys. What I have done——

Ag. What thou hast done——undo——or thou shalt die.——

[Seizes hold of him.]

Prometheus' vulture, and Ixion's wheel,
The stone, the sieve, the tortures of the damn'd
Are but slight pains——

Find out Chruſeis straight——

[Thrusts him away.]

Confess thy fraud, unravel her mistake,

Convince her of my love and innocence:

I fear her wrath more than the wrath of heaven.

Appease her well——and let me find her gentle——

[Seizes him again.]

See this be done——look to't——away——

[Thrusts him towards the door.]

Why send I him?

On wings of love the lover's self should fly,

Love has a thousand ways, and all I'll try,

And at her feet be justify'd or die.

Exeunt all.

The end of the fourth act.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A C H I L L E S and B R I S E I S meeting.

B R I S E I S.

J O Y to Achilles——fly to my embrace
My hero and my God.

Henceforth no more let any sound of war

Awake thy rage——My eyes shall conquer for thee.

Joy to Achilles——Agamemnon dies,

Chruſeis in despair has left the camp,

Briseis is return'd triumphant back,
 Thy foes are perishing, thy mistress safe,
 I bring thee glory and revenge and love;
 Joy to Achilles, everlasting joy!

Ach. And is it given me thus again to hold thee,
 Thus to devour thee with a thousand kisses,
 With clasping arms, embracing, and embrac'd
 To taste a thousand joys? — O 'tis illusion all!
 The dream and vision of distracted thought!
 Speak, shining creature, every sense awakes
 To find thee out — art thou indeed Briseis?

Bri. I am, I am Briseis — believe thy eyes,
 Believe thy touch — No vision nor a dream,
 But thy Briseis — thine.

I thank you, gods! tho' parting was a pain,
 The joy to meet is ample satisfaction.

Ach. Art thou the same? in every thing the same?
 Answer me that — ah no!

The stain of violation is upon thee,
 The ruddy spot, fresh ardent on thy face.
 Curse on that thought! —

Was then the ravisher so quickly cloy'd?
 So hasty to return pollution back?
 Did'st thou resist? or did'st thou early yield?
 Answer again to that — thus let me swear thee,
 Thus holding up thy hands erect to heaven:
 Met'st thou with willing warmth his brutal lust?
 Had'st thou thy share of bliss? with amorous rage
 Improving joy with art? — but why do I inquire?
 Thy cheeks are burning with th' adulterer's mark,
 His print is on thy lips: thy melted eyes
 Yet glow with languish'd lustre. —

Bri. Curse me if I forgive thee such a thought;
 Were I like other women, I should weep
 To be thus grossly question'd — but my soul
 Is form'd of sparks as fiery as thy own.
 Thus I confront thy jealousy with rage,
 And meet thy insolence with wrath as loud.
 Thou know'st me, and hast read my inmost mind,
 If after this, thou yet canst have a doubt,

If thou canst tell thyself—I can be false,
Thou art not worth my answer. —

Ach. I knew thou would'st deny: all women will.
What have we for your truth, but your bare words?
The subtle path is trodden without print,
Not the least footstep to be trac'd for proof.
But willing, or unwilling, 'tis the same:
He has enjoy'd you. —

Bri. No matter if he has—I'll tell thee nothing.

Ach. O that thou wert a man!

Bri. O that I were! by Venus I'd chastise thee —
Why was I not a man? A greater far
Had then been born, and fiercer than Achilles.

Ach. Answer directly—or by Mars —

Bri. By Mars I swear, and by as many gods,
That nothing will I answer—not till I see thee
Crouch'd on the ground, and crawling on thy knees
Implore forgiveness, for thy vile suspicion.
Guess at the past; I'll tell the what's to come,
If he has not enjoy'd, be sure, he shall:
Who without reason doubts, deserves that vengeance,
I go, to reap

This fruit of thy offence—and so farewell. [Going.

Ach. Be true or false—thou art too much to lose,

Nor shalt thou go —

[Holds her.

Thy fiery rage has spread around my soul

And love has caught the flame —

Be what thou wilt—art thou not heavenly fair?

Thy beauty, in this moment's all my care;

Nothing is certain but the joy alone,

Whilst I possess, I'm sure thou art my own. [Exeunt.

SCENE THE LAST.

AGAMEMNON and CHRUSEIS. NESTOR and ULYSSES
entering from the opposite part of the stage.

Nest. [To Ag.] O stain of honour! oh inglorious prince!
Unworthy leader of so many kings,
Have then thy crimes dispirited thy soul,
That here aloof, thou hid'st thee in thy tent

When the rang'd battle calls thee forth to fight?
But guilt makes cowards: who with such a load
Of impious lust, and wilful purjury
Can face a foe, or venture into danger?

Ag. If I am guilty, 'tis the fault of heaven,
That by exacting more than man can do
Becomes itself unjust.—My deeds to-day
Shall shame thy words, when thou behold'st me fight.
'Tis peace at home, my anger'd love's pleas'd,
And I am ready now for war — the stoutest hearts
Shall trembling beat, to follow where I lead.

Nest. Appease the gods, no matter who beside
Is angry, or displeas'd.

Ag. Chruſeis is pleas'd, nor cares Atrides
Who frowns, when she is kind — One kiss, my love;
The trumpets call, the soldier must obey:
These Trojans shall repent ere night, who force
Thy Agamemnon from thy gentle arms,
And vex our loves with such unquiet partings.

Chru. Yet ere you go, hear your Chruſeis speak:
The gods alone can tell who shall return
Of those that go to battle: hear me then:
And I am glad to have such witnesses.

[To Nestor and Ulysses.]

Ag. What would Chruſeis say?

Chru. The danger's terrible that calls you forth,
Who knows but this may be our last farewell!
Thus then upon my knees, I thank my lord
For his past goodness — Oh! inspire me, heaven!
How to be grateful, and instruct my soul
How I may give my king some mark of love
Equal to his to me.

Ag. Rise, rise Chruſeis.

This needs not, love; for I am much thy debtor.

Chru. No, I will tell, that summing up th' account,
My grateful heart may reckon its vast debt.
All that I am, my honour and my life,
I hold but from your bounty.

In a sack'd town, when the licentious soldier
Spare neither age. nor sex: when slaughter's blind,

And rages thro' the streets without distinction ;
 When rape is privileg'd, and murder free,
 You sav'd me from the fury of the sword,
 You sav'd me from pollution, rais'd me trembling,
 Bad me not fear, and bore me safe from danger.
 Nor was this all —

Ag. Enough, enough Chruſeis.
 You ow'd your preservation to yourself,
 Your beauty was your guard — what barbarous heart,
 O what inhuman hand could hurt ſuch brightneſs ?

Chru. My fears renew'd, when captives ſet to ſale,
 I heard the loud laments of weeping virgins,
 Expos'd to price, and ſold to ſlavery.
 No royalty nor beauty was exempt,
 But only ſerv'd to raiſe the purchaſe higher.
 Then did my king a ſecond time preſerve me,
 And ſet me above price.

Ag. And well thou did'ſt deſerve it, my Chruſeis.
 Not Jove, who has the pow'r of either globe,
 Can ſay what thou art worth.

Chru. Beyond my hopes, unask'd, and unexpected,
 Life, liberty, and honour you preſerv'd,
 And undeſerving, added to my wiſhes
 What more than life or liberty I prize,
 Your love : and tho' you had the pow'r to force
 Your captive's will with ſureſt violence,
 You left me free, t'accept or to reſuſe,
 But who could have reſuſ'd ?

Ag. Thou never wert my captive : I was thine
 From the firſt moment that my eye beheld thee :
 I overcame thy country, but thou me :
 What I have done, I did but as a ſlave,
 The ſervice of the conquer'd to the conqueror,
 Mercy was thine, and only thine : my part
 Was but the duty of a lover.

Chru. With patience hear, for nothing will I add.
 Nor take from truth ; but ſtate a juſt account.
 My country loſt, when by the right of war,
 Nothing was left that we could call our own,
 You proffer'd crowns, would raiſe me to your empire :
 Your generous love, agreeing with my virtue,

offer'd no terms that I could blush to hear,

Ag. How shall I thank thy goodness
Who would'st accept! oh! could I give the world,
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.

Chru. The kiss you take, is paid by that you give,
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.

There's a mighty sum that's yet untold:
To shorten then, and pass a thousand proofs,
All precious, but too numberless to name:
Now when the gods, grown envious of our joys,
The gods that will admit in human life
No raptures like their own, and such were ours;
Now when they turn our blessings to a curse,
When ev'ry kiss you take, must lose a battle,
And thousands are condemn'd for each embrace;
When empire, victory, and O perhaps
Your precious life, must all be sacrific'd,
For your Chruſeis left; then, then, my king
When his friends weep, and unrelenting gods
Threaten aloud, when earth and heav'n combine
To part our loves, and sunder us for ever,
When Agamemnon, constant to his vows,
Renounces glory, to be true to love,
And death and shame prefers with his Chruſeis,
To life, to conquest, and renown, without her.
O what amends! ah! how shall I repay
Thy wond'rous truth!

Ag. Thus, my Chruſeis, thus —
Embrace me close, and join thy lips to mine:
There's no security in other joys,
Here happiness is rivetted alone,
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

Chru. So loving, and so lov'd, why must we part?

Ag. Part my Chruſeis! 'tis unkindly fear'd:
I thought thou had'st been satisfy'd, my love,
No, I can die, but we will never part.

Chru. And yet we must: oh! we must part, Atrides.
There's no defence against the will of Jove,
Force can turn, or policy evade

What destiny decrees immutable:

Nothing can be, that fate has doom'd shall not.

Ag. What means my love by these mysterious words?

Chru. As one who fears to die, but is condemn'd,
Still strives to trifle time with idle talk,
And seeks pretences to put off the hour,
So I—but what am I resolving?
As I approach the precipice's brink,
So steep, so terrible appears thy depth,
I fear—and yet I must—who says I must?
Not Agamemnon—he had rather die,
So had Chruſeis: parting is worse than death
To both—and will to both bring death——
If he must die, then let him die embrac'd,
As he desires—now shoot your light'ning, gods!
Whilst thus I hide him, hit him if you can,
Thus clinging with my body close to his,
Thus will I cover him—kill me, kill me,
I'll die to keep him safe—oh Agamemnon!

Ag. There is a strange disorder in thy thoughts,
Something thou would'st unfold, and know'st not how:
My soul has caught thy fears, I tremble too
I know not why—'tis the first time that e'er
My courage fail'd me in thy arms.
Some mighty ill, and sudden, sure is coming,
And let it come—spare but my love, ye gods,
All other ills are nothing.

Chru. My head grows giddy—oh that I were mad:
Madness brings ease: reason, reason alone
Feels sorrow: folly and madness are exempt.
No state of human life is to be envy'd,
But lunacy and folly: none can be happy
Who can feel pain: to want the sense to grieve
Is the best measure of felicity,
So much are we the slaves of human chance,
And from the moment of our births expos'd
To the malignant influence of stars.

[Throws herself into a chair, and sits weeping.]

Nest. This is meer foolery.—Sir, will you go?

Enter Talthybius and Eurybates.

Eury. Where, where's the king?

Ag. What would thy haste portend?

Eury. To arms, to arms: the Trojans led by Mars,
With Hector by his side, surround our camp;
Who never durst beyond the Scaean gate
Till now advance, enclose our trenches round;
We who besieg'd, are now ourselves besieg'd.

Ag. Be short: speak to the purpose: what has pass'd?

Talth. Divine Sarbedon, son of thundering Jove,
Began th' attack: Patroclus stood the charge,
And slew him with his spear, Jove looking on.

Eury. Then fell Patroclus, slain by Hector's hand —

Ulyf. Patroclus slain!

Nest. How just is providence in all its works!
How swift to overtake us in our crimes!

Achilles, who alone of all the Greeks
Rejoic'd to-day, becomes the deepest mourner:
None are so hateful to the gods as those
Who with hard hearts delight in others grief.

Ulyf. 'Twere fit his body were convey'd with speed
To stern Achilles, who sits laughing now,
Waiting the Greeks distress; the fight may move
Revenge, and bring him to the field.

Ag. I scorn his little aid — Talthybius, say
What's now a doing?

Talth. The Trojans are again drawn off, pausing
Upon their loss; but seem to meditate
Some new attempt: and all expect
A bloody day.

Ag. Thou shalt not die, Patroclus, unreveng'd.
Let our battalions draw upon the plain;
We'll fight 'em hand to hand, upon the square;
Let cowards skulk in trenches, face to face
I meet my foe. — Thus I invoke you, gods,
Adding but this, no more — stand neuter.
This time that we were gone — hast with our orders.

[*Exeunt Talthybius and Eurybates.*]

Chrufis.] It shakes my very soul, my poor dear love,
To leave thee thus — I go, but to return
Victorious back.

As we have parted oft, and met again,

Much thou would'st grieve; but in this manner never.

Chru. Yes, we have parted, and again we met. [Rites]
When next we part, 'tis never to meet more.

I am your murd'rer by my fatal stay,
For me, the fullen sun withholds his beams,
And shoots these shafts, and heads 'em all with plagues:
For me the gods withdraw their wonted aids,
For me, they lead the Trojans to the field,
Shall I consent? and shall I help the foes
Of Agamemnon? I obstruct the means
Of his deliverance? will then my love
Do nothing for my lord, who would do all
For me? no, Agamemnon, no —
For me you must not die, nor be disgrac'd,
Live, Agamemnon, live: be great, be glorious,
While by a voluntary exile, I
Appease my cruel father, and his gods,
And doom myself to save thy life and honour.

Ulys. Oh unexpected turn! O wond'rous virtue!
Glorious resolution! henceforth be stil'd
The saviour of the Greeks.

Ag. Peace, sycophant, nor dare to sooth her phrensie:
These thoughts are but the vapours of a mind
Disturb'd: reason shall soon dispel the fume,
And disappoint your curst malicious joy.
[To Chruſeis.] I know thou canst not mean what thou hast said
Yet my heart pants, and every nerve is shaken.
Upon my forehead sits a damp like death,
My blood runs cold, I feel the channel freeze;
Scarce will my trembling limbs support my weight,
But shake like cowards on a day of battle.
Is this well done, Chruſeis?

Chru. Your generous love has shew'd the way to mine,
Fearing to part, you firmly choose your ruin,
Fearing your ruin, I consent to part:
To part, of every evil is the worst,
All other ills you choose, but I choose that;
Love prompting you to perish for my sake,
Prompts me to keep you safe, whate'er it cost;

empire, and life, and glory are your victims,
The joys of life and love itself are mine.

Nest. Well argu'd still: pray heav'n she be in earnest.

Ag. Thy love is grown a wond'rous sophister:

Each arguments but ill become thy faith:

Can'st thou pretend to love me, and yet leave?

No, 'tis impossible in love to part

With what we love: confess, confess the truth,

And say thou dost not love: own, own thy falshood,

Recant thy vows, or yet resolve to stay.

Chru. Yes, I would stay, were I the only threaten'd,

Were the doom mine, and did the thunder roll,

And the blue lightning shoot alone at me,

I'd choose to die like thee, and not to part,

In these dear arms I'd wait the stroke of Jove,

And perish pleas'd; like thine should be my choice.

For thee, for thee, this ruin is prepar'd,

Not on my head, but thine, the vengeance falls,

And for my sake, my presence is the cause,

Chru. is the murd'rer of Atrides,

The cup of pleasure is the bowl of death,

The gods have mixt it with the deadliest poison,

For dare I give thee more.

Ag. O give it on!

There is such pleasure in the killing draught

'Tis worth the dying for.

Chru. Be calm, be calm, Atrides, think again,

Consult your reason, and be then convinc'd,

Were your case mine, you would resolve like me,

You would, you would, you could not see me perish,

And know yourself the cause.

Ag. O Chru. is!

Chru. Is there a proof in love that you would give,

And shall not I? oh! 'tis a cruel proof,

But it must be, 'tis past, 'tis past recal.

Come back, come back renown that turn'd away,

Return, ye laurels, to my monarch's brow,

Love like a scorching sun has dry'd ye up,

And burnt your growth, and kiss'd away your sweets.

But love is now self-banish'd for your sakes,

With his own hand he cuts his root away,
And leaves you room to spread.

Ag. O curst estate of kings! O fatal glory!
O victories dear-bought! pernicious greatness!
What must I lose to purchase the vain breath
Of fools and sycophants, the voice of fame!

Chru. The gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
A quiet state: kings are their stewards here
Entrusted with the conduct of the world:
And like good careful servants, must submit
Their single profit, to the general welfare.
Had Agamemnon been a private man,
Some shepherd or an humble villager,
Our loves had then been happy.

Ag. Take back your office, gods, your royal thralldom
I'll be your slave no longer on these terms:
Here I discharge myself of kingly burthen,
Divest myself of pow'r and dignities,
Of crowns and scepters, your imperial loads.
Be constant to thy word—thy Agamemnon
Will make himself the thing that thou hast wish'd,
A shepherd, or an humble villager:
In some far cave, remote from interruption,
We'll love away our lives: not the least dream
Of glory shall invade our lone recess.
These arms shall be the circle of my wishes,
Thy eyes, the only lights that I'll adore:
Morning and night I'll sacrifice to them;
Be they propitious, let them shine upon me,
I'll own no other gods.

Chru. My virtue shrinks within the close embrace,
O let me fly, I cannot stand the combat,
Another such, and we are lost for ever. [*Trumpets within*]
Hark, hark! the trumpets sound, the clash of swords
Draws near, the gods have given me notice,
The slaughter is renew'd, and ev'ry man
That falls, Chrafeis is his murderer.
Have patience, gods, but yet a little while,
I come, I come, your will shall be fulfill'd,
Give me but time to take one last embrace,

et me thus rush upon him —

nce more, for my whole life, and then come death,
ome madness, any thing but life or sense,
y dearest, dearest Agamemnon.

Ag. Thus will I clasp thee fast, thus, thus for ever.
n vain, in vain thou'lt struggle to get loose,
ot men nor gods shall cut thee from my arms,
ll die, but I will never quit my hold.

Chru. Thus let us kneel: thus lock'd in my embrace,
Whilst I implore the gods with this last prayer.

Oh all ye pow'rs! that unrelenting see
These griefs, and have deny'd our loves your mercy,
Accept the sacrifice that here I make,
The noblest love, the truest; undefil'd

With the least stain. If ought is due to virtue

Let the reward of what I do be his,

And let not me out-live this fatal day.

Depriv'd of love, upon his precious head

Double all other blessings: crown his life

With honours equal to his noble mind,

Let him not pass a day without some triumph:

Let him not have a foe in earth or heaven,

Or if he must have foes, make 'em his means

Only to come at glory —

Farewel for ever. — His lips are cold,

Speechless and pale! and on my bosom droops

His head like a dead weight — help, princes, help,

And raise him gently —

*[They raise him: he stands supported between 'em, they weep-
ing over him.]*

My brain is touch'd — I feel it — here it is —

At this dead list, thou'rt welcome, honest frenzy;

The king shall conquer now, he shall, he shall,

Right shall triumph, the ravisher shall bleed,

I'll be the champion, and begin the charge,

Thus at one stroke I cut off all the gods,

And leave the Trojans helpless to themselves;

They run, they run — O cruel reason, worst of foes,

Why art thou come again?

O Nestor! Oh Ulysses! pity me,

Forgive the ills that have already happen'd;
 All will be well, the gods are now appeas'd.
 Fight for the king, and when the battles join,
 Do you your duty, as I have done mine. [Exit Chruſeis.

Ulyſ. Scarce was my aking heart more pierc'd with grief
 When from my own Penelope I parted.

[Agam. coming to himſelf.

Ag. The gods have doom'd in vain, they ſhall not have her,
 Where is Chruſeis?

Ulyſ. Her noble virtue has obey'd
 The cruel call of ſtrong neceſſity;
 And ſhe who would have dy'd to ſtay, is gone,
 That you may live.

Ag. Thou haſt done this, Ulyſſes, 'twas thy plot,
 Thou haſt been working long againſt our loves,
 Thy life ſhall answer it —

Ulyſ. O rob her not of glories all her own,
 Be hers the praiſe entire, as was the deed.
 I hate myſelf for that I injur'd once
 So good, ſuch noble nature — O ſhe is,
 And to all ages ſhall remain
 The brighteſt pattern of Heroic love
 And perfect virtue, that the world e'er knew.

Neſt. Truſt me, Atrides, much I grieve your loſs,
 But glory waits to make you full amends.

Ag. Unite, unite ye Dardans, and ye gods,

[Drawing his ſword.

Deſpair's undaunted, and deſies all odds,
 At me let ev'ry ſpear and jav'lin fly,
 I fight not now to conquer but to die. [Exit Agamemnon.
 Flourish of Trumpets.

Neſt. Mark, mark, Ulyſſes, how the gods preſerve
 The men they love, ev'n in their own deſpight;
 They guide us, and we travel in the dark,
 But when we moſt deſpair to hit the way,
 And leaſt expect, we find our ſelves arriv'd.

Ulyſ. Fate holds the ſtrings, and men like children move
 But as they're led: ſucceſs is from above.

EPILOGUE.

By BEVILL HIGGONS, Esq;

WHAT will the galleries, nay boxes say?
There's not one man destroy'd in all our play.
Murder and blood have long possess'd the stage,
And pleas'd the genius of a barbarous age:
But since the poet's task's the soul to move,
And with his objects, make you grieve or love,
Surviving wretches should more pity find
Than they who die, and leave their woes behind.

On Athens' stage, when Greece the world gave law,
Her sprightly dames our Agamemnon saw;
They shar'd his sorrows, did his fate bemoan,
And always made the hero's wrongs their own.
But then the world was gay, and nature young,
Mens passions were more high, and fancy strong;
Poets could either raise, or make so sad,
That going home, whole audiences ran mad.
In vain we would your colder hearts inspire,
And blow up flames, without the seeds of fire.

Three thousand years ago, illustrious dames
Attended camps, and gave the heroes flames;
Now ev'ry wench, when batter'd and decay'd,
To Flanders fled, where straight the rampant jade
At once the colonel serv'd, and the brigade.

If poets have the privilege of laws
To challenge juries, who must try their cause?
To judge of wit, the critic be debarr'd,
Who often damns what he ne'er saw nor heard;
Besides, he still to poets bears a spite,
For never yet was critic who could write.

For you, the viler rabble of the pit,
Who want good-nature, tho' you have no wit,
Maliciously you imitate the times,
Like judges, try the men, and not their crimes;

EPILOGUE.

*With noise and nonsense whom you hate decry,
And if demanded, give no reason why;
But when no pity can the torrent stem,
Attaint the poet, whom you can't condemn.
'Tis on that shining circle we depend,
For you — —*

[To the ladies.

*Our poet writes, in gratitude defend :
Of love and honour, be a pattern meant,
And took the bright ideas that you lent :
Your picture drawn, show then the painter grace,
Who fails in an inimitable face.*

ladies.

Once a Lover ; and Always a Lover

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C O M E D Y.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Comedy is a new building upon an old foundation. It appeared first under the name of the She-Gallants; and by the preface, then prefix'd to it, is said to have been but the child of a child.

By taking it since under examination so many years after, the Author flatters himself to have made a correct Comedy of it. He found it regular to his hand: the Scene constant to one place; the Time not exceeding the bounds prescrib'd; and the Action entire. It remained only to clear the ground; and to plant, as it were, fresh flowers in the room of those which were grown into weeds, or faded by time: to re-touch, and vary the characters; enliven the painting; retrench the superfluous; and animate the action, where it appeared the young Author seem'd to aim at more than he had yet strength to perform: particularly, in the Scene between the two Pretty-Fellows in the second Act; the visiting Scene in the third; the quarrelling Scene betwixt Bellamour and Lucinda in the fourth; the reconciling Scene betwixt Bellamour and Angelica in the fifth; and all the Characters throughout; especially that of Sir Toby, which may pass for original.

Shakespeare has given us a Sir Pandarus; Mr. Dryden, a father Aldo; Mr. Otway, a Sir Jolly Jumble: our Stage has abounded in meer pimps and buffoons: but Sir Toby is an observer of decency; a man of sense, and good-breeding, according to the manners of that Reign, in which he is supposed to have pass'd his youth; but still retaining, in his old-age, that loose spirit of gaiety and Libertinism, which reign'd in those days of devotion to the Fair-sex.

Whether this Infant deserved a new coat; or whether, now he is provided with one, it may set him off better, is, with all deference, submitted. An Author flatters himself very ridiculously, if he can suppose it in his power to argue, and reason the world into judging, as he himself may perhaps do, of his Own Work.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Bellamour,	Formerly in love with Angelica: now cour- ting Lucinda.
Philabel,	Lucinda's first lover.
Frederick,	In love with Constantia,
Sir Toby Tickle,	An old debauchee of the last age.
Sir John Airy,	} Coxcombs, commonly call'd Pretty-fel- lows.
Vaunter,	
Courtall,	Brother to Constantia, so resembling, as not to be known from one another.

W O M E N.

Lady Dorimen,	
Lucinda,	Niece to lady Dorimen.
Angelica,	In love with Bellamour.
Constantia,	{ Passing, in man's habit, for her bro- ther Courtall.
Diana,	
Melissa,	{ Sisters to Frederick, courted by Con- stantia, under the name of Courtall.
Miranda,	
Dorinda,	
Lady Silence,	
Lady Prate-apace,	{ Visitants at lady Dorimen's circle.
Countess of Ket- tledrum,	
Clever,	Woman, and confidant to lady Dorimen.

SCENE, St. James's park, and houses adjoining.

Once a Lover; and Always a Lover.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, St. James's park and houses adjoining.

ANGELICA and CONSTANTIA, in man's apparel.

Ang. **D**ISGUISE your inclinations as you can, yet every woman's business is a man.

Const. And every man's is a woman — so the world goes round.

Ang. Not so equally as you may imagine. This wicked age has introduc'd strange unnatural revolutions amongst us, even in love. Thus disguised, how do the pretty fellows, as they are call'd, flutter about us? demme, Jack, a charming boy — begged, how I could hug the young rogue!

Const. If they have their Strephons, we have our Sappho's. Come, come, there we are even with them again.

Ang. To confess the truth, ingenuity is so well improv'd on both sides, it would be hard to say which sex has a right to throw the first stone. But to the point: of all the conquests I could make in this habit, my single aim is at lady Dorimen: it is, you know, to her niece Lucinda, my faithless Bellamour is upon the point of being married: I have but this day to prevent it, and either to recover or be revenged of the traitor.

Const. Well, let us hear: how do you propose to go about it?

Ang. This lady Dorimen, you must know, is a woman of quality, of tolerable sense, handsome enough, perfectly well bred, with a little turn of affectation: in public, she

preserves all that outward dignity and decorum which is necessary to keep up the forms of respect: but she is the devil in a corner: her composition is all tinder; the least spark kindles her into a flame. — Upon this I ground my hopes —

Const. Of being that spark — well, go on.

Ang. The person whom I have found out to be my agent and introducer is no other than my own graceless old father, Sir Toby Tickle: a libertine of the last age, who being past the enjoyment of pleasure himself, his whole delight is in procuring it for others. There is in every one's composition some particular prevailing ingredient: with good sense, good manners, a thorough knowledge of the world, not without some mixture of honour, he can no more resist an opportunity of being convenient, than my lord *Touch-it-and-take-it*, with ten thousand pounds a year, can help picking of pockets. He knows me not; neither is it possible he should, having left me in my cradle to the care of an old aunt, and never seen or enquired after me since.

Const. This virtuous father of yours is so universally useful, that I am no stranger to his person or character. I have retained him too in a cause of my own — for, to confess the truth freely, there was some other meaning in my putting on breeches besides keeping you company.

Ang. I always suspected as much, you jump'd into them so readily — well then, now for your secret.

Const. Know then, my dear Angelica, as much as I have appeared in public an enemy declared to love, we have held a private correspondence together. And, what may seem more out of the way, the man in the world whom I love best, is him whom I use worst. I know what perfidious creatures men are, and am resolved to sound his soul to the bottom, before he shall see the least glimpse into mine: if upon proof, I find Frederick loves me as sincerely as he professes, he may then hope for my favour; but if I find him varying in the least, let my treatment of him be never so provoking or tyrannical, my aversion, which is now but pretence, shall become real; nor shall he ever have it in his power to suspect I have had the least weakness for him.

Ang. It is so very unusual to love and be discreet at the

same time, that this caution is much to be commended. O why was not I as wife?

Const. In pursuance therefore of this design, I have already in this disguise made a friendship with him, passing for my own brother Courtall, whom every body knows to resemble me so entirely, that by changing of habits it is impossible to know which is which. Thus I have daily opportunity to pry into his most secret thoughts, to acquaint myself with every little humour, and see him in all lights. To this serious piece, there happens to be added a Farce. In exchange for my sister, he has offer'd me the choice of one of his: I have accepted the proposal: he has no less than four, and I am at them all.

Ang. How! at all four!

Const. Their characters are extraordinary: the two eldest are affected prudes, professing an aversion to all mankind, but licking their lips at every coxcomb they see: the third is a romping Blowsabella perpetually cramming all sorts of trash, which she digests at horse-play with the footmen: the fourth is an agreeable young creature enough, modest and discreet. I play them all off alike, and keep up the suspense of determining by the impossibility of deciding, where all are equally charming.

Ang. What malice to triumph in this manner over the weakness of your own sex! what! can this exposing the sisters advance any thing with the brother?

Const. It diverts me, that's enough: enquire no farther. As for your combustible madam, methinks I see her all in a blaze upon your first approach. — Faith, I could be in love with you myself, but that I know your credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a false pass which you shew.

Ang. Pr'ythee tell me truly — what manner of a man do you make?

Const. Upon honour, in all appearance as much a man as the smartest Petit-maitre, or the gentlest dangler of them all.

Ang. However, one is a little awkward at first—how do I walk?

Const. Ha Morbleu! *an air fere et determinee.*

They strut about the stage. Enter Sir Toby who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My Ganymede! — my Hylas! —

Ang. My Jupiter! —

Const. My Hercules! —

Sir Toby. Odzooks, you are lucky rogues both! the female world's your own — for thy part, my little Cupid of Cupids, lady Dorimen's prepared to melt at thy sight like butter in the sun. I have so loaded and primed her with thy praises, touch but the cock — bounce — she goes off as sure as a gun. —

And see here, my Mark Antony, [*To Constantia*]

“*Twice twenty slender virgin-fingers twine*

“*This curious web, where all their fancies join.*

Your four Cleopatra's pray you to accept of this bracelet; 'tis the work of all four, composed of their own hair, and wrought with their own hands.

Const. Mercury was a fool to Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Adzooks! I defy Mercury and all his wings.

Enter Airy and Vaunter.

Airy. Ha, Toby! son of Bacchus, and first minister to Venus! —

Vaunt. Old Satan, ha! (clapping him on the back) by Ganymede, a feast for Jupiter. — [*They flutter about.*]

Ang. and Const. *who break from them.*

Ang. and Const. By your leave, gentlemen —

Sir Toby. [*lifting his cane at them.*] Hands off, Civilians — or, by Charles, old Bilbo here shall give you correction: 'tis royal oak every inch of it — kiss the rod, ye perfumed knaves — fear God, and honour the king.

Airy. We have more wit, geddemme, than to do either.

Vaunt. We are men of principles, old arbitrary, men of principles. — The world is quite another thing since thy time, old Tilbury.

Airy. But these modern refinements are too deep for thy old-fashion'd understanding of the last age. Keep within thy sphere, old Mercury: what news from the land of love?

Sir Toby. That it is the paradise of fools when such as thou art the inhabitants.

Vaunt. Well said, old rust, thou art never without thy jest.

Sir Toby. Nor thou neither, — thou art every man's jest.

Airy. Ha, ha, ha — a hit, geddemme! a palpable hit — this old fellow would make one die with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Toby. A fool, says Solomon, may be known by his laugh.

Vaunt. Good again! § says Solomon! ha, ha, ha, I shall see her by and by in Hyde-park, and I'll ask her if ever she said so — ha, ha, ha.

Sir Toby. *O tempora! O mores!*

Airy. Nay if thou conjurest, Trojan, farewell — and see the shew begins — lady Prate-a-pace, let me die — Vaunter, we promised to be upon duty too this morning — to your post — to your post —

Vaunter [singing.] *Sans amour et sans ces charmes*

Tout l'anguit dans l'univers —

[*Exeunt, singing and capering after lady Prate-a-pace, who crosses the stage with a croud of fluttering coxcombs after her.*]

Ang. What fools were those, Sir Toby?

Sir Toby. Such fools as are to be seen, but not to be described: odzooks, the town swarms with them: Airy and Vaunter are their names: in the style of the world they are called pretty-fellows. Cox-combs, who in defiance to modesty, or good-manners, with a pert, familiar assurance break in upon all companies, bragging of exploits they never performed, and of favours they never received: and valuing themselves upon being more wicked than in reality they are.

Ang. And that same gay lady Prate-a-pace, who is she?

Sir Toby. A riddle, a rattle, a meer whirligig — some call her a wit, but her tongue out-runs it so fast, she gives it no time to appear: she has a certain dexterity in the exercise of the eye, which never fails of gathering a croud: In the same instant she smiles upon one, tips the wink upon another, glances at a third, and laughs at them all. She is the perpetual motion, here, there, every where, but always in such a hurry, she may be said to be no-where. Each sex has its originals, but with this difference; there is an attractive quality in a woman, let her be never so impertinent,

§ An old woman so called: a carryer-on of intrigues in Hyde-park.

which draws mankind to her, like flies to a honey-pot. A male-coxcomb has nothing to be said for him

Ang. Who are these, Sir Toby?

[*Lady Dorimen, and Lucinda appearing.*]

Sir Toby. Lady Dorimen, by Jupiter! and with her Belamour's fair bride, the beautiful Lucinda, like Phoebe, and the morning-star —

Ang. Is that your beautiful Lucinda?

Sir Toby. There! there is a shape, and a grace —

Ang. Not to be compared to lady Dorimen.

Sir Toby. Lady Dorimen indeed for the great air —

Ang. And Lucinda for the little.

Const. Confess the truth, cousin, don't you but like her too well? [*Aside to one another.*]

Ang. O that I could blast every charm she has!

Sir Toby. Bow, bow, and let 'em pass —

There was a gracious salute — [*Lady Dorimen salutes 'em with a smiling air, as she passes over.*]

as much as to say, follow, and bring your friend with you. Adzooks, if you would know a woman, or a statesman, ever while you live, observe the countenance; when they dissemble most with their tongues, their looks will tell truth — adzooks, don't I know?

Const. Sir Toby is now in his kingdom: his spirits rise at the prospect of business.

Sir Toby. Stay you here, my mark Antony: yonder I see your four Cleopatra's coming this way: take them fresh and fasting.

Const. One of them, I'll be sworn, is not to be taken fasting.

Sir Toby. Attack, attack; be impudent, and succeed. Our game is at lady Dorimen — courage, my little Adonis: follow, follow — women and fortune favour the bold.

Exeunt Angelica and Sir Toby.

Diana, Melissa, Miranda, Dorinda, Constantia joins them; — the bracelet in her hand.

Const. “*As nature them, so they this shade have wrought,*

“*Soft as their hand, and various as their thought.*

And did you think, ladies, my heart not enough your own before, that you have sent me this pretty chain to bind it faster?

Dia. The ladies who have sent you that bracelet, sure meant it for a reproach, and not for a favour. Fye, Mr. Courtall, can no one colour please you?

Const. Truly, madam, I made a more favourable interpretation: I flatter'd myself, that the ladies who sent me their hair, meant to deliver up their strength with it, one and all.

Mel. Vanity, vanity—I vow, and protest, horrid vanity!

Const. O for vanity, your servant: take that from us, what shall we pretty-fellows have to live upon?

Dor. If vanity keeps them alive, the pretty-fellows of this age will be immortal.

Dia. Vanity is too fattening a diet, it may spoil young master's shape: Lord! what an odious creature is a fat beau!

Mel. Smiles indeed are too nourishing. Let us mortify him with frowns till he looks lean, pale, and languishing, like a lover in earnest.

Miran. A lover in earnest! O my stars what's that?

(In a romping way, always eating some trash or other.)

Dor. A strange sight indeed, like apparitions, every body can tell some story of them, though no body ever saw one.

Mel. The truth is, they are so taken up with their own sweet persons——

Dor. They can neither like, nor love any thing else.

Const. Quarter, quarter, I beseech you, ladies. What is the world swayed by but self-affection? the courtier cringes to the great-man, for what? he gets him preferment: the great-man is double diligent about his master, why? because it is his interest: the holy-man, who makes such a pother about his altars, it is much to be feared, means only a fat benefice.

Dor. And what are lovers? when a man pretends a passion, what is his aim, but to content his own desires? this you call love—love of yourselves, indeed!

Dia. The friendship, religion, loyalty, and the love of men——

Dor. Serve only to cover private views.

Dia. Most abominable!

Dor. The very virtues of mankind are but so many masks for some vice.

Mel. Horrid creatures!

Const. Smart, and satirical—what say you, ladies, to an extempore Lampoon upon the whole Mall?

[*All women.*] With all our hearts.

Dia. Upon honour, nothing is so diverting, as to rail at folks behind their backs——

Const. Nor so fashionable—I'll not spare a woman——

[*All women.*] Nor we a man.

[*Exeunt.*

Lucinda and Clever.

Luc. My aunt seems so deeply engaged with her new acquaintance, she'll not miss us for one half turn. Did you deliver the note I gave you for Bellamour?

Clev. Yes, but I vow it went grievously against my heart.

Luc. The truth is, he has been so arrogant of late, since he thought there could be no longer any obstacle to our marriage, that he makes me uneasy: and when once a woman begins to be uneasy with her lover, she has but little encouragement to take him for her master.

Clev. You have your aunt's command to receive him; you have given him encouragements yourself; the day is fix'd; the whole town talks of nothing else: what can you expect the world will think?

Luc. Why, let it think—this fear of the world destroys all the pleasures of a woman's life—hang the world—A woman who minds what the world thinks, or says, had better never have been in the world.

Clev. Pray, madam, what may be the reason of this sudden alteration?

Luc. Philabel's absence had almost worn him out of my memory: I began to give way to a sort of an inclination for Bellamour. Absence is a terrible thing; they are but little acquainted with human nature, who trust to it. If my old lover had not returned in the nick of time, my new one was in a fair way to have been the happy man; but since I hear Philabel came last night to town, I find myself more inclin'd to my first engagement than my last.

Clev. Then you are resolv'd to break with poor Mr. Bellamour?

Luc. Not absolutely break with him; but suspend my resolution, 'till I know how Philabel continues inclined.

Clev. Dear madam, why this is being an arrant coquette.

Luc. 'Tis the way of the world. Besides, Bellamour is daily plaguing me with so many impertinent jealousies and questions; watching every motion of my eyes in all public places; quarrelling at every innocent look, or action, that I dread for a husband, so—turbulent and unruly a lover.

Clev. I vow, madam, methinks there's nothing so delightful, as to shew one's power over these turbulent spirits; to master them in all their passions; and, right or wrong, to bring them down upon their knees to ask pardon.

Luc. Yes, I would master him, I would have him my slave, like my glove to draw on, or off, as I am in humour; but I must have no expostulations: give me the man of honour, who meaning no wrong, suspects none: so all private reckonings at home are handsomely discharged; who cares for what's spent abroad?—that's the husband for me.

Clev. Lord, madam, how wildly you talk!—what would my lady say if she heard you?

Luc. Say! why she would say like all other guardians who place happiness only in settlements. Defend me from a fool with nothing but an estate! I would rather marry a man without a fortune, than a fortune without a man.

Clev. You are in no such danger, madam, with Mr. Bellamour.

Luc. Nor with Mr. Philabel.

Clev. I have done, madam.

Lady Dorimen, Angelica, and Sir Toby returning.

L. Dor. If these trees, Sir Toby, could write the history of their own times——

Sir Toby. We might then hope for a faithful historian, who would do justice to the memory of the god-like prince who planted them.

L. Dor. Which we can never hope for from men, who are always influenced by passion on one side or other, and flatter, or traduce, just as their interest, their affection or prejudice guide them.

Sir Toby. O madam, had you lived in those happy days of wit and gallantry!

L. Dor. I have often wished it, when reading my Walter, I admired the graceful king described in his morning ex-

ercise, striking the ball, with manly vigour, from one end of the Mall to the other — and then in the evening —

Ang. Like a god disguised, mingling in the croud of mortal beauties —

Sir Toby. Aye, there was the pleasure! adzooks, these eyes have seen it all, and the remembrance draws tears from them.

L. Dor. Sir Toby, a word with you.

[Sir Toby, and lady Dorimen walk aside.]

Angelica in the mean time addresses to Lucinda.

Ang. So pensive, madam: may a man have leave to guess at your thoughts?

Luc. You may, Sir, and find yourself mistaken.

Ang. Matrimony, indeed, is a serious thing: the leap must needs seem terrible as you approach nearer and nearer to the precipice.

Luc. Not so near, pert Sir, as perhaps you may imagine.

Ang. This would be ill news to Mr. Bellamour, whose impatience must be great to be possess'd of so much happiness.

Enter Bellamour, observing them.

Luc. Whatever Mr. Bellamour's impatience may be, I shall hardly venture any part of my own repose to satisfy it.

Bellamour joining them.

Bel. And do you think it then such a venture, madam?

Luc. There is no judging of men, Mr. Bellamour, by the appearances they give themselves when they court us.

Bel. Nor of women when they are courted: at least if I may compare some former encouragements with your indifference to day.

Ang. [*aside.*] How my blood rises at the traitor! adzooks, as Sir Toby says, I could find in my heart to cut his throat before her face. Down, down, proud swelling heart.

Lady Dorimen, and Sir Toby returning.

Sir Toby. My lady has been bespeaking you, young gentleman, to make one in her party this evening at Quadrille: I have answered for you, that she shall always find you a ready gamester.

Ang. I am afraid her ladyship will find me an arrant bungler.

Sir

Sir Toby. She'll teach you, she'll teach you: no body understands the game better.

L. Dor. It is always good to have one's party so fix'd as not to be at a loss for a gamester.

Ang. Your ladyship may depend upon me—as far as I am able to perform.

L. Dor. Mr. Bellamour, your servant—'tis pity to interrupt lovers—let us be convenient, and leave them together! our presence may constrain them: niece, you will not be displeased to be left alone for a few minutes with Mr. Bellamour—we'll meet the next turn.

[L. Dorimen, Sir Toby, and Angelica walk aside.

Lucinda, Bellamour.

Bel. Cruel woman! why was this letter sent me this morning?

L E T T E R.

[Reads] "*You have been too confident of my consent: presume*

no longer upon my aunt's authority. My heart is yet

my own, and while it continues so, my person shall ne-

ver be disposed of. Come not near me to day.

[Speaks] Why am I thus abused?

Luc. Come not near me to day—why am I disobey'd?

Bel. If any mistake has happened; or if in any thing, unknowing, I have transgress'd, may I not be admitted to clear my innocence?

Luc. To make yourself more guilty, is that to clear your innocence? let my commands seem never so unjust, or unreasonable, I expect to be obey'd: nay, I will be obey'd: whilst I remain mistress, patience, and resignation is your business—when I am your wife, you may have your revenge.

Bel. Patience, and resignation, are for fools and abject slaves—I'd have you to know, madam, you have to do with a man—

Luc. And I'll have you to know, Sir, you have to do with a woman.

Bel. By heavens, I find it but too true. Your sex is all a riddle, unintelligible to the most piercing, and quick sight: you are all artifice, and disguise; resolving, and altering, without sense or reason: inconstant in your minds, as in your persons: as these are subject to age, and infirmities,

so are those to every frivolous interest, or idle temptation: your love is never so well established, but it is sacrificed every hour to your humour, your folly, or your pride —

Luc. Enough, enough, Mr. Bellamour. If this is your opinion of our sex, how are you to be believed when you pretend to love us? How can any thing so deformed be beloved?

Bel. There is a secret enchantment in your persons which bewitches us to our own destruction. Come, come, this mysterious proceeding, madam, must be better explained: this is no time for it: your company return. —

[*L. Dorimen, Sir Toby, and Angelica returning.*]

You shall find, madam, you have no fool to deal with. [*Exit.*]

Luc. And you shall find, Sir—that's more than you know.

L. Dor. What have you been doing to Mr. Bellamour? he seemed to flounce off in a passion.

Luc. He is in one of his splenetic fits: 'tis an affectation the men have got to disguise ill-humour, and ill-manners.

Ang. He looks indeed, methinks, a little too soon with the careful face of a marry'd man.

L. Dor. Niece, our hour is come— [*Looking at her watch.*]

Ang. The park, madam, is still full —

L. Dor. An invincible necessity obliges us at this time.

Sir Toby. We have your leave to make part of your circle by and by?

L. Dor. I shall expect it with pleasure both from your self—and friend — [*Casting an obliging glance at Ang.*]

“*Snatch'd from myself, how far behind*

“*Already I behold the shoar!* — [*Exit with Luc.*]

Sir Toby. Well, my little friend, how do you like this beginning!

Ang. Beyond my hopes—a quarrel already begun!—the aunt as coming as I could wish!—if I make nothing of all this—well, dear Sir Toby, I see plainly by this good beginning, you will prove a father to me in the end.

Sir Toby. Odzooks! I love thee as a father loves his own child. [*Embracing her tenderly, she turns aside, wiping her eyes.*]

Ang. O nature! nature!

Sir Toby. What now, my boy? where shall we dine?

Ang. 'Tis too soon for dinner. I see Bellamour must

by himself in yonder walk: a crotchet is come into my head: I'll join him, and find you here again.

Sir Toby. In the mean time I'll look out for a friend to make a third with us, 'till the scene opens at lady Dorimen's.

The end of the first act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE of the park continues.

FREDERICK, DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA,
and MIRANDA.

Fred. **L**OVE is an universal invader: whatever women pretend, they are all sensible alike, only with this difference, those whom we call virtuous, have more pride, or better skill, in dissembling.

Dia. Fye, brother, upon honour I can't abide you should talk so: I'll live and die, in the assertion, that no woman could ever be in love with a man.

Mel. A man! filthy beast — phoh.

[Spits.

Mir. By my troth, you are very nice — [*blushes*] let me never be married, if I have not seen proper, handsome fellows, of all sorts and sizes.

Dia. Upon honour, sister, such a confession does not become the mouth of a young creature of condition, who has any regard for reputation.

Mir. If one mayn't speak what one thinks — a fig for reputation — I won't tell a lye.

Fred. In a word; one of you, if you love me, must love Courtall. I have already told you my passion for his sister: he has engaged to put me in possession of her, whenever one of you four can be prevailed upon to like him. Upon this single article depends my life, and all my future happiness.

Dia. To save a brother's life, really, much should be done: but, I take my death, a man is strangely my aversion.

Fred. This very day he has promised to determine, which of the four is most his inclination —

Dia. Really, brother, as I don't doubt but that I am the person —

Mel. You the person!

Mir. Sure he has more wit than to choofe the oldest.

Dia. Impertinence! the oldest!

Der. Dear sisters, have patience. Let us know a little more of the gentleman's mind before we fall out for him.

Dia. For him! fall out for him! what, for the creature! nay then if that can be surmiz'd, there's an end, there's an end: I renounce, I renounce — my sisters might have an eye to the creature — to the thing — but as I am a true virgin, nothing, but an inordinate desire to be the instrument of a brother's happiness, could prevail upon me to have any notion of cohabitation with a man.

Mir. Don't cry, sister, don't cry — and I'll give you a sugar-plumb. *Offering her a handful of sugar-plumbs, which she strikes into the air; the other picks 'em up again.*

Fred. Pray no more words. Go home, I know he expects you, Diana, you are the eldest, and should shew a good example — no reply — agree amongst yourselves, and make me happy by making Courtall so. I follow you. *[Exeunt Sisters.]*

How awkwardly we strive to conceal nature! and, how apparent are the desires of these women, in spite of their affected reluctance! it is as hard to hide a true, as to dissemble a feigned passion. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

Sir JOHN AIRY, VAUNTER.

Airy. The porter, who slip'd this note into my hand, told me, it was given him by a gentlewoman, who sallied forth from a back-door of one of these houses.

Vaunter taking the letter.

[Vau. reads.] “ If you will venture your person, between
“ the hours of ten and eleven, in the bird-cage walk,
“ you shall be met by one, who will conduct you to
“ the happiest adventure you ever had in your life.

[Speaks.] Geddemme!

Airy. I am considering who there can be on this Westminster-side of the park, whom I have not had already — let me see — *[Pulling out a pocket-book.]*

Vau. Why all this studying? don't, we stand here under

Lucinda's window? the prettiest woman in town; gay, airy, coquette, every thing that can feed a lover's hopes.

Airy. I'gad, that may very well be. She likes me I know—she never sees me but she laughs full in my face.

Vau. Hark'e, John, that rather looks like—not liking you, be-gad.

Airy. Your pardon for that—if a smile is encouraging—*A plus fort*—a laugh. A smile is, at best, but the diminutive of a laugh.

Vau. Where-ever I come, I observe ever body laugh; and, I'gad, I always took it for an affront.

Airy. [*looking big.*] An affront! demme! if I'd take an affront from the king. A well-bred man never takes an affront; but overlooks, with a genteel grace, those little impertinencies, which spleenetic, captious coxcombs apply to themselves: to know how to elude, or parry an affront, is the tiptop of gallantry, and good-breeding.

Vau. Dear Jack, how will thou make that out?

Airy. Why thus: if any rough, unmannerly Sir John Brute should take it into his head to offer me the incivility of a lye—pray, am I oblig'd to take it?

Vau. Geddemme! I'll take nothing from any man that I don't care to take.

Airy. And what is resenting, but taking it? as a blot is no blot 'till it is hit; an affront is no affront 'till it is taken.

Vau. 'Tis not to be deny'd.

Airy. Suppose me now, for example, some dreadful, bloody-minded colonel—[*acting both parts.*] Here stand I—there stand you—a nice accomplished, pretty-fellow—thus I accost you,—blood and death, Sir, you lye—then you must say,—dear Sir, *pardonnez moi* you must needs lye under some mistake.——

Vau. Excellent, I'gad!—Lye under a mistake—so by a genteel double Entendre, and a *pardonnez moi*—the lye comes home to him again. Ha, ha, ha.

Airy. I'gad, just so—then comes he up to me, more fiercely than before—how, Sir, not take the lye—then take that—

[*Gives Vaunter a great box on the ear.*]

Vau. Demme! Jack, that was a little too hard.

Airy. 'Twas only to shew you.

Vau. Well, what must I do then?

Airy. Why, ask my pardon —

Vau. Your pardon! geddemme, what! for striking me!

Airy. Aye, aye, 'tis civil — I'gad, nothing can be more civil.

Vau. That's true too—and begad, 'tis carrying civility as far as 'twill go. But now, after all, suppose this note should not come from Lucinda?

Airy. It must, it shall, and can come from nobody else.

Vau. Your reason, dear, baronet, your reason.

Airy. Why—because she is the prettiest woman in town; and I,—tho' a say it myself,—am the prettiest-fellow.

[Admiring himself.

Vau. Have I care of that, dear John. One of the prettiest-fellows, if you please. [Admiring himself in the same manner.

Airy Sir, I say—the prettiest-fellow— [Turning short upon him, half-drawing.

Vau. Sir, I say—you lye— [Encountering in the same manner.

Airy. You mistake me, Mr. Vaunter. [After a short pause, putting-up.

Vau. You mistake me too, Sir John, if you go to that. [Putting up likewise.

Airy. O Vaunter! thou art coupled with a puppy, who carries anger, as the amber, sweets: which, chaf'd by rubbing, breathes a warm perfume; and cooling, smells no more.

Vau. O Airy! did I ever think to see the day!—

Half crying.—Wiping his eyes.

But we are friends again —

[Shake hands.

Now tell me calmly, did'st ever speak to her?

Airy. Speak to her—ha, ha, ha,—speak to her—no. If all those mute accomplishments, which form and adorn a pretty-fellow are incapable of moving, what signifies speaking? When did'st thou know a man, with no other qualification to recommend him, but discourse, well receiv'd by the ladies? I have play'd upon the flute to her, sung to her, and danced with her, geddemme, for a whole night; and never spoke a word to her.

Vau. And yet thou can'st talk as good sense as another.

Airy. I'm too well bred to offend the ladies.

Vau. To talk to a woman, is one thing; to be talk'd of for her, is another: aye, that's the great point. To be thought to be happy, creates as much envy, as being really so: as men most delight to be praised, where they know themselves to be most defective; there is ten times the pleasure in being talk'd of for one woman we never enjoy'd, than for twenty we have. O, if I could but once bring it about to ruin the reputation of five or six innocent young creatures—lurd! what a pretty-fellow should I be! [Strutting.

Airy. There is nothing so easy—mark me, Vaunter,—at church, I sit in the same pew; at the play, in the same box: at the opera, I am the next man to her, never failing to lead her out upon all these occasions. In the park, I turn as she turns, I go out when she goes out, I drive gently by her coach, stop as she stops, go on softly 'till she drives by again, then gallop, begged, 'till I overtake her once more; ogling all the while like a devil—where she alights, there I alight too; and, I'gad, she never makes a visit, but I am up-stairs as soon as she. The world takes notice of these assiduities; my happiness is whisper'd in every assembly: my friends give me joy of my success, which I receive with—O ged! why should any body think so? what could she see in me? this town is a strange place!—a man can do nothing in secret—begged, I took all the pains in the world—but these silly women are always betraying themselves—and thus, geddemme, half-avowing, and half-denying, I palm myself upon a woman—ha, ha, ha.

Vau. Ha, ha, ha.

Airy. Well, dear Vaunter, whatever there may be in this adventure, thou shalt have thy share in it—there is no true joy without thee.

Vau. This kindness quite overcomes me. But, dear Jack, how could you say the prettiest-fellow?

Airy. Did I say the prettiest-fellow? sure I did not.

Vau. Indeed, you did.

[Wiping his eyes.

Airy. I meant only—as pretty a fellow. An unlucky accident, this morning, put me out of humour—my Arlequin is lost——

Vau. Your Arlequin lost! I wonder you did not stick me when I provok'd you so. *[Crying.]*

Airy. Well, we will drown that thought in a flask of Champain.

Vau. Dear, dear Airy,—upon my soul—you are the prettiest fellow! —

Airy. Not I, not I,—dear Vaunter,—'tis you, 'tis you. *[Embrace, and kiss.]*

Two women mask'd, crossing the stage.

1st. Wom. Sir John Airy for my money.

2d. Wom. Mr Vaunter for mine.

Vau. Demme, Jack, I think they nam'd us!

Airy. They passing, cast at us a side-long glance—*[Accosting them.]* Permit us, ladies, to have the honour to say, this custom of assassinating hearts in masquerade, is, by no means, fair play—it is like —

1st. Wom. What is it like, Sir John?

Airy. It is like—a dark lanthorn, beged.

1st. Wom. A dark lanthorn, Sir John?

Airy. That which guides you to give the stroke, blinds us from seeing who gives it.

1st. Wom. Prettily imagined. And politely brought off.

2d. Wom. Indeed, Mr. Vaunter, you don't know me.

Vau. In spite of the cloud which conceals the bright beams of the sun, his warm influence is the same: your ladyship is to be known,—geddemme—like the coast of Arabia by the Aromatic smell.

1st. Wom. Hi, hi, hi.

2d. Wom. Hi, hi, hi. *[Run out laughing.]*

Vau. They fly but to be pursued.

Airy. "In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly—

Vau. "They fly that wound. and they pursue who die.

[Exeunt, following the masks.]

SCENE III.

BELLAMOUR, ANGELICA.

Bel. Your cousin might have saved you this errant: an

unseasonable dun, when we have nothing to spare, is as vexatious in love, as in money-matters.

Ang. You own you loved her once; and it is by that love she now conjures you, by me, not to give way to any other passion, which must load you with perjury, and her with misery.

Bel. I should be sorry to make a lady miserable: but if to change a mistress is perjury, who is innocent?

Ang. What reason can you give for your change?

Bel. Faith, none at all.—Our present inclinations are our masters: we wander but as our stars lead us; if they are false lights, and lead us out of the way, let them answer for it. It was my fortune to see Angelica, and to love her; it was my fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her: what is there new in all this? I confess, she has beauty, and wit, and virtue, every thing that might fix inclination, if inclination was to be fix'd: but, alas! is there any thing in this world but what is mortal? merit, and fortune, have been ever at variance.

Ang. Fortune can never side with falshood and perjury.

Bel. You mistake fortune—fortune is, as it were, an hospital for villany and folly; where all are provided for, whom nature has maimed, or disfigured: mark every raw, unpolish'd cub you meet, you will find him some minion of fortune: and every crooked, ill-favour'd hag, 'tis odds, but she is some distinguish'd fortune. The children of this world have different portions, some are wise, some have wit, some are brave, some have beauty; but where merit is deny'd, fortune provides: fortune is the cordial drop, prescribed by providence, to comfort the worthless and undeserving, for the severity and unkindness of nature.

Ang. Is this sermon all the comfort she is to expect from you?

Bel. I would not deal ungently with a lady whom I once loved, and shall always respect: choose the softest terms you please, and advise her as a friend, to forget one, who cannot help owning himself unworthy of her.

Ang. What you say to me, is the same thing as if you said it to herself: if I can make her hate you,—depend upon it, I will.

Bel. Not hate me, I would not have her hate me: tho' I cease to be her lover, I shall always be her friend.

Ang. Her friend!

Re-enter Airy and Vaunter.

Airy. Were ever men so mistaken!—the very refuge of the land of Drury—beged!

Vau. Pox on't—would I had my similes again: never were the beams of the sun, and the spice of Arabia, so ill bestow'd.

Airy. Ha! bride-groom of the world, friend Bell. my dear, when is the grand operation to be perform'd? to have and to hold for life, what another may divert himself with for a quarter of an hour, without any tye, is a more agreeable amusement, beged, for one's neighbour than one's self.

Vau. Is the man possess'd? to condemn himself for all the days and nights of his life to one body! to be bound never to change her, tho' she change never so much, tho' she grow never so old, so stinking, or ill-favoured. Phoh!

[They hover about him, he shifting surlily to get away.]

Ang. *A sober man, like thee, to change his life!*

What fury would possess thee with a wife?

Art thou of every other death bereft?

No knife, no rats-bane, no kind halter left?

As my friend Dryden has it.

Vau. Do not you know? geddemme, let a woman be never so much an angel before enjoyment, she is the devil afterwards.

Airy. But, perhaps, the poor dog has a mind to a son and heir, and to see himself growing up, in a little monkey-faced representative. But hark'e, friend Bell. Take this saying of another poet's along with you—

Tho' Solomon with a thousand wives

To get a wife successor, strives;

But one—and he a fool, survives.

Geddemme!

Bel. Fools and puppies! *[Breaks thro' 'em and Exit.]*

Airy. Ha, ha, ha,—art thou gall'd, old Matrimony?

Vau. We have fir'd him I'faith—

Ang. Just as if a lion should be baited by baboons.

Enter Sir Toby and Philabel.

Sir Toby. Well, my little friend, how has thy crotchet succeeded? Here is colonel Philabel newly arrived, to make a third with us.

Airy. No company like five—if you knew the pains Vaunter and I have taken, to break from the ladies, to come to thee again—no less than two duchesses in vizard-masks.

Vau. No bragging, dear Jack; one of them, you know, was but a countess.

Airy. Peereesses, peereesses—all three peereesses of the realm.

Ang. In buckram domino's—

Airy. No, no—like Luna in a veil—I never name names—but provided it may go no farther—hark'e, Toby, in your ear.

Sir Toby. Keep your distance—the breath of a rotten beau smells farther than a wedding, or a brick-kiln: nothing can out-stink it but his scandal.

Airy. Thou'rt always so plaguy witty—but let that pass—what fool, dost think, we have been rallying to death?

Sir Toby. I see no fool, here, but Vaunter, and thyself.

Airy. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other—geddemme! with these true jests.

Sir Toby. Geddemme?—thou dar'st not be angry—

[Lifting his cane at him.]

Airy. Nay, dear Toby, no man alive, you know, is more your humble servant.

Sir Toby. Odzooks, when I have such servants, they shall be known by their broken heads.

Vau. Well, for a dry joak, or a quick repartee, may I never say a witty thing again, if I believe old Toby has his fellow.

Ang. We have, indeed, had excellent sport—

Airy. By your leave, I'll tell my own merits. You must know then, Bellamour has been here, under the rose be it spoken, my cuckold *in futuribus*; for, as you know, and as all the world knows, for if it was a secret no body could know; and how it came not to be a secret, geddemme, if I know—upon these occasions I am always—mum—but women are strange indiscreet things—a man can't be always stopping their mouths—geddemme—

Vau. He speaks like an angel—beged!

Airy. As I was saying then — this same Bellamour is to be marry'd to Lucinda, lady Dorimen's niece. Now—the Lucinda—if I might be permitted to say it—hum—ha—

[Admiring himself with ridiculous air]

Vau. Aye, beged,—*Litera scripta manet*—there's Latin for you, old rust. [Clapping Sir Toby on the back]

Sir Toby. And there's English for you, young brags.

[Strikes him with his cane]

Phil. Why! you conceited puppies—

[His hand upon his forehead]

Sir Toby. Moths, caterpillars, vermin!—

[Still beating them]

Airy. You mistake us, gentlemen, beged.

Vau. No men alive are more your humble servants—

[Run on]

Phil. How unhappy are women, whose fame depends on the breath of such fools!

Ang. Methinks, gentlemen, you are very rough with pretty-fellows.

Sir Toby. Pretty-fellows! I liv'd in the plague, and was less afraid of pestilence, than of the familiar impertinence of a pert, modern beau. The foplings of my time were well bred coxcombs: good manners, like charity, will cover a multitude of faults: I hate a busy, sawcy, pragmatical, unmannerly puppy.

Phil. Pretty-fellows do you call 'em? pretty apes! pretty baboons! creatures, so out of the way of nature, they might be shewn at wakes and fairs, for monsters. Are these your fine gentlemen? Tell me, Sir Toby, are none of the old stock remaining? It is to be hop'd, at least, that the fair sex have escaped degenerating.

Sir Toby. Let us descant, my friend, as we please upon the past, and the present; mankind has been, and will be, ever the same: with some little variation, as fashions may change, there will be always the same men; minions, who suck with insatiable thirst, from the fountain of favour, 'till swelling, like sponges, beyond what they can hold, the hand of envy gives them a hearty squeeze—and, goodnight sponges! Devotees without piety, friends without friendship, wits without

offense, men of honour without virtue, patriots without principles—odzooks! halt there—or my wit may prove—without judgment.

Phil. The ladies, Sir Toby,—the ladies!

Sir Toby. Angels, angels! — odzooks, all angels! the virtuous set us heavenly examples; the kind give us heavenly joys.

“ On this one only blessing heav’n might raise,

“ In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise.

Odzooks.

Phil. I know, Sir Toby, no man alive has study’d the sex more than you.

Sir Toby. No, Sir, nor enter’d deeper — let me tell you.

Phil. As I find Lucinda, I shall judge of the rest — but I have heard some odd stories in my absence.

Clever appearing.

Sir Toby. See an informer for your purpose, Mrs. Clever can give you the best intelligence of that. For my part, I am no teller of tales.

Clev. Noble colonel, welcome from the camp.

Phil. My old friend, Mrs. Clever, I am overjoy’d to see you—I was just enquiring after your young lady: they tell me, I am returned in good time to dance at her wedding.

Clev. At her wedding!—that’s just as you please. This note will better inform you.

[Phil. reads.] “ *Be not surpriz’d at any discourse you may hear of me in town: I am the same you left me, and shall be glad to find no alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this evening at my aunt’s. This is her day. — Adieu.*

[*Speaks.*] If this return is sincere, how came Bellamour so well received in my absence?

Clev. Why, don’t you know, the best-received are not always the most welcome; and the civilities a lady may outwardly shew to one man, may be meant to cover private correspondence with another? Bellamour! no, no, she’ll have none of your Bellamours.

Ang. [*aside*] Fortune, I adore thee—there needs no skill to play these cards—but one trick more, and the game’s my own.

Sir Toby. What say you, Mrs. Clever, to my little friend here? He's most desperately in love with lady Dorimen.

Clev. That's desperate indeed—alas! widows have better stomachs: such a chick is not half a mouth-ful. In one hour more, my lady will be ready, you may then make your visit. She expects you, Sir Toby, a little before, at her toilet.

[Going]

Phil. Dear Clever, tell my charming Lucinda, I have never ceased to adore her; and will not fail to throw myself at her feet, since I have her leave for it.

Ang. As much a chick as you take me to be, your lady shall find me a true cock of the game—and so you may tell her.

Clev. Alack! alack! believe me, young gentleman, such tender tit-bits can only serve for a little picking at the last course, after one has had a substantial bellyful before. And so, your servant.

[Exit]

Sir Toby. Well said, Clever, thou know'st the difference betwixt a fur-loin, and a sweet-bread.

Phil. Now let's adjourn where I may shift this rusty campaign equipage; and fit myself for love, and the ladies.

" Thus, hero-like, we from the wars remove,

" To crown our toils, and still that crown is love.

The end of the second act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Lady DORIMEN at her toilet, finishing her dress: waiting women, pages, valets de chambres attending, all employed in some way, or other. Women with stuffs, China ware, etc.

Enter CLEVER.

Clever. **S**IR Toby, madam, is just coming up: your waitants will surprize you before you are ready.

1st. Wom. Be pleas'd to dismiss us, madam, before Sir Toby comes up.

2d. Wom. We had rather lose our money, than be exposed to his ridicule.

[Packing up their bundles]

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. *Th' adorning thee with so much art,*

Is but a barbarous skill;

'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,

Too apt before to kill.

What! always these pedlars at your toilet!

1st Wom. Pedlars! no more than your worship's a pimp,
If you go to that——

Sir Toby. The orange-women swear they'll pull out your
eyes, since a note in a tea-pot is found more secure than at
the bottom of a basket of fruit.

2d Wom. You'd have the whole trade to yourself, would
you? pray, madam, bid Mrs. Clever discharge us.

L. Dor. Give them their money: my purse is upon the
table. But hark you, Mrs. Janoway, for the future, bring
me nothing but right Indian—I abominate your Dutch trum-
pety.

Wom. Thank you, kind madam.

[Exeunt with their bundles.]

L. Dor. Set Sir Toby a chair—and wait within call.

*Servants retire: Sir Toby sits: lady Dorimen during
the conversation adjusting herself, from time to time,
before her glass.*

Sir Toby. Your little gamester, madam, will be here in-
stantly: he is so charmed with your ladyship, faith, if you
are not merciful, the poor thing will pine, and die.

L. Dor. It is much for a lady's honour to have a lover die.

Sir Toby. Let those die who are not worth saving. But
this is the gentlest youth, as tender, and loving, as your
bird; and it would be as much pity he should come to any
harm.

L. Dor. He is—so very young.

Sir Toby. Why, so much the better, you may train him,
and instruct him in your own way; and as he grows up, you
will find him improve upon your hands.

L. Dor. But these young things are at first so—I don't
know how—so awkward—one is so put to it.

Sir Toby. Ways and means must be used: an insinuat-
ing glance with the eye, a gentle squeeze by the hand, or
so: adzooks! if women, thro' affectation; and men, thro'

respect, keep at distance ; how the devil should they ever come together ? come, come, this is an age of improvement ; the ladies know better things.

L. Dor. I blush for the follies of my sex.

Sir Toby. Then there is the secret of secrets, the never-failing elixir of love —

L. Dor. Elixir of love ! heavens ! what's that ? pray, Sir Toby, keep within bounds.

Sir Toby. Adzooks, madam, I can hold my tongue.

L. Dor. No, no, what is it ? Lord, don't you be so peevish.

Sir Toby. Then, this secret of secrets, is the golden specific, called a pension, or settled salary. Its operations are wonderful ; it fixes inconstancy itself : every man is true to his interest, whatever he would be to his mistress.

L. Dor. I hope your friend, Sir Toby, is none of those mercenary creatures.

Sir Toby. I don't say he is : but, now and then, a diamond-ring, or a gold snuff-box, are pretty provocatives.

L. Dor. Can men of quality give themselves up so odiously for money ? O horrid !

Sir Toby. Excuse me, madam, from telling you all that men of quality will do for money.

Enter page.

Page. Colonel Philabel, and a young gentleman with him, are below, enquiring for Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. [*rising.*] I'll go down, and entertain them, 'till you are ready to receive your company. I must ask your pardon afterwards for one half-hour—I have another small affair upon my hands. —

L. Dor. You are always employ'd in some charitable office : but be sure you come : it will be an empty circle without you.

[*Rising from her toilet.*

[*Exit Sir Toby.*

Clever, give me one of my last new fans—no, not that—another—aye, this.

Clev. What shall we do with Sir John, madam ? he had your note as directed.

L. Dor. I had forgot that, in the hurry of this new inclination—why—keep him in play, or dismiss him, as accidents may happen—this young thing may commit over-sights.

Clev.

Clev. True, madam—youth has its inconveniencies, as well as its conveniencies — when the house is on fire — the more buckets the better. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, and DORINDA: CONSTANTIA seeming in courtship with them all.

Const. *Joy salutes me when I set
My blest'd eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am struck,
When I on the others look.*

How is it possible to choose one, when all are engaging alike? When I incline to the prudence, and nice honour of Diana, Melissa interposes, with a grace and an air, which no mortal can resist: and, when Melissa gets ground, Miranda confounds me with the frankness of her humour, and her un-affected sincerity: and so on to the charming Dorinda, who with one glance of her bright eyes, can turn my fleeting heart which way she pleases.

Dor. Sure Cupid shot the gentleman with a blunderbuss! — four such dreadful wounds could never have been made with a dart.

Dia. I profess, I blush to propose such an expedient as a *tete a tete* — but I vow and protest — tho' I am almost ashamed to name it — the likeliest way to know his mind really, and truly — would be to discourse with him — in particular.

Mel. Upon my honour, sister Di — has observ'd with great penetration — the gentleman might be more direct if we took our turns to be alone with him in private.

Const. [*aside.*] Marry, heavens forbid!

Dor. Fye, sisters, sure your prudence and nice honour would never permit you, really, and truly, to be left alone with a man.

Dia. Really, and truly, you are superlatively confident — it would become you, not to forget the respect due to an elder sister.

Mir. [*bluntly*] Look'e, sister Di — you are always harping

upon seniority—but you'd be loth I shou'd tell—really, and truly—how old you are.

Dia. [*furiously*] Get you gone, huffy—to your nursery—go.

Mir. [*sings*] *Ancient Phyllis has young graces.*

Const. I beseech you, ladies, let this debate go no farther—I have an expedient ready, to satisfy all. Here are four notes directed to each of you; three of them are blanks, the fourth is the benefit-ticket. These you shall deliver to your brother the moment I am gone, who shall tell you my mind, sparing me the confusion.

Dia. No, no,—upon honour—I will be satisfied no other way but by word of mouth.

Mir. [*bluntly, after her usual way mocking her.*] E'en let her have it by word of mouth—if he but look in her mouth, he will find the mark worn out: he had need of good teeth for such a tough bit—really, and truly—

Dia. I'll make an example of you—huffy,—I will—I will—

[*Diana flying furiously at her—Miranda takes an orange out of her pocket, and stands in a posture of defiance.*]

Mir. Touch me if you dare—if you dare—

Const. [*interposing*] Dear Diana, be satisfied. [*To her apart*] How simply they will all look, when it appears you are the person!

Dia. Well Mr. Courtall, you will have your own way—
Takes the notes, smiling, as satisfied.

Const. Miranda, be pacify'd. [*Aside to her.*] In this little bit of paper you will find enclosed my very heart and soul.

Mir. To the charming Miranda—O charming! charming!
[*Reading the superscription, kisses the note, and jumps, overjoy'd, putting it in her bosom.*]

Const. Melissa, this is yours. [*aside to her*] Keep it safe: beware of counterfeits—

Squeezing her by the hand, then turns aside to Dor.] Lovely! Dorinda—[*aside*] tho' last, not least—the prize of beauty can be only yours.

Aloud. “How hardly does this tyrant custom bind,

“Fore'd to choose One, to All alike inclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

An apartment at lady DORIMEN's, illuminated according to custom: chairs placed in order for visitants: servants waiting at a distance. Mrs. CLEVER, and a page, standing at a tea-table, serving tea. Several other tables set out for gaming. Some of the visitants attentive to the music, others at play. When the music ceases, they disperse, and go off without ceremony, some one way, and some another.

L. DORIMEN, LUCINDA, ANGELICA, PHILABEL, seated, drinking tea, and attentive to the music.

A short CONCERT, vocal and instrumental.

S O N G.

I.

*CLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!*

II.

*But nature, graciously inclin'd,
With liberal hand to please us!
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.*

The music ceasing.

Ang. " Music so softens, and disarms the mind,

" That not one arrow can resistance find.

L. Dor. You are a wit, I perceive. Sir.

Ang. If my wit were to be measur'd by my respect for your ladyship, I might very justly set up for one of the first rate.

L. Dor. So young a flatterer!

Ang. You are so secure from flattery, madam: the difficulty lies in doing you justice.

L. Dor. Men are such dissemblers!

Enter Page.

Page. My lady Silence, madam.

Enter lady Silence: lady Dorimen rises to receive her.

L. Dor. A fauteuil for lady Silence.

[Lady Silence takes her place, and sits in a stiff, formal way, without saying a word.]

A pause—looking at one another for a little time.

Luc. A pinch of your snuff, Mr. Philabel.

Phil. At your service, madam.

L. Dor. Will your ladyship drink any tea?

L. Sil. *[bluntly]* It gives me the cholic, madam.

[Another pause.]

L. Dor. Mr. Philabel, you us'd to be well-inform'd: what new diversions may be preparing for the town?

Phil. I am but a new-comer, madam, I have been told of a society of prudes, who meet upon certain days for the reformation of manners, in opposition to a femal club of a contrary character. The first point under consideration, was how to suit our language to the modesty of the fair sex, by retrenching such syllables in certain words, names, or titles, as might bear an immodest interpretation.

L. Dor. A dictionary of that kind might be of great help: I must needs say, I have been often put to the blush at the pronunciation of certain words.

Phil. Another important abuse under correction is, the nudities upon fans, which inflame the imagination, at the same time that they refresh the face.

Luc. Ridiculous creature!

L. Dor. I know a lady, who shall be nameless, whose fans are always painted with filthy, naked figures; and yet is so scrupulous, she would not, for the world, be seen in Chelsea-Reach upon a summer's evening. My lady Silence, is not this true?

Lady Silence only answering with an affected smile, rises to take her leave: lady Dorimen offering to conduct her.

L. Sil. Not a step farther, madam.

L. Dor. I beseech you, madam.

L. Sil. You forbid me your house, madam.

L. Dor. If you command me, madam.

Page. Lady Silence's servants. — *[Exit lady Silence.]*

L. Dor. " Silence more dreadful than severest sounds.

[*Returning to her seat—Re-enter page.*

Page. Lady Prate-apace, madam.

Enter lady Prate-apace, who runs in a hurry to lady Dorimen, saluting her on both cheeks,—then throws herself with a negligent air, into a fauteuil.

L. Prate. Let me die, my dear, if I thought to find you at home—how came you not to be at the new play?

L. Dor. You know, madam—

L. Prate. Yes, madam, I know this is your day—but upon so extraordinary an occasion!—

Luc. Is there any thing so extraordinary, madam, in a new play?

L. Prate. Dear Lucinda!—When is the nuptial scene to be open'd? Let me die, if there can be any thing so immodest, as this lawful way, as they call it, of putting a woman to bed to a man, with so much ceremony, and noise: the harmless, innocent creature, who follows inclination, silently, quietly, and naturally, with some dear man, whom she loves more than her life, is loaded with a thousand reproaches, and censures: but the confident thing, who is not ashamed to be dress'd-out, and led forth publicly, like a beast for sacrifice, to join hands with some filthy fellow, whom in her heart, she abhors, is respected, and honour'd. To make one's self happy, is called, throwing one's self away: to make one's self miserable, is acting the prudent part—let me die, if any thing can be so unnatural, inconsistent, and preposterous!

Phil. The great heiress, who suffers herself to be sold by her guardians to some rich, over-grown booby, for all her life long, is dignify'd with the virtuous title of wife: the miserable girl, who has no portion but some small stock of beauty, and is forced, by meer necessity, to sell herself but for a quarter of an hour—is, God knows what!

L. Prate. Spoke, let me die, like a man of honour and conscience—who has some—religion—in him. I take it mortally ill, Mr. Philabel, to meet you here in a third place before I had seen so much as your name upon my list—you have made a glorious campaign—I knew 'twould be so when once we had an English general to lead English valour—

let me die, madam, I never saw so pretty a stuff — French to be sure—Gautier, or Galpin.

L. Dor. Entirely English, madam, I can content myself with what my own country affords.

L. Prate. O fye, madam!—You shall never persuade me—you can have so ill a taste. Mrs. *What-do-you-call-'em*—pray favour me with a dish of tea.

Clev. [*aside*] 'Tis time she should have something to stop her mouth.

[*Brings her a dish of tea: in receiving it she drops her fan; in catching to save it, the cup is spilt in her lap.*]

L. Prate. O gad!

L. Dor. I am sorry, madam ——

L. Prate. Nothing, nothing, madam—tea never stains—another cup, if you please. [*Wiping herself.*]

[*They bring her another cup, which she sips between whiles, as she goes on in speaking.*]

But as I was saying — the play, ladies, the play — there will be excellent diversion -- a strong party is engag'd to cry it down -- 'tis given out -- the author is a mal-content, and, good or bad -- down it must go -- and that he is impertinent -- upon the ladies, and the government; -- what have these scribbling puppies to do with the follies -- of women -- or ministers --- Are there not ridiculous things enough in the world -- to expose, -- without meddling with them?

Luc. Perhaps, madam, all this may be meer malice. It seems a little cruel, to resolve before-hand to condemn a poor author before his cause is brought to a fair hearing.

Ang. We spread ourselves in different divisions, all over the house; some in the pit, some in the boxes; others in the galleries; sometimes whistling, some-times singing; always noisy, till the audience is in an uproar: some laugh, and clap; some hiss, and are angry: swords are drawn: the actors interrupted: the ladies scream: the scene's broke off—and, the play sent to the devil.

[*Lady Prate-apace having gazed eagerly upon Angelica all the while she was speaking.*]

L. Prate. [*aside.*] Let me die!—A charming boy! Pray, Sir, how came I never to have seen your face before?

Ang. My misfortune, madam.

L. Prate. I beseech you, Sir, — let me ask you — you talk so learnedly of the stage — did you ever write?

Ang. A sonnet, or so, madam. My humble muse never pretends to rise higher than from the shadow of a lady's hoop, to the sun-shine of her bright eyes.

L. Prate. Shadow, and sun-shine! very pretty, let me die! Come then, sing me one of those sonnets of your own making.

Ang. *Sings: addressing herself to lady Prate-apace.*

S O N G.

*So well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows, she'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure;
Eternal draughts do not suffice:
Ah! give me, give me more; — she cries,
'Tis all too little — little measure.*

L. Prate. [repeating.] *So well Corinna likes the joy —*
Dear charming joy!

Ang. But this way of sonnets, is an old, beaten, worn-out fashion of gallantry — a friend of mine has lately brought from Paris — a love-dance!

L. Prate. Extravagantly new! the motions of a love-dance must needs be superlatively pathetic, and emphatical.

Ang. For example, thus —

[Rises, and puts herself in a posture of dancing; lady Prate-apace does the same. The following speech to be spoken dancing; L. Prate-apace humouring it too, with motions on her side.]

“ With a soft easie slide -- I make a step towards your heart --
“ then gently -- advancing -- with a languishing air -- I approach you -- thus -- 'till moving by degrees -- from Fleurette, to Fleurette -- with a bold -- irresistible capriole --
“ I leap at once into your arms.

[Lady Prate-apace receives her with open arms.]

L. Prate. O the ravishing thing! *Encore ---- Encore ----*
Come, let's do that again.

L. Dorimen rises with an air of uneasiness.

L. Dor. Give me leave, madam, to say, such lively representations——

L. Prate. Lively, madam! let me die, if any thing can be more killing — O! I could stay for ever with this dear, entertaining, enchanting creature!

Enter Page.

Page. The countess of Kettle-drum is below in her coach, waiting for lady Prate-apace. She desires your ladyship's excuse for not coming up, for fear of being too late for the play,

L. Prate. I come, I come.

Exit Page.

Phil. The countess of Kettle-drum!

L. Prate. Where have you lived, not to know the countess of Kettle-drum? I'll give you her picture. Tho' her eyes are no stars, her cheeks represent the full-moon: she bears two such enormous globes upon her breast, as would almost break a porter's back: which, when display'd, in full nakedness, down to her waist—let me die—you can scarce tell, if you see her before — or—behind.

Re-enter Page.

Page. The countess, madam, is coming up.

L. Prate. So --- she comes in person to finish the rest of the description -- or, rather --- to shew, she is not to be described.

Enter Countess addressing herself, with ridiculous formality to lady Dorimen.

Countess. I presume upon your ladyship's candour to excuse the --- impoliteness --- of this intrusion --- but I know, when lady Prate-apace's tongue is in exercise ——

L. Prate. Dear Countess --- let me die --- I staid only to sound your praises.

Countess. Well, well --- are you ready now? As I was saying, dear madam, --- the impropriety of this abrupt intrusion, with no other circumstance, but to abstract a person from your circle ——

L. Dor. It would, indeed, have been more obliging, madam, if your design had been to have added to it.

Countess. Your ladyship is so nice a judge, --- and so exact an observer of all the consistencies of decorum ——

L. Prate. Countess --- in this embarrass of civility, you forget you was in haste.

Countess. If to make you ten visits for one here-after, may be any atonement ---

L. Dor. I beseech you, madam, not to think of it.

Countess. You confound me, madam, with such unmerited condescension --- [To L. Prate.] Lady Prate-apace, where are you? Dear madam, let me beseech you not to incommode yourself with looking after us --- no ceremony, dear madam, no ceremony --- this was no visit --- this was no visit ---

Waddles out as first as she can. Lady Prate-apace, who had been coquetting a part with Angelica, catches her by the hand.

L. Prate. New acquaintance, --- come, lead me to the coach. [L. Dorimen catching her by the other hand.

L. Dor. Your pardon, madam, --- not so neither.

L. Prate. Your pardon too, dear madam.

[Letting go her hold.

Let me die --- I have mistaken the *Carte du pais*. ---

[Aside, hurrying out.

L. Dor. Adieu tongue --- and udder --- was ever such a giddy, confident creature seen?

Phil. Or such a monstrous, over-grown porpoise, upon dry ground? Her sides would yield more oil than a whale.

Luc. As she strain'd for compliments, the sweat ran streaming down her bosom, like a rivulet between two mountains.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Toby Tickle, madam, and Mr. Bellamour.

L. Dor. Bring them in --- but hark'e --- take care that I am now deny'd to every body else.

Enter Sir Toby, and Bellamour.

Mr. Bellamour, your servant --- Sir Toby, you have not been a man of your word: you have lost the rarest diversion!

Sir Toby. We met some part of it, madam. The Countess heav'd into her coach, with little Prate-apace by her side, like the sign of the squirrel and elephant--odzooks! in squeezing in, her ladyship's bubbies had like to have broke the fore-glass.

Angelica *aside to Bellamour.*

Ang. Mr. Bellamour, have you consider'd better upon what we discours'd of this morning?

Bel. You had my answer --- I'll be troubled no more upon that subject.

Ang. Then thank yourself for the consequences.

[*Addressing herself to L. Dorimen.*

The respect, madam, which I have for your ladyship, and my friend Sir Toby —

Bel. Hark'e, youngster —

Ang. You know the conditions —

Bel. I'll cut your throat —

Ang. Well then —

Bel. Hold! — or, by heavens —

Ang. By heavens as much as you please. [*Aloud.*] This gentleman, this very Mr. Bellamour, who now has the confidence to make his addressee to this young lady —

Bel. Well, Sir, what of that?

Ang. Made the same to a daughter of your's, Sir Toby, call'd Angelica, whom you may remember to have left, in her cradle, to the care of an old aunt, who is since dead.

Sir Toby. I remember it well—to my shame be it spoken.

Ang. Not pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by vows and oaths. —

Bel. Vows, and oaths, are like counters at play, we set up with them, but they go for nothing when the game's over.

Luc. A very decent declaration! I am glad I know the value of yours.

Ang. In short, mutual faith was promis'd, and they were solemnly contracted.

L. Dor. How, contracted! and make love to my niece!

Luc. Base man!

Sir Toby. Young man, how came you not to tell me this story before?

Ang. I waited only for an opportunity to convict him face to face, in the presence of my lady.

Bel. This fooling, Sir, shall not pass —

Ang. Just as you please, Sir, for that —

Phil. Stand to your charge, young gentleman: fear no threats, I am your friend.

} *Apart to one another.*

[*Aloud.*

[*Apart to her.*

Bel. Who are you, Sir? [*Their hands upon their swords.*]

L. Dor. No quarrelling here, I beseech you.

Bel. Well, since it must out — I own it, and where is the crime? The change is justify'd by the temptation. Change, even in religion, is allow'd, when we are convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it: the girl shall not be abus'd—the Toby Tickles are an ancient, honourable race: we were here before your Saxons, your Danes, or your Normans: odzooks! the Toby-Tickles came in—with the Romans.

L. Dor. Barbarous, perfidious creature! let me never see your face again in my house—O! I can't endure him.

Luc. Such horrid perjury is not to be excus'd.

Bel. After my vows to you, had I engag'd in a new passion, you might have accused me with justice: now, if I am false, 'tis for your sake: 'tis you who make me so: whatever I have been to others, to you my faith has been inviolable.

Luc. Who can be false to one, will be so to another, whenever his pleasure, or his interest tempts him.

Bel. Confess the truth, and lay aside disguise. This airy, smooth, conceited thing, this woman's trifle, has sung, or danc'd himself into your heart—gods! gods! what appetites have women! and who can fix them! Now, for men of sense; and then, for coxcombs: every thing is refus'd, or goes down, just as the minute proves which we lay hold of—

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

[*All laugh.*]

Bel. What could you see, in this effeminate thing, to charm you? There's woman's vanity again—she never sees a soft, affected fop, but she is pleas'd with the reflection of her own image; and admires herself in every fool that she meets.

Phil. You are rude, Sir.

Bel. Rude! Sir —

Phil. Aye, rude—Sir—that's English.

Bel. You are an ass, Sir—or is it your bully here,—your colonel —

L. Dor. I can endure this odious railer no longer: his noise is got up into my head: I am ready to die with vapours—let us go in, and leave him to rave by himself.

Ang. We wait on your ladyship.

Bel. [*to Ang.*] I shall find a time, Sir.

Ang. What time you please, Sir.

Phil. [*to Bel.*] We shall meet at another place, Sir.

Bel. Any place, Sir, whenever you think fit.

Sir Toby. [*with the air of an old bully.*] This sword, Sir, has fought for church, and king—I wear it still—you understand me

Luc. Mr. Bellamour, could you not compose yourself to make one with us in a party of Quadrille? Whenever I have a good hand, I will be sure to call you for my king.

Bel. I will wish you some luck, madam. May you be always flatter'd, and always lose: may you never think you have a sure game, but be disappointed by a better.

Luc. A little hellebore would do the gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, straw, and darkness — odzooks! the man's stark mad. [*Exeunt all but Bellamour.*]

Bel. "Mankind from Adam have been womens fools,

"Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools:

"Heav'n might have spar'd one torment when we fell,

"Not left us woman, or not threaten'd hell.

The end of the third act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FREDRICK surrounded by his SISTERS.

Fred. PATIENCE—let none interrupt me—where-ever the lot falls, let the rest be contented, and silent.

Opens a note, and reads.

Melissa is beautiful —

Mel. I told you so—I knew 'twas I—

Fred. Good sister, forbear.

[*Reads.*] Miranda is good-humour'd—

Mir. That's I,—that's I—

[*Jumping.*]

Fred. Patience. [*Reads.*] Dorinda is adorable—but it is

Diana only, who possesses my heart.

Let none reply—Diana's is the lot.

Mel. Diana's is a cheat, a counterfeit—he vow'd to me, he could not endure her: he fore-warn'd me of counterfeits—

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written.

Mel. I say, sister Di's is a trick.

Dia. I say—you are a lying, confident creature.

Fred. Melissa, be satisfy'd—there are more men besides Courtall.

Dor. Dear brother, open the rest of the notes for our common satisfaction—Courtall assur'd me, they were all blanks but mine.

Mir. And me too—and that his very heart, and soul, were mine.

Fred. Any thing for a quiet life. This is your's, Melissa. [*Reads.*] Diana is discreet. Miranda, etc. Dorinda, etc. But Melissa only has my heart—

Mel. Did not I tell you so—I knew sister Di's was a counterfeit.

Dia. 'Tis your's is a counterfeit—I'll tear your eyes out for this trick.

Mel. You tear my eyes out! Frederick *interposes*.

Fred. Dear sisters, be quiet—I suspect something—let me examine the rest—[*Reads to himself.*] How! how is this! why, in these he declares, in the same manner, for Miranda, and Dorinda—

Mir. A bite! a bite! [*Jumping.*]

Fred. By heavens! he shall pay dear for this abuse.

Mir. For my part, I don't care the paring of this apple for him—[*Biting an apple, whilst the rest of the sisters walk about in a passion.*]

As brother says—there be more men besides he.—

Fred. I love his sister, but not above the honour of my family—I'll teach the young impostor, what it is to play with the reputation of ladies, or fool with a man of honour—be at peace among your selves—and all shall be well.

Dia. If ever I catch him!

Mel. Or, I either!

Mir. O my stars!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA.

Ang. *VICTORIA, victoria!*—turn'd out of doors—quite discarded—to have seen how he storm'd, and hector'd; 'twould have made thee die with laughing.

Const. 'Twas most heroically perform'd, indeed.

Ang. He swore I should give him satisfaction: and by heavens, I am ready whenever he dares demand it.

Const. What to fight with him! fight with a man!

Ang. Yes—let me but choose my own weapon.

Const. But your widow, my dear, your widow—what weapon have you for her?

Ang. And your virgins, my dear, your virgins—

Const. Faith! that matter is by this time, become serious: I am almost at my wit's end: I have summon'd my brother to my assistance: I expect him this night in town: I have depended all along upon the resemblance betwixt us, to set all right at last: to-morrow you shall know more: in the mean time, I leave you to pursue your own adventures; and so Sir, your humble servant. I'll go, and consult my pillow.

[Exit Constantia.]

A noise of fiddles without.

Ang. What's here? lights, and fiddles! I begin to be abominably afraid—this park is a most wicked place!—which way shall I avoid them?

Enter Sir Toby, Philabel, fiddles playing before them, link-boys with lights, and lanthorns, and a parcel of women park-strolers.

Sir Toby. Have we caught you, I'faith?—what eves-dropping under the widow's window?

Phil. A lover can no more go to bed without breathing some sighs under his mistress's window, than without toasting her health.

Ang. 'Tis that brings you here—is it? I think, colonel, I have clear'd the coast pretty handsomly for you to day.

Phil. Like an angel!—let me kiss thee for it.

Ang. Spare your kisses for Lucinda. But tell me, Sir Toby, how could you find in your heart, a good-natur'd man

as you are, to abandon a poor girl, in so cruel a manner, to the wheel of fortune?

Sir Toby. Faith, child, I meant it for the best: I committed her to the care of a discreet, pious old lady, who, I was sure would give her a vertuous education: 'twas a soul-saving design: my example would but have spoil'd all—it is to be hop'd, she will have the benefit of it hereafter.

Ang. Have you no curiosity to see her? shall I bring her to you, to ask your blessing?

Sir Toby. Odzooks! with all my heart: it has been only for want of some body to put me in mind of her, that the poor girl has been forgotten so long: I have bowels, nature is above all—if thou lik'st her thyself, let Bellamour be hang'd with his contract about his neck. Thou shalt have her, my boy, and I'll be thy father.

Ang. If I should take you now at your word—

Sir Toby. I give thee my hand upon it here, before witnesses.

Ang. Hence-forth then, *papa* be the word. And I give you my hand, never to enter between a pair of sheets without her? [*Blusteringly*] If ever Bellamour should dare pretend to her again, he shall have to do with me—and that he shall know.

Sir Toby. Spoke like a lad of mettle—but if she has the true blood of the Tickles, I'll bet upon her head two to one.

Ang. I defy her, *papa*, I defy her to out-do me at any thing.

Phil. Lady Dorimen, I perceive, is destin'd to a willow-garland.

Ang. Not so, neither—see what a challenge she slip't into my hand at parting.

Sir Toby. Sirrah—your lanthorn—

Puts on his spectacles, and reads.

“ You may wonder at the confidence I have in you, upon so

“ short an acquaintance: think it not an effect of my easi-

“ nefs, but your own merit—when the company is broke

“ up—you may return alone about ten. Clever shall be

“ ready to receive you at the back-door.

Ang. Ten is the shepherd's hour, *papa*,—I must give the signal.

[*Raps gently at the door.*]

Enter Clever.

Clever. O, is it you? What a noise has been here with your scrapers --- I was afraid to peep out of doors.

Sir Toby. Since when has your courage fail'd you,--good Mrs. Clever?

Clever. Are you there? then we shall never have done. Come,---come your ways in.

Ang. By'e, daddy.

Exit with Clever.

Sir Toby. Much good may do these boys with their great ladies---give me an humble, obedient jade, without form, or ceremony: one of these clean white apron girls, in her *puris naturalibus*, is worth a dozen of your stately, painted madams.

Phil. And more easily satisfy'd.

Sir Toby. Come hither, Jenny---hold up thy head, my girl---this I intend to qualify for a lady's woman: Judy shall follow coaches in Hyde-park, 'till she comes to ride in one of her own: I have views for them all---shall I shew thee some of their perfections?---advance, little Judy, clear thy pipes, and sing me---*While Phyllis is drinking, etc.*

S O N G.

I.

*While Phyllis is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid resistless defiance:
By the touch of her lips, the wine sparkles higher;
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.*

II.

*Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour;
As flowers, by sprinkling, revive with fresh odour:
Each dart, dip'd in wine, gives a wound beyond curing;
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.*

III.

*Then Phyllis begin, let our raptures abound;
And a kiss, and a glass, be still going round:
Relieving each other, our pleasures are lasting;
And we never are cloy'd, yet ever a-tasting.*

Chorus, repeat the last stanza. *Then, etc.*

A grand dance of link-boys and strollers, with lighted torches; in ridicule of the fury-dance in one of the French opera's.

Sir Toby. Bravo, bravo! 'twas thus my great predecessor, of wanton memory, the gallant Anacreon, pass'd his days and nights deliciously between women and wine. He was choak'd with a grape-stone, for which reason, I never venture but upon the juice—come along, colonel---let the day break upon our revels: there is nothing so delightful, as to see Aurora at her toilet.---Scrapers, strike up---

“ That be our only time to snore,

“ When we can laugh, and drink no more.

Huzza, my brave boys and girls---huzza!

[Exeunt huzzaing and dancing, fidlers playing before them.]

S C E N E III.

Lady DORIMEN seated languishingly upon a sofa.

ANGELICA standing by her.

L. Dor. TO be thus expos'd alone with a man, may subject the most innocent intentions to be misconstru'd: but you are too well-bred to take any indecent advantage.

Ang. Let my transports express—*[Offering to embrace her.]*

L. Dor. O fye—so young—and naughty—

[Affecting to put her off.]

Ang. Pardon me, madam, if too much eagerness to express my sense of this favour—

[Retiring.]

L. Dor. On condition you frighten me so no more, I give you leave to sit down.

[Taking her by the hand to sit by her.]

Ang. Ah! madam,—you squeeze'd a little too hard—

[Shaking her fingers.]

L. Dor. Lord, how tender you are!

Ang. A thousand darts are in the least touch of that fair hand—what a complexion! what eyes! *[Gazing upon her.]*

L. Dor. Don't you look upon me so—lord, you are the strangest man—I hate to be look'd upon so—I never look'd so ill in my life.

Ang. You never were so charming—am I flesh and blood? Am I a man, madam? *[Offering again to embrace her.]*

L. Dor. Indeed, Sir, I don't know: But I hope, you mean no incivility. *[Again putting her off.]*

Ang. If you knew me, madam—you would not suspect me. [*retiring.*] But if, by any unseasonable transport—

L. Dor. Not at all unseasonable, Sir. [*Approaching.*]

Ang. The violence of my passion—

[*Retiring: and still as she retires, the other approaches.*]

L. Dor. I perceive nothing like violence, Sir,—

Ang. When temptation, and opportunity, meet so strongly— [*Retiring.*]

L. Dor. When temptation is strong—[*Following*] You wicked men are for losing no opportunity.

Ang. There are, indeed, such wicked creatures in the world—[*retiring*] but rather than fall under your ladyship's displeasure—

L. Dor. Displeasure! Lord, what does the man mean? who talks of displeasure? [*peevishly*] I only say, there are men, who often offend for fear of offending: and others, who will run any risk of offending, rather than lose a good opportunity—but you—I perceive—are none of those.

Ang. Not I, madam—indeed, not I— [*Still retiring.*]
Lady Dorimen seizes her fast by the arm; affecting a sudden disorder.

L. Dor. Help me, help me, dear Sir.

Ang. Lord, madam! what ails you? [*Frighten'd.*]

L. Dor. A sudden swimming—all over me—

Ang. Are you often troubled thus?

L. Dor. O! often,—often,—very often—

Ang. What's to be done, madam?

L. Dor. Have you no salts about you, Sir? no salts—

Ang. None, madam—let me go, and I'll call for help.

L. Dor. Can't you do it yourself?

Ang. With all my heart, madam—if I had any thing to do it withal—

[*Lady Dorimen letting go her hold, and thrusting her roughly from her, rises in a passion.*]

L. Dor. Provoking ignorance! insufferable stupidity! Clever, where are you? [*Calling aloud.*]

Enter Clever.

Clever. Lord, madam, what's the matter?

L. Dor. The matter! [*Walking about in a passion.*]

Clever. Wicked man! what have you been doing to my lady?

Ang. I have been doing—Nothing—to my lady.

Clever. Nothing! the very worst thing you could have done.

Bellamour's voice without.

Bel. I will see her—I will not be deny'd—

Ang. As I live Bellamour's voice—I thought, madam, you had forbidden him your house.

L. Dor. All men are not such fools to mind every thing we forbid.

Ang. Lord, madam, 'twas your own fault—you frighten'd me out of my senses.

Bel. Open the door—or I'll break it open.

L. Dor. Run, Clever—stop him,—and carry him up the back-way to my niece—he is brutal enough in his passion to commit any outrage.

Ang. Is there no way to be rid of him, but by sending him up to your niece? I have taken that aversion to this Bellamour, that, to be plain with you, madam, either he, or I, must never come within your doors.

L. Dor. There's no help for it now: but, after this night he shall never more be admitted.

Ang. You promise me that?

L. Dor. This impertinent interruption is new guilt.

Ang. But, suppose he should reconcile himself to your niece.

L. Dor. No—let him go back to his Angelica, if she is fool enough to receive him.

Ang. Alas! I fear she is.

[aside.]

Cursed interruption! to come just at this time—this nick of time!—or—dear charming creature—*[Taking her passionately by the hand.]* We might yet—but to-morrow all may be mended.

L. Dor. To-morrow!

[Scornfully turning away.]

Ang. I bar any more of these fits.

L. Dor. I stand corrected. *[returning kindly]* Well then, *[giving her hand]* remember to-morrow.

Ang. By this fair hand— *[Kisses her hand, and Exit.]*

L. Dor. To morrow! fool, not to know the value of the present moment.

Enter Clever.

L. Dor. Well, Clever, was not I in the right, to provide against accidents? How have you managed with Sir John?

Clever. As you directed, madam: I kept him, and another gentleman in play, who came with him, till I heard you call: (having often heard your ladyship say, two were better than one) [*a low courtesy*] but when I return'd, to look for them again—they were escap'd.

L. Dor. Fool! idiot! eternal blunderer! [*In a passion.*]

Clever. Lord, madam, how have I deserv'd this treatment? [*crying*] The chaplain, madam, is not yet gone to bed. [*Wiping her eyes.*]

L. Dor. I ask thy pardon—my mind, indeed, is so ruffled, and discompos'd —

Clever. Trust my experience, madam. He is, indeed, a great quieter of the spirits.

[*Exit, leaning languishingly upon Clever.*]

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, BELLAMOUR, meeting.

Luc. WELL, Sir!

Bel. Well, madam!

Luc. You are come, I suppose, to ask pardon for all your impertinence to day.

Bel. You mistake me, madam. I come to ask no pardons: let cringing fools, and base-born slaves submit patiently to ill usage—a brave man scorns it. I come to take an eternal farewell.

Luc. If that is all, there needs no great ceremony in the performance — there's the door, Sir—farewel with all my heart.

Bel. 'Tis false: I know my resolution vexes you, with what affectation soever you would conceal it. There is not a dissembling, perfidious woman of you all, but is vex'd at the loss of a lover, tho' 'tis of one she hates: tho' but some are pick'd for your pleasures, all are necessary to your vani-

ty: by heaven, I scorn the office, or will be ty'd to the chariot, while others ride in it in triumph.

Luc. Speak softly.

Bel. Would I could speak louder, that heaven and earth might witness to my just reproaches.

Luc. Traytor! after what has pass'd to day in my own presence; after so manifest a conviction of the most horrid perfidy, how dare you pretend to reproach me with any thing?

Bel. Falsest of women! after so many deceitful encouragements, after having put it so much in my power to expose your character to the whole world, how dare you provoke me? See here a letter in terms equiyalent to the most solemn contract—'tis in your own hand—Sign'd Lucinda.

[He shews a letter, which she snatches out of his hand, and tears in a thousand pieces.]

Luc. Have you any more?

Bel. No, madam—but proofs full as strong. This trick shall not serve your turn. *[With a threatening air.]*

Luc. Ungenerous Bellamour! *[Affecting to weep.]*

Bel. False Lucinda!

Luc. Have I been false? was not your love to Angelica prov'd to your face? could you deny it? perfidious man!

[Still pretending to weep.]

Bel. O! were there truth in those tears! there is not a blessing under the sun but I would reject for the possession of Lucinda.

Luc. O! could I be sure that Angelica's presence would never regain the heart, which her absence only has lost—

[Still weeping.]

Bel. By all that's sacred, 'tis in Lucinda's power alone to fix my heart for ever. *[Passionately.]*

Luc. Alas! we know not our own hearts. You still have an esteem for her.

Bel. I should be ungrateful else: grudge her not that.

Luc. Where there is esteem, there will be love.

Bel. It is the surest foundation, madam.

Luc. Where there is no esteem, there can be no love.

Bel. No lasting passion.

Luc. Hence from my sight, false man—*[affecting a passion]*
Go to your Angelica — your esteem'd Angelica — Lucinda

scorns to keep a heart not entirely her own, by esteem, as well as love.

Bel. How this passion pleases me! vows may be feign'd, tears may be false—but, jealousy's a proof not to be doubted—dear Lucinda, forgive the ravings of an impatient temper: impute my past follies, and rash suspicions to the vehemence of my love, and the transports of an impetuous passion. Angelica was a victim to your bright eyes, from the very first moment I saw you: my heart has room for no other object, no other image but yours: I renounce all other hopes, all other joys, all other temptations, all other passions.

Luc. Hey-day! Mr. Bellamour, what are you run mad?

Bel. Mad, madam!

Luc. Aye mad, Sir: What is all this new extravagance for?

Bel. For, madam!

Luc. Aye, for, Sir—what is it for?

Bel. Why, did not you say ——

Luc. Say! what should I say? but go home, get some sleep and settle your brain.

Bel. Have I been mock'd then all this while? your fool! your property! an idiot! a subject for laughter! [*in a fury.*] Gods! gods! 'tis too much—rage choaks my words—it is not to be born—it is not to be endur'd—good-by to you, madam — [*Going, returns.*] But first take back your picture here—curse me, if I preserve the least faint resemblance of so faithless an original—take it—and eternally farewell.

[*Going.*

Luc. Very well, Mr. Bellamour,—what have I innocently said that could provoke this new passion?

[*Taking the picture with a compos'd air.*

Bel. Innocently said! ——

[*Returning furiously.*

Luc. Lord, you are so hasty, and cholerick—you fly into such passions without the least provocation ——

[*Affecting the same passion.*

Bel. Without provocation! ——

[*Still in a passion.*

Luc. Aye, Sir, without provocation ——

[*In the same manner.*

Indeed, Mr. Bellamour, there is no bearing these violent hu-

mours—always sending and proving! 'tis living in a continued storm —

[Composing herself, affecting to weep.

Bel. Madam —

[earnestly.

Luc. Pray, Sir, have patience: consider calmly—you confess a first passion for Angelica: alas! who knows not the force of first impressions? besides — who has been once false, may be so again: the difficulty is in the first struggle with temptation: to a man once dipp'd in dishonour — subsequent infidelities become easy—are not these natural reflections?

[Weeping.

Bel. Madam —

[more earnestly.

Luc. Pray, Sir, hear me, out—no interruption, if you please —

Bel. Do but hear me, madam —

[Passionately.

Luc. Nay then --- Sir, your servant —

[Going off seemingly in a passion, he holds her.

Bel. By heavens, I will be heard. You confound me with riddles --- my soul is tofs'd to and fro by as many passions, as the ocean by winds --- O, lead me out of all these turnings, and doublings --- this labyrinth of doubts, and hopes --- pleas'd, and displeas'd, in the same breath --- pronounce something intelligible: let it be despair --- let it be death --- let it be any thing but this tormenting uncertainty, this rack of thought, this agony of contending passions.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha.

[Bursting out into a loud laugh.

Bel. Oons! madam, do you laugh?

[furiously.

Luc. Who can chuse but laugh to see a man of your sense, and good understanding, roaring and ranting one moment, like a madman - - and the next --- whining and crying, like a milk-sop! I have no fool to deal with Mr. Bellamour.

[Ironically, with a malicious courtesy.

Bel. Death, and damnation!

Airy and Vaunter break in upon them.

Airy. Permit us, madam, to have the honour --- ha! Belamour —

Starts, seeing Bellamour.

[Recovering himself with his usual impudence and familiarity.

Friend Bell! I'gad, well met --- you see good wits jump.

Bel. Vile, vile woman! what, with these insects too! incredible wickedness! O Angelica! well are thy wrongs reveng'd.

[Going, Lucinda catches hold of him.

Luc. You shall not stir 'till I am justify'd of this inhuman suspicion —

Airy. Dear Bell --- don't go off in a passion: permit me to say, she won't make one jot the worse wife for all this.

Vau. Many a worse business has been patch'd up, as to the world, my friend --- you know we are discreet.

Bel. Fools! puppies! idiots! baboons! apes, and monkeys. *[Beats 'em soundly, and Exit in a rage.]*

Luc. Who's within there? what! not one servant in the way!

Enter Clever, and servants hastily.

How got these jackanapes into the house? —

Clever. Lord, madam, how should I know?

[Starting at sight of them.]

Luc. Let 'em be ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd up close, 'till they discover what brought 'em hither —

[Servants seize them.]

Vau. That gentlewoman knows — *[Pointing to Clever.]*

Clever. I know! what should I know? away with them —

Airy. Permit me to have the honour to say —

Clever. Away with them --- let me alone, madam, to get the truth out.

They are hurry'd off, struggling: Clever following.

Luc. When I consider what silly, ridiculous animals the very wisest men are in the hands of a woman, I am at a loss whether to pity or despise them most: the creatures seem contriv'd only for our diversion, meer play-things for us: they are but what we make them: merry, or sad; reasonable, or extravagant; but as we humour them: in, or out of their wits, just as we think fit to work upon their passions.

“ Over their very souls, 'tis thus we reign,

“ We give them pleasure, or decree them pain,

“ And Raise them,---but to Down with them again,

The end of the fourth act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA, COURTALL.

ANGELICA [*Reading a challenge.*]

" AFTER what has pass'd between us, you will not be
 " surpriz'd to know --- I am resolv'd to cut your
 " throat ---

[*Speaks*] *Very reasonable, truly!*

[*Reads.*] " You shall find me walking under the park-wall,
 " adjoining to lady Dorimen's, where it shall be try'd, if
 " you have as much mettle with your sword in your hand,
 " as in a circle before the ladies. Bellamour.

[*Speaks.*] A very comfortable salutation--- [*Stands musing.*]

Const. For my part, as a poet in a play, when he has
 puzzled himself with his plot, has recourse to supernatural
 aids, and brings down Mercury, or Jupiter, to his assistance:
 I have conjur'd up my brother here, in my likeness, to be
 my representative in love, or war. Say, captain, hast thou
 courage? [*Clapping him on the back.*]

Court. The man who durst have ask'd that question---by
 the gods, had died upon the spot. [*Strutting.*]

Const. Why then be valiant --- leave the rest to us ---
 [*In the same strutting way.*]

Ang. Hark! lady Dorimen's door opens---defend me
 from another of her fits! Yes, Bellamour --- I will meet
 thee ---

" O Love, be thou my second, fight for me,
 " Who have endur'd so many wounds for thee:
 " When, with his weapon pointed at my heart,
 " The traytor stands, let loose th' unerring dart,
 " Reduce the rebel, and avenge my smart:
 " Whom Love befriends is certain of success,
 " Love made a woman's fool of Hercules.

[*As they go off, enter L. Dorimen, and Clever.*]

Clever. The moment my back was turn'd, they grew im-
 patient, and the young lady's apartment being nearest at
 hand, they dropp'd in there.

L. Dor. A most unlucky accident! the whole town will talk of it--and what interpretation may be made——

Clever. Fear nothing, madam: trust to my ingenuity.

Enter Lucinda.

L. Dor. Clever and I, my dear, have been laughing heartily at your adventure last night.

Luc. Truly, madam, I do not think it such a laughing matter.

L. Dor. Lord! how could the creatures think of coming hither?

Luc. That, madam, is what I am resolv'd to know.

L. Dor. Reputation is nice: methinks, the less noise, and the fewer enquiries, the better.

Luc. Reputation is nice; and for that reason, madam---

Clever. The poor gentlemen are to be pity'd: they lay rough all night, lock'd up in the coal-hole.

Luc. Then, let them be wash'd clean, this morning, under the pump.

L. Dor. Have you no mercy?

Luc. Not a grain for pretty-fellows.

L. Dor. Well, you will have your own way. I sent for you, niece, to take a turn round the park this fine morning.

Luc. I am ready to wait on your ladyship. Clever, look close to my prisoners.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

FREDERICK and COURTALL meeting.

Fred. WELL met, Sir.

Court. With all my heart, Sir.

Fred. I have been hunting you all the town over.

Court. Faith, that was kind, considering we never saw one another's faces before.

Fred. How, Sir! never saw one another's faces before!

Court. Never, upon honour, Sir; that I know of.

Fred. Why! Pray, Sir, have you not engag'd to deliver your sister Constantia to me, as soon as you yourself can agree in the choice of one of mine?---And——

Court. And---as much as you please, Sir: I am no in-

terpreter of dreams, Sir: I am but this moment come to town.

Fred. Impudence beyond example! Sir, I am not to be banter'd at this rate — [His hand upon his sword.

Court. No, Sir --- nor I neither. [Does the same.

Constantia *entring*.

Fred. I ask pardon — I see the man I have been looking for. Pray, Sir, are not you call'd captain Courtall?

Const. No, Sir.

Fred. What are you then, Sir.

Const. Just what you see, Sir.

Fred. What a plague is all this? it must be one of them--- the same face-- the same shape---the same——

Const. Not every thing the same, I can assure you, Sir.

Fred. Are you men, or devils?

Const. Not men, upon honour.

Fred. Then I will so conjure your devilships.

[Draws. They draw.

Const. We fight in conjunction, and no foul play neither; for we make but one man betwixt us.

Court. Sister, stand behind me. [Aside to Const.

Const. What, leave my friend in the lurch——

[Brandishing her sword.

Enter Bellamour.

Bel. How! Frederick engag'd with odds! courage, my friend.

[Draws, and joins him.

Const. Dull, dull Amintor! [Dropping the point of her sword.

Fred. Does your heart fail you upon the square, young conjurer?

Const. Can your heart feel no palpitations, when a ruffian offers to cut your mistress's throat before your face!

Fred. My mistress's throat!

Const. Not to know Constantia through any disguise!

Fred. Constantia!

Const. See where she stands, arm'd in appearance, but too weak for defence; like the picture of Andromeda in the hangings, ready to be devour'd by a fell monster, who has no mercy for women --- O! the difference between ancient and modern lovers! here's no Perseus in this tapestry.

Court. What the devil is she at now? [Aside.

Fred. I have heard, indeed, of a strange resemblance between Constantia and a twin-brother —

Const. Behold that wonder!

Fred. Then you are Courtall,---and that is Constantia—

Const. We are Courtall and Constantia---you may depend upon it.

Fred. But why in that habit?

Const. For reasons you shall know hereafter.

Fred. Cruel Courtall! why have you led your friend in to such a labyrinth?

Const. To prove myself your best friend. --- You will find it in the conclusion.

Frederick throwing away his sword, casts himself at Courtall's feet, supposing him Constantia.

Fred. Divinest of creatures! —

Bel. Frederick, I perceive this quarrel is in so amicable a way, my assistance is no longer necessary.

Fred. Dear Bellamour, how shall I acknowledge —

Bel. No speeches, friend---that man must be an arrant rascal, whose purse and sword are not always at his friend's service. [Exit.]

Courtall apart to Constantia.

Court. Hark'e, sister---this is not the part you appointed me to act: I am not prepar'd for it --- I can act the man with a woman, but not the woman with a man---I am no Caesar.

Const. Patience!---schemes must change as situations alter. I tell you---you are now Constantia---behave yourself well---make me not ashamed of myself. Frederick, I see your pain, and pity it: confusion sits in both your faces: 'tis time to be serious. Constantia's presence, and consent, were necessary to bind our bargain: here she is ready to be deliver'd to you upon a fair exchange with one of your sisters. I can answer for her heart; 'tis your's. We are just at your door---take the silent, trembling creature by the hand, and lead her in --- I am as impatient, on my part, to make my peace with the young ladies.

Frederick taking Courtall by the hand.

Fred. Figures so resembling, madam, may deceive the sight for once: but that sympathy, and that instinct, which

direct the lover's heart to the object ador'd, shall preserve me, for the future, from any more such mistakes. [*Leads him out.*]

Const. Rare sympathy! rare instinct!

"Tho' my heart akes, to sport thus with his pain,

"I laugh to think what silly things --- are men.

[*Exit following.*]

SCENE III.

CLEVER, with AIRY and VAUNTER, dirty, and ridiculously disfigur'd.

Clever. You are to declare that you came hither by mistake; that you took this house for another. —

Airy. But, tell us truly, had not I a letter sent me? did not you meet me according to the direction in that letter? did not you yourself conduct us to this very house, lead us up-stairs, lock us into a room, and, permit me to say —

Vaun. Divert yourself with us---geddemme! most unconscionably —

Clever. Impudent fellows! did I ever see your faces before?

Airy. Permit me to say —

Clever. Permit you to say! I'll permit you to say nothing but what I tell you.

Vaun. Well then, dear madam, since it must be, that you did not shew us the way in, pray be so good as to shew us the way out.

Clever. All in good time: but you must first make your declaration before the ladies —

Vaun. What, in this pickle! geddemme! if I can speak to any lady without my *queue*.

Clever. Well, well, these preliminaries shall be adjusted. Get you in---I hear company coming---to the pump--go--wash, and be clean —

[*Gives Airy a violent thrust, almost throws him down:*

Vaunter standing fullen without moving, gives him a box on the ear.

March, I say, when I bid you.

Vaun. If I don't swear I have lain with all the family round—geddemme —

[*Aside, going off.*]

SCENE IV.

ANGELICA and BELLAMOUR meeting. ANGELICA in woman's apparel, mask'd. They take a few short turns, observing one another.

Ang. SIR, I must entreat you to choose some other walk: this spot of ground belongs to me, for an adventure which requires no witnesses.

Bel. You prevent me, madam: I am oblig'd to make you the same request. Upon this very spot, my good or bad fortune is to be determin'd for ever.

Ang. Just my case.

Bel. My honour is engag'd.

Ang. So is mine.

Bel. I have known honour lost in a mask; I never heard of any gain'd.

Ang. In short, Mr. Bellamour, the affair which calls you hither is no secret to me: you may cool your heels long enough before you will be met, in the manner you expect, by your young antagonist.

Bel. If the young rogue should have the heart to come, my passion is over; I should hardly have the heart to hurt him.

Ang. As stout a man as you take yourself to be, you might find yourself over-match'd.

Bel. Let him appear, and make the tryal. In the mean time, a little amusement with so pretty a creature as you seem to be, will be no disagreeable entertainment. Since you know me, and are so well inform'd of my affairs, I am resolv'd to be upon the square—and know you —

Ang. Hands off —

Bel. The least sample in the world---a lip or an eye—

Ang. If the sight of my face could revenge your abominable treachery to a friend, whom I love as I love myself,—you should soon see it to your everlasting confusion.

Bel. If it has been my misfortune to injure any friend of your own sex, the sex has fully reveng'd it.

Ang. May traitors never meet but with traitors; whoever betray, may they be always betray'd.

Bel. Name your friend---I carry reparation always about me for complaining ladies---you shall be judge yourself how much will be sufficient.

Ang. Come, come, Mr. Bellamour, this is no jesting argument. If, in the infernal shades, there is one torment more bitter than another, it is reserv'd for treachery, and ingratitude.

Bel. You grow serious.

Ang. You have wrong'd a virtuous lady, who lov'd you, and still loves you: where shall the poor, forsaken creature hide her head? where find a refuge, with the brand upon her, of a cast, dishonour'd mistress? Dishonour! Who can bear dishonour? who takes my life, takes no more from me than a debt, which, some time or other must be paid to nature: who wounds my reputation, stabs the immortal part; and is the worst of all murderers.

Bel. So warm a friend!

Ang. Who can think coolly of ingratitude? the loan of a little paltry pelf, you call a debt of honour: O! when a woman gives her love, the most generous bounty of the soul, why is that tie less sacred? breach of trust, between man and man, makes a villain: 'tis glorious to deceive a woman!

Bel. You mistake the question, madam. In matters of honour, the ties are the same between man and woman, as between man and man: but in matters of love, we are sharers on both sides, we play all the game, *cheat who cheat can*.

Ang. Base, barbarous distinction! how I should detest you if these were your real thoughts!---honour's the soul of love, it can no more subsist without it, than the body can exist without the soul.

Bel. Who can this creature be? she moves me strangely: my heart beats towards her, as at the meeting of a long-absent friend.

[*Aside.*]

May I presume, in a more serious way, to ask who this lady may be, whose wrongs you so warmly resent?

Ang. Suppose her name should be Lucinda!

Bel. I never wrong'd her: I detest her: and, for her sake, could almost curse all womankind.

Ang. You have found her false: is that the reason? then you love her still?

Bel. By all that's sacred, no. She withdrew me from my first allegiance; I shall never forgive her that -- O! I was the happiest man! the first pair in paradise were not so blest'd. She threw temptation in my way. Absence from what I lov'd, and human frailty, prevail'd! I fell like our first parent, we sinned, and are punish'd alike, condemn'd to despair, eternal despair: For, O! I have transgress'd beyond all hope of pardon.

Ang. Who knows what a sincere penitence might bring about?

Bel. No--'tis impossible to expect the least grace from a bounty so abus'd--Angelica! Angelica!-- oh! ---

Ang. Could I be sure of a sincere conversion, I would intercede for you myself: she is, indeed, the friend whose wrongs have touch'd me so nearly.

Bel. Would you? could you be so good? thus let me throw myself at your feet; thus let me embrace your knees, and adore you as my guardian-angel.

Ang. What shall I say for you?

Bel. Tell her--but, O! confusion choaks my words. I cannot speak ---

Ang. Take courage, perhaps, your case may not be so desperate as you think it.

Bel. I know she is all goodness: nature never fram'd a creature more perfect; a mind so suited to a person, every way adorable -- 'tis that which aggravates my crime, and leaves me without excuse.

Ang. To pretend to excuse what is inexcusable, would, indeed, be presumption, and add guilt to guilt: but, confession, repentance, and amendment, may I assure her of that?

Bel. You may -- but express it so passionately, that she may be in no doubt of the sincerity of my return to her: say nothing of--absence--or human frailty--that might look like excusing.

Ang. Is this all?

Bel.

Bel. Tell her with what anguish and horror, I confess my guilt: begin by moving her pity: if you find she should drop a tear in remembrance of our past loves, as perhaps she may—you may then proceed to sue for pardon—love may revive with mercy.

[Angelica turns aside to wipe her eyes, and seems much mov'd.]

But, if she should continue immoveable, if neither persuasion, or tears, should touch her: for, O! how can I expect it—then, tell her, my life shall expiate my offence: my guilt shall be wash'd away in my blood: my sword, plung'd in that heart which has been false to her, shall convince her of my returning truth: condemn'd as unworthy to live for her, I shall submit without murmur—and die her faithful Bellamour. Be sure you tell her this.

[Angelica throws away her mask, and takes him in her arms.]

Ang. Live, live, my Bellamour —

Bel. Angelica!—by heavens, 'tis she herself—she takes me in her arms—and bids me live—Angelica! Angelica!

[Embracing again.]

Ang. O! Thou art welcome to my soul again, as to the wet and weary wanderer, after a long tempestuous night, the return of a fair morning.

Bel. Perdition catch my soul, whenever I cease to adore you—beauty may lose its slaves; such goodness never can.

[They embrace again, shedding tears of tenderness over one another.]

Enter lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Philabel, Sir Toby; Clever attending. Lucinda goes softly up to Bellamour, giving him a rap upon the shoulder.

Luc. They were much to blame, Mr. Bellamour, who gave me notice of your infidelities—so early and so close with a new mistress!

Bel. My mistress, and my guardian-angel. False are the tales, so often told, of womens perjuries; the spite, and malice of detracting men; base, base aspersion all, and false—or were they true, behold the goodness would atone for all!

Sir Toby. Odzooks, the man's in raptures. Let us see—what have we here?

[*Puts on his spectacles, examining Angelica.*]

L. Dor. She's very handsom indeed. But sure, I have seen something very like that face before.

Clever. As I live, madam — young master — in petticoats — [Peeping in her face.]

L. Dor. It cannot be.

Clever. You are sure, madam, you did not find him a man?

Sir Toby. My little Cupid metamorphos'd into a Venus!

Ang. From an adopted son into a real daughter. And now the mystery's all out. I am myself that injur'd Angelica, of whom I told you: desperate evils require desperate cures. You promised Angelica your blessing, Sir, when-ever I brought her to you —

Sir Toby. Bless thee! who can chuse but bless thee? why, this was such a *Hocus-pocus*, to make thy old daddy, at his years, and with all his experience, not know a boy from a girl: to pose him in his rudiments, in the masculine and feminine gender! odzooks—ha! *Je reconnois mon sang*. Tickle all over.

L. Dor. For my part, madam, I ever felt an invincible inclination to love you—give me leave to embrace you.

Luc. Give you joy, Mr. Bellamour, — you are happily return'd to your first love—and I to mine.

[*Taking Philabel by the hand.*]

Bel. Providence, madam, orders every for the best: we are both of us happy, in spite of ourselves: marriages you know, are made in heaven.

Sir Toby. Odzooks, and many an ill match from so good a place. Come, come, let's have no talking of the past—all friends, all friends—look forwards, look forwards—in honey-moon time, as at the beginning of a new reign, all past offences should be forgot, and forgiven.

Luc. There remains, however, one thing more to be clear'd: I would not suffer worse than I deserve in Mr. Bellamour's opinion—Clever, bring in your prisoners.

Bel. It needs not, madam; my passion made me too credulous: those fools, I know, go every where uninvited.

Clever *re-enters*, with Airy and Vaunter.

Luc. Well, gentlemen, have you recollected what brought you hither?

L. Dor. Clever, I tremble. [*Aside to Clever.*

Clever. It needs not, madam, they are well instructed.

Airy. *En passant* by the next door—a charming creature.

Phil. Next door, Sir, have a care: Frederick, and his sisters live at the next door; vertuous young ladies, my relations.

Airy. Not the next door, Sir, where your vertuous relations inhabit—but the other next door, where you have no relations——

Vaun. Geddemme, there are two next doors.

L. Dor. The gentlemen say well, and with a great air of truth.

Airy. There is nothing, madam, I detest like lying.

Sir Toby. That's a lye.

Airy. Except upon certain occasions—to save a lady's honour,—or so—— [*Tipping the wink upon Lucinda.*

Luc. Is that the case now? [*Angrily.*

Airy. Pardon me, madam,—I don't say it is—vanity is not my vice—but having receiv'd a letter——

Luc. A letter! produce that letter—the hand may be of service.

[*Airy pulling out a large bundle of letters, L. Dorimen looks frighten'd.*

Airy. Let me see—dutchesses—countesses—I keep 'em ty'd up in exact order---according to their ranks, and titles---without vanity---I am plagu'd with so many of them---this was anonymous---see letter A---aye, here it is——

[*Presenting the letter to Lucinda. Lady Dorimen snatches, and tears it.*

L. Dor. Fye, niece--- a woman's hand, whoever she may be, ought never, upon any account, to be expos'd.

Luc. I ask pardon, madam.

Sir Toby. I smell a rat.

L. Dor. It is sufficient we are all clear'd——what would you more?

Luc. Her ladyship's concern gives me some undutiful sus-

picious--I must stop here. Well gentlemen, you have your liberty--it seems, you were mistaken in the house.

Airy. I hope, madam, this unfortunate accident has occasioned no mis-understanding--dear Bel.--upon honour thou hast no reason--there has nothing pass'd between us--I speak it without vanity--beged, I never meant to make any thing of it.

Bel. I believe you, Sir.

Frederick's door opens suddenly. Constantia disorder'd, her hair loose, and dishevell'd, pull'd in by Diana, Melissa, and Miranda---Frederick, Courtall, and Dorinda following.

Const. Quarter, quarter---

Dia. We'll quarter you ---

Mir. You ugly---hermaphrodite thing---you---

Mel. We'll teach you to put the man upon us---we will.

Const. You can't say, I put the man upon you---

Sir Toby. Odzooks! my little Courtall transinography'd too!

Bel. Why, Frederick, I thought I had left this matter in a peaceable way.

Fred. Faith, I thought so too---but new mistakes have happen'd.

Const. Save me--save me--or, I shall be devour'd by these harpies--I am caught in my own snare---

[The sisters continuing to torment her.]

Ang. Cousin, cousin--many a good plot has been spoil'd by over-doing--too much cunning is as bad as too little wisdom.

Const. Cousin, cousin,--you speak at your ease--I perceive you have gain'd your point.--If I could bring myself to pronounce--but -one word.

Ang. Shall I do it for you? Frederick, she loves you, and would fain confess it--let but her brother take her place, I'll answer for it, she surrenders at discretion.

Fred. What says Courtall?

Court. If fair Dorinda would but smile ---

Fred. I charge myself with that--what says Constantia?

Const. I must submit to the power that can protect me.

Fred. In my hands you shall never want protection.

[Going to take her from the sisters, they thrust her rudely at him.]

Dia. Out, succubus —

Mel. He, and she-devil —

Fred. O Constantia, I will so sweetly revenge myself!

[Receiving her.]

Mir. Look, look, sisters --- O my stars! what two fine men are younder!

[Airy and Vaunter join the sisters. A dumb show of affection and foppery apart, according to their several characters.]

L. Dor. Well, for my part, after the adventures of this day, never more will I believe a man the more a man, for a promising out-side.

“ Cowards in scarlet, pass for men of war,

“ And the grave fool does often wise appear;

“ Trust not appearances: not two in ten

“ Deserve the generous name---of Womens Men.

Ang. Let that be an instruction for the ladies; and this for the men---that whoever has once entertain'd a real passion, can never so entirely dis-possess himself of it, but if proper means are used, the first impressions will return: there will be always left a foundation to work upon, and a weakness which he is not aware of, till he is brought to the trial. *Once a Lover; and always a Lover.*

Sir Toby.

“ Women have charms, such magic's in their looks,

“ To turn and wind us, as they please, odzooks!

The end of the fifth act.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ANGELICA.

I *Who have been the poet's spark to day,
, Behold me now the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally dislike a damning face.
I say—odzooks! 'tis good—and I'll stand by it :
Now let me see the man who dares deny it.
Who shall pretend to doubt my will, and pleasure,
Him I defy to send his weapon's measure :
I'll give him satisfaction—that I can—
'S death, 'tis not the first time, I've kill'd my man.
On pain of being posted to your sorrow,
Fail not at four, to meet me here to-morrow.*

THE
JEW of VENICE.

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P R O L O G U E.

Written by BEVILL HIGGONS, Esq;

The ghosts of SHAKESPEARE and DRYDEN arise,
crown'd with lawrel.

Dryd. **T**HIS radiant circle, reverend Shakespeare, view;
An audience only to the buskin due.

Shakefp. A scene so noble, ancient Greece ne'er saw,
Nor Pompey's dome, when Rome the world gave law.
I feel at once both wonder and delight,
By beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,
Well, Dryden, might'st thou sing; well may these heroes fight. }

Dryd. With all the outward lustre which you find,
They want the nobler beauties of the mind.
Their sickly judgments, what is just, refuse,
And French grimace, buffoons, and mimicks choose;
Our scenes desert, some wretched farce to see;
They know not nature, for they taste not thee.

Shakefp. Whose stupid souls thy passion cannot move,
Are deaf indeed to nature and to love.
When thy Egyptian weeps, what eyes are dry!
Or who can live to see thy Roman die?

Dryd. Thro' perspectives revers'd, they nature view,
Which give the passions images, not true.
Strephon for Strephon sighs; and Sappho dies,
Shot to the soul by brighter Sappho's eyes:
No wonder then their wand'ring passions roam,
And feel not nature, whom th'ave overcome.
For shame, let genial love prevail agen,
You beaux, love ladies; and you ladies, men.

Shakefp. These crimes unknown, in our less polish'd age,
Now seem above correction of the stage;
Less heinous faults, our justice does pursue;
To day we punish a stock-jobbing Jew.

P R O L O G U E.

*A piece of justice, terrible and strange ;
Which, if pursu'd, would make a thin exchange.
The law's defect, the juster muse supplies,
'Tis only we can make you good, or wise,
Whom heaven spares, the poet will chastise.
These scenes in their rough native dress were mine ;
But now improv'd with nobler lustre shine ;
The first rude sketches Shakespear's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are new.
This play, ye critics, shall your fury stand,
Adorn'd, and rescu'd by a faultless hand.*

*Dryd. I long endeavour'd to support thy stage,
With the faint copies of thy nobler rage,
But toil'd in vain for an ungenerous age.
They starv'd me living ; nay, deny'd me fame,
And scarce, now dead, do justice to my name.
Wou'd you repent ? Be to my ashes kind, *
Indulge the pledges I have left behind.*

* The profits of this Play were design'd for Mr. Dryden : but,
upon his death, given to his son.

}

}

but,

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Bassanio,	}	Gentlemen of Venice, and friends,
Antonio,		
Gratiano,		Their Companion.
Lorenzo,		In love with Jessica.
Shylock,		The Jew.
Duke of Venice.		

W O M E N.

Portia,	A rich heiress.
Nerissa,	Her friend.
Jessica,	Daughter to the Jew.

Officers belonging to the court of justice, servants
and attendants, men and women.

S C E N E, Venice.

T H E
JEW of *V E N I C E*.

A
 C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and LORENZO.

Anto. **I** HOLD the world, but as a stage, Gratiano,
 " Where every man must play some certain part,
 And mine's a serious one.

Grat. Laughter and mirth be mine:

Why should a man, whose blood is warm and young,
 Sit like his grandfire, cut in alabaster!

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,

By being peevish! I tell thee what, Antonio!

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:

There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

' Screwing their faces in a politic form,

' To cheat observers with a false opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, I am, Sir, an oracle.

Oh, my Antonio! I do know of these,

Who therefore only are reputed wise,

For saying nothing; but more of this

Another time. ' Let you and I, Lorenzo,

' Take a short turn: once more, my friends, be merry.

' All have their follies; merry fools are best.

‘ Lorenzo, come; Sir Gravities, farewell,
I’ll end my exhortation after dinner.

[*Exeunt Grat. and Lorenzo.*]

Bassa. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing;
More than any man in all Venice. His reasons
Are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff,
You may seek all day ere you find ’em, and when
You have ’em, they are not worth the search.

Anto. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis’d to tell me of?

Bassa. ’Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled my estate
By something shewing a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor would I now make suit to be abrig’d,
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off, from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Has left me bound. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money, and in love.

Anto. ‘ My friend can owe me nothing, we are one,
‘ The treasures I possess, are but in trust,
‘ For him I love. Speak freely your demand,
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur’d,
My purse, my person, my extreamest means,
‘ Are all my friend’s.

Bassa. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advis’d regard,
And by advent’ring both, I oft found both.
I owe you much, and like a prodigal;
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow, that self-way,
Which you did shoot the first; I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Anto. You know me well, and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance.

- Believe me, my Bassanio, 'tis more wrong
- Thus to delay the service of your friend,
- Than if you had made waste of all I have;
- Is this to be a friend? with blushing cheek,
- With down-cast eyes, and with a falt'ring tongue;
- We sue to those we doubt: friendship is plain,
- Artless, familiar, confident, and free.
- Ask then as you would grant, were your's the power,
- Were your's the power, so would I ask of you;
- No longer hesitate. Give me to know
- What you would have me do, and think it done.

Bassa. ' Then briefly thus. In Belmont is a lady
Immensely rich, and yet more fair than rich,
And vertuous as she is fair; sometimes from her eyes
I have receiv'd kind, speechless, messages.
Her name is Portia: you have heard her fame,
And how she's courted. O, my Antonio!
Had I but the means —

Anto. ' The means be thine, if I can find the means;
My present fortunes are, thou know'st, at sea:
No money, nor commodity is left me
' To raise immediate sums. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do.
It shall be rack'd even to the uttermost
To furnish thy desires: ' Nay, no set speech
' Of formal thanks, which I must blush to heat.
Go, presently enquire. And so will I,
Where money is: ' In friendship, who receives,
' Obliges, by acceptance, him that gives. [Exit,

SCENE changes to BELMONT.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. In short, Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Nerissa. It might indeed, if your wants were as great as your

Plenty. For ought I see, they are as sick, who surfeit

With too much, as those who starve with too little;
 ' From whence I conclude, that happiness is seated in
 ' The mean: superfluity brings care, care both
 ' Robs us of our time, and shortens our days;
 ' But competency is the easiest, and the longest liver.

Port. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Portia. It is a good divine, who follows his own teaching;
 I could easier instruct twenty, what were good to do,
 Than be one of the twenty, to follow my own instruction,
 The brain may devise laws for the blood: ' but the hot
 ' Part will be sure to get the better of the cold; but what
 Is all this to my choosing a husband? ah me! the word
 Choose: I am neither to choose whom I like, nor
 Refuse whom I dislike; so is the pleasure of a
 Living daughter restrain'd by the will of a dead
 Father. Was ever woman ty'd to such hard laws,
 ' Nerissa, neither to choose, nor refuse?

Nerissa. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at
 Their deaths have often good inspirations; wherefore
 In this lottery, which he dying devis'd, in these three
 Caskets of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who
 Chooses his meaning, chooses you: I have superstition
 ' Enough to believe the benefit lot is destin'd for
 ' The best deserver.
 ' Love is, at best, but a lottery to all.
 ' Your case looks different, but is in effect the same
 ' With the rest of the world: for it is fortune that
 ' Always decides ———

And now pray discover to whom of this retinue of suitors
 Stand your affections most inclin'd?

' Never was woman so surrounded as you are.

Portia. ' Penelope was but a poor princess to Portia.
 But come, out with your list; read me the names,

And according as I describe, guess at my inclinations. [that

Nerissa. ' What a long list is here! Alas, for poor men,

' Among so many but one can be happy! [have so

Portia. ' Alas, for poor women! that when she might

' Many, she must have but one! but come, a truce

' To moral reflections. Read, read.

Nerissa.

Nerissa. *Imprimis*, Here in the front, stands monsieur le
Compte.

Your French lover —

[than

Portia. 'Of himself, thou mean'st: he has more tricks
'A baboon: if my bird sings, he strait falls a capering;
He will fence with his own shadow; 'nor is his tongue
'Less nimble than his heels; I would as soon marry
'My squirrel, or my monkey. [comes next.

Nerissa. What think you then of your Englishman? he

Portia. 'The Frenchman's ape: no, give me an original,
Whatever it be. The ape of an ape must needs be a strange
monster.

Nerissa. 'Myn heer Van Guts, the Dutchman, how like
you him?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober: and
More vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk:

At best, he is worse than a man; and at worst, no better
Than a beast: I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll

Be marry'd to a sponge. [be

Nerissa. For any thing I find, this lottery is not like to
Fair drawn: for if he should choose the right casket,
You'll refuse to perform your father's will.

Portia. Therefore, I pr'ythee, set a bumper of Rhenish
On the contrary casket; for if the devil be within,
And the temptation without, I know he will
Choose it.

'*La Signora Guts!* oh hideous, what

'A sound would there be in the mouth of an

'Italian!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some of the strangers, madam, desire to take
Their leaves: and there are others just arriv'd, and
Alighting at the gate. [bid

Portia. Would some one would come, to whom I could
Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all these farewell.

'There is a man, Nerissa, such a man! but what we wish,
'Either never arrives, or is always longest in coming:
Fellow, go before: Nerissa, come; whilst we shut
Out one lover, another knocks at the gate.

Nerissa. This lottery will certainly be drawn full. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE returns to VENICE.

Enter BASSANIO, and SHYLOCK the Jew.

Shyl. THREE thousand ducats? Well.

Bassa. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shyl. For three months? Well.

Bassa. And, as I told you, Antonio will be bound.

Shyl. Antonio bound? Well.

Bassa. Will you oblige me? Shall I know your answer?

Shyl. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound!

Bassa. Your answer to that?

Shyl. Antonio is a good man.

Bassa. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shyl. No, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good Man, is to have you understand, that I think him A sufficient man. ' When a man is rich, we say

' He is a good man:

' As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we say a

' Poor rascal: 'tis the phrase, 'tis the phrase. Let me

' Consider, one Argosy from Tripoly, another to the Indies,

A third at Mexico; I understand moreover a fourth

For England. And other ventures he has scatter'd

Abroad but ventures are but ventures, ships are

But planks, failers but men: there are land-rats,

And water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves:

And then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks.

The man, notwithstanding, is a sufficient man. Three thousand

Ducats—humph—I think I may venture to take his Bond.

Bassa. Be assur'd you may.

Shyl. I will be assur'd; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me.

Where may I speak with Antonio?

Bassa. If you will please to dine with us.

Shyl. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation, which Your prophet conjur'd the devil into. I will buy

With you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,
And so forth,—but I will neither eat with you, drink
With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

Enter Antonio.

Bassa. Here is Seignior Antonio.

Shyl. *aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian.

But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance, here with us in Venice.
If I could catch him once upon the hip,
I would feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Even there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn thrift,
Which he calls interest: curs'd be my tribe,
If I forgive him —

Bassa. Shylock, do you hear?

Shyl. I was debating of my private stock:
And if my computation's right,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats; what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of our tribe,
Shall furnish me; but soft! how many months
Is't you desire?

Rest you fair, good Seignior,
You were the last man in our mouths.

Anto. Shylock, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, or by giving of excess,
Yet to supply my friend, I'll break a custom:
Is he yet resolv'd, how much will serve?

Shyl. Aye, aye, three thousand ducats.

Anto. And for three months.

Shyl. I had forgot, three months, he told me so;
Well then, your bond. But soft a little, methoughts
You said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anto. I do never use it.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was,

As his wife mother wrought on his behalf,
The third possessor, aye,—he was the third.

Anto. And what of him! did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not as you would say, directly interest—

‘ You know the story. ’Twas a way to thrive.

‘ And he was blest’d: for gain is blessing,
So men steal it not.

Anto. Was this inserted to make interest good?

Shyl. Note, my good Seignior!

Anto. Mark you this, Bassanio.

The devil can cite scripture for a turn.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain, with a smiling cheek.

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood wears!

Shyl. Seignior Antonio, many a time and oft,

On the Ryalto, have you rated me,

About my monies, and my usances;

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spate upou my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is my own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help:

Go to then,—you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would have monies;

You that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: money is your suit,

What should I answer? should I not say,

Has a dog money? can a cur

Lend three thousand ducats? or shall I bend down low,

And in a bondman’s key, with soft’ned voice,

And whispering humbleness,—say thus!

Fair Sir, on Wednesday last, you spate on me;

You spurn’d me such a day; another time

You call’d me dog, and for these courtesies

I’ll lend you so much monies?

Anto. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friend : for when did friendship take
A breed of fordid metal of his friend!
But lend it rather as to thy enemy,
Who, if he fails, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shyl. Why, look you, how you storm,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doitt
Of usance for my monies—and you'll
Not hear me, — ' Were this offer kind?

Bassa. This were kindness.

Shyl. This kindness will I shew; nay more, I'll take
Antonio's single bond: and that we may henceforth
' Be friends, no penalty will I exact
' But this, meerly for mirth —
If you repay me not on such a day, in such a place,
Such sum or sums as are exprefs'd—be this
The forfeiture.

' Let me see, what think you of your nose.
' Or of an eye—or of—a pound of flesh
' To be cut off, and taken from what part
Of your body I shall think fit to name.
' Thou art too portly, Christian!
' Too much pamper'd—what say you then
' To such a merry bond?

Anto. The Jew grows witty: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassa. You shall not seal to such a bond —
' There is some trick, some farther fetch in this:
You shall not seal to such a bond for me.

Anto. Fear not, my friend, within two months, that is
A month before the bond expires, I expect returns
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shyl. O father Abraham, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach 'em to suspect
The truth of others. Pray tell me, should he fail
His day,—what should I get by the exaction
Of the penalty? a pound of man's flesh!
Nor to be sold, nor eaten —

To buy his favour, I propos'd these terms.
Such as I thought could bear no wrong
Construction: but since you're so suspicious,
Fare you well.

[Going.]

Anto. Stay, Shylock, I will seal as you propose.

Shyl. Then meet me at the notary's,
Give him directions to prepare the bond:
In the mean time, I'll fetch the ducats;
See to my house, lest some unthrifty knave
Be on the guard! Christian, thy hand,
I'll presently be with you.

[Returning.]

[Exit Jew.]

Anto. Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.

Bassa. I like not yet the terms.
' A villain, when he most seems kind,
' Is most to be suspected.

Anto. There is not the least danger, nor can be,
' Or if there were, what is a pound of flesh,
' What my whole body, every drop of blood,
' To purchase my friend's quiet! heav'n still is good
' To those who seek the good of others: come, Bassanio,
' Be chearful, for 'tis lucky gold we borrow:
' Of all the joys that generous minds receive,
' The noblest is, the god-like power to give.

[Exeunt.]

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter SHYLOCK and JESSICA.

I AM bid forth to supper, Jessica.
There are my keys; but wherefore should I go!
I am not bid for love: they flatter me,
But then I'll go in hate: to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.
I am right loth to go, there is some ill
A brewing towards me: I dreamt last night
Of money-bags. Jessica! my girl, look to my house,
They say, there will be masques: hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors—and when you hear the drum,

Or the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fyfe,
 Clamber not you up to the casement then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public streets,
 To gaze on Christian fools, with varnish'd faces;
 But stop the windows close; nor look, nor listen,
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to night:
 Well, Jessica,—go in—perhaps I will return
 Immediately. Do as I bid you, shut doors after
 You. Fast bind, fast find. *Exit Shylock.*

Jeff. Alas! what sin is it in me
 To be asham'd to be my father's child?
 'But how can he be said to have given me life,
 'Who never suffer'd me to know
 'What 'tis to live? O Lorenzo!
 'Keep but thy word to night, and thou shalt be,
 'A father, and a husband, both to me. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lorenzo and Gratiano.

Loren. Here she directs.
 How I shall take her from her father's house,
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
 And how she'll be disguis'd: oh! 'tis the kindest
 Creature: if e'er the Jew her father comes to heav'n,
 It must be for his gentle daughter's sake.
 Oh! never may misfortune cross her foot,
 For that she is the issue of a Jew. *[to boot!]*

Grat. 'Young, handfom, willing, with gold and jewels
 'Plague on't, when shall I have such luck?

Enter Jessica, in the Balcony.

Jeff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty:
 Albeit, I swear that I do know your voice,
 I love the repetition of your name.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeff. Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed;
 For who love I so much? but ah! who knows
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am your's?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jeff. Here! catch this casket, it is worth the pains,
 I'm glad 'tis night; you look, but cannot see me,

For I am much ashamed of what I am ;

' But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

' The follies that themselves commit.

Lor. Come down, my love.

Jessi. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some few ducats more, and then be with you. [*Exit.*]

Grat. Now, by my soul a Gentile, and no Jew,
' She robs her father with a Christian's grace.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her from my soul!
For she is fair, or else my eyes are false :
And true she is. What proofs could she give more ?
And, oh ! she's kind ; she loves me, and I love.
' A greater bliss, scarce heaven itself can boast,
' Than mutual love.

Enter Jessica, shutting the door after her.

Jessi. ' Shut doors after you ; fast bind, fast find,
' These were his last words : thus I avoid the
' Curse of disobedience : be thou shut till I
' Open thee.

Lor. ' So whilst old Laban snor'd in bed,
' Jacob with sprightly Rachel fled.

Jeff. ' His gold, and gems of price they took,
' And eke the flower of every flock. [*Holds up a bag.*]

Lor. ' But not one precious thing was there
' That could with Jessica compare.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Fye, fye, my friends. why do you loiter thus !
Gratiano and Lorenzo, for shame make haste :
Bassanio frets, that you are wanting,
He has sent twenty times to look you out.

Grat. ' Matters of state, Antonio ! matters of state,
' A rape and a robbery ! matters of state,
' Matters of state, Antonio !

Ant. Away, away, for shame. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Farewell, Gratiano : excuse me to Bassanio.
Come, Jessica, this must be your way and mine. [*Exeunt.*]

Grat. ' Jew, Turk, and Christian, differ but in creed :
' In ways of wickedness, they're all agreed :
' None upward clears the road. They part and cavil,
' But all jog on—unerring to the devil. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE opens and discovers BASSANIO, ANTONIO, SHYLOCK, and others, sitting, as at an entertainment. Music playing: during the music, GRATIANO enters, and takes his place.

Anto. ' THIS to immortal friendship; fill it up —

' Be thou to me, and I to my Bassanio,
' Like Venice and her Adriatic bride,
' For ever link'd in love.

Bassa. ' Thou join'st us well; and rightly hast compar'd:
' Like Venice on a rock, my friendship stands
' Constant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren spot:
' Whilst like the liberal Adriatic, thou
' With plenty bath'st my shoars —
' My fortunes are the bounty of my friend.

Anto. ' My friend's the noblest bounty of my fortune.
' Sound every instrument of music there,
To our immortal friendship. *All drink. Loud music.*

Bassa. ' Let love be next, what else should
' Follow friendship?
' To love, and to love's queen, my charming Portia,
' Fill; till the rosy brim reflects her lips:
' Then kiss the symbol round,
' Oh! in this lottery of love, where chance,
' Not choice presides: give, give, ye powers, the lot,
' Where she herself would place it: crown her wish,
' Tho' ruin and perdition catch Bassanio:
' Let me be wretched, but let her be blest'd.

[Drink, and music again.]

Grat. ' Mine's a short health: here's to the sex in general:
' To woman, be she black, or brown, or fair:
' Plump, slender, tall, or middle-statur'd —
' Let it be woman: and 'tis all I ask.

Drink again. Music as before.

Shyl. ' I have a mistress, that out-shines 'em all —
' Commanding yours,—and yours,—tho' the whole sex:

‘ O! may her charms encrease and multiply ;

‘ My money is my mistress! here’s to

‘ Interest upon interest.

[Drinks.

Anto. ‘ Let birds and beasts of prey howl to such vows,

‘ All generous notes be hush’d: pledge thyself, Jew:

‘ None here will stir the glass——

[All rise.

‘ Nor shall the music sound: O Bassanio !

‘ There sits a heaviness upon my heart

‘ Which wine cannot remove: I know not,

But music ever makes me thus.

Bassa. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note, a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of skittish and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

If they but hear by chance some trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You strait perceive ’em make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn’d to attentive gaze,

By the soft power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign, that Orpheus melted stones and rocks:

For what so hard, so stubborn, or so fierce,

But music, for the time, will change it’s nature?

The man, who has not music in his soul,

Or is not touch’d with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:

The motions of his mind are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus ;

Let no such man be trusted—mark the music.

*Here to be a complete concert of vocal and instrumental music,
after the Italian manner.*

The concert ceasing.

Anto. ‘ With such an air of true magnificence,

‘ My noble minded brother treats his friends,

‘ As hardly has been known to Italy,

‘ Since Pompey and Lucullus entertain’d:

‘ To frame thy fortune ample as thy mind,

‘ New worlds should be created.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The master of the ship sends word, the wind is
Come about: and he desires you would haste aboard.

Bass. *turning to Anto.*] 'Oh, my lov'd friend! 'till now
' I never knew

' The pangs of parting friendship.
' At distance I have tasted of the pain,
' When the rude morn has sunder'd us away,
' To our repose: but, by my soul, I swear
' Even then my eyes would drop a silent tear,
' Repugnant still to close, and shut out thee.

Anto. ' You go for your advantage, and that thought
' Shall keep Antonio comforted.

Bass. ' The traject is from hence to Belmont short,
' And letters may come daily: such intercourse
' Is all the cordial absent friends enjoy:
' Fail not in that. Your trouble shall be short,
' I will return with the best speed I can.

Anto. ' Be not too hasty, my Bassanio, neither;
Slubber not business for my sake, my friend,
' But stay the very ripening of thy love.
' Be gay, assiduous, and employ such arts,
' As best incline the fair: love is not seiz'd, but won;
' Hard is the labour; you must plant and prune,
' And watch occasion just: this fruit is nice,
' 'Twill promise wonders, and grow fairly up;
' Seem hopeful to the eye, look ripe, and then
' A sudden blast spoils all.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. ' The master of the ship has sent agen. [ship

Bass. ' One more embrace: to those who know not friend-
' This may appear unmanly tenderness;
' But 'tis the frailty of the bravest minds.

Anto. ' I ask but this, Bassanio;
' Give not your heart so far away,
' As to forget your friend.
' Come, is all ready? I must hasten you.

Grat. ' If you were ready to part,
' 'Tis all we stay for now,

Bass. ' Shylock, thy hand, be gentle to my friend,
' Fear not thy bond, it shall be justly paid,
' We soon shall meet again,
' Always, I hope, good friends.

- Oh, my Antonio! 'tis hard, tho' for a moment,
- To lose the sight of what we love.

Shyl. *aside.*] 'These two Christian fools put me in mind

- Of my money: just so loth am I to part with that.

Bass. Gratiano, lead the way: Shylock, once more farewell.

- We must not part, but at the ship, Antonio:

• Lovers and friends, should they for ages stay,

• Would still find something left that they would say.

[*Exeunt.*]

The end of the second act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter PORTIA, BASSANIO, NERISSA, GRATIANO, and
their train. NERISSA, GRATIANO *discourse apart.*

Bass. **W**H Y if two gods should play some heav'nly
match;

And on the wager lay two earthly beauties,

And Portia one, there must be something more

Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Has not her equal: but, alas! the while

Should Hercules and Lychas play at dice,

Who were the better man? the greater throw

Might turn by fortune from the weaker hand:

So were a giant worsted by a dwarf;

And so may I, having no guide but chance,

• Miss that, which one unworthier may obtain,

• And die with the despair.

Port. Therefore forbear to choose, pause for a while,

Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong

You lose for ever: therefore, I pray forbear;

For something tells me, but it is not love,

I would not lose you: I could teach you

How to choose right: but then I am forsworn,

So will I never be.

• Yet should you miss me,

• I should repent that I was not forsworn:

I speak too much; tho' thought will have no bound,

'A virgin's tongue should shame to hint a thought,
'At which a virgin's cheek should blush.
Think it not love, yet think it what you please,
So you defer a month or two :

'For fain I would detain you as a friend,
'Whom as a lover I might lose,
'Should you persist to venture the rash throw.
'Tis better still to doubt, and still to hope,
'Than knowing of our fates, to know
'That we have lost for ever.

Bass. 'Doubt is the worst estate : 'tis better once
'To die, than still to live in pain.
'Desire is fierce, nor brooks the least delay.
'Fortune and love befriended me : I'm resolv'd.
My life, and all my earthly happiness
Sits on the chance : where may I find the casket ?

Port. 'Yet, let me persuade you : if for yourself
'You cannot fear, tremble for her —
'For her, to whom you have so often sworn,
'More than yourself, you love her ; think ! oh, think !
'On Portia's fate : who may not only lose
'The man, by whom she wishes to be won,
'But being lost to him, remain expos'd
'To some new choice ; another must possess
'What chance denies to you. O fatal law !
'Lost to each other were a cruel doom,
'But 'tis our least misfortune. I may live
'To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you
'May live to see it.

Bass. 'To love, and to be lov'd, yet not possess,
'No greater curse could be, but what thou fear'st ;
'Yet I will on : with double flames I burn,
'Knowing that Portia loves me ; all my fear
'Was for her love : secure of that I go
'Secure of the reward. Lead me to the caskets.

Portia. Away then, and find out where Portia's lock'd :
'Thy courage is an omen of success,
'If love be just, he'll teach thee where to choose.
Nerissa, shew him, since he is resolv'd ;
The rest stand all aloft, whilst music plays,

That if he lose, like swans we may expire
 In softest harmony: but if he win,
 Ah! what is music then? then music is
 Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
 To a new crown'd monarch: such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds at break of day,
 That steal into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to joy: see where he goes
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid, by weeping Troy,
 To the sea-monster: I, like the victim stand,
 The rest aloof, like the Dardanian wives,
 With blotted visages come forth, to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules,
 ' Love, that inflames thy heart, inspire thy eyes,
 ' To choose aright where Portia is the prize.

Portia and the rest stand at a distance, observing soft music.

'Till re-enter Bassanio, in each hand a casket.

Bass. Who chooses me, shall get what he deserves,
 The like inscription bears this silver casket.
 Shall get what he deserves; who choose by outward shew,
 Entic'd by gilded baits and flattering forms,
 Who look not to th' interior: but like the martlet,
 Build in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty,
 What may their merit be? Agen let me consider,

[Walks about thinking.]

Grat. Take the gold, man, or the silver: Plague on't,
 Would I were to choose for him.

Bass. Shall get what he deserves: let none presume
 Without the stamp of merit to obtain.

Oh! that estates, degrees and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then would cover who stand bare!
 How many be commanded, who command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new varnish'd! let me not be rash,
There yet remains a third: well will I weigh
Ere I resolve.

[Exit.

Grat. 'Take the gold, I say; pox on lead; what is it
'good

'For, but to make bullets? 'tis the image of
'Death and destruction.

Re-enter Bassanio with a casket of lead.

Bass. The world is still deceiv'd with ornament:

In law, what plea so tainted or corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
And cover'd with fair specious subtleties,
Obscures the shew of reason. 'In religion,
What damn'd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text.
There is no vice so artless, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

How many cowards, with livers white as milk,
Have backs of brawn, and wear upon their chins
The beard of Hercules and frowning Mars!
Look even on beauty: what are those crisped locks
That make such wanton gambols with the wind?
What but the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred 'em in the sepulchre.

'Thus ornament is as a beauteous scarf
'Veiling deformity. Therefore thou gawdy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will have none of thee:
Nor none of thee, silver, thou common drudge,
'Twixt man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
'Which rather threaten'st, than dost promise ought,
'Thy sullenness moves more than eloquence,
And here I fix: joy be the consequence.

Grat. 'Undone, undone: I'll not stand to't, Nerissa. I'll
'Chuse for myself.

Portia. *aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air!
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
Tormenting fears, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay this extacy.
In measure pour thy joy, stint this excess:

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less.
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the casket.*]

The portraiture of Portia.

What demi-god has come so near creation? move these eyes!
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sweetest breath: 'The very odour
' Seems there express'd, and thus invites the taste!

[*Kissing the picture.*]

And here again, here in her lovely hair,
The painter plays the spider, and has woven
A golden snare, to catch the hearts of men:
' But then her eyes!
' How could he gaze undazzled upon them,
' And see to imitate? let me peruse the motto.
Reads.] ' Who chooses me; let him whose fate it is,
' Turn to the fair, and claim her with a kiss.
A gentle scroll: fair lady, by your leave.
I come, by note, to give and to receive,
Like one of two contending for a prize,
Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark
(Hearing applause, and universal shout)
Whether those peals of praise are meant to him:
So stands Bassanio, full of hopes and fears,
' Still anxious what to trust, and what believe,
' 'Till you confirm his hopes.

Portia. ' Had choice decided, and not only chance,
' As fortune has dispos'd me, so had I.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lady
Of this fair mansion, mistress of these servants,
Queen o'er myself, even now; and in a moment
This house, these servants, and myself, their queen,
Are yours, my lord. I plight 'em with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
' And stand, as a record, that you were false,
' A follower of my fortunes, not of me,
' And never meant me fair.

Bass.

Bass. ' Die first, Bassanio. My mistress, and my queen,
 ' As absolute as ever shall you reign.
 ' Not as the lord, but vassal of your charms ;
 ' Not as a conqueror, but acquisition ;
 ' Not one to lessen, but enlarge your power ;
 ' No more but this, the creature of your pleasure ;
 ' As such receive the passionate Bassanio.
 Oh! there is that confusion in my powers,
 As words cannot express: but when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then part life from thence:
 Then say, and be assur'd, Bassanio's dead.

Gratiano and Nerissa seem in earnest dispute.

Grat. ' I say a bargain's a bargain, and I will have justice.

Ner. I say, we drew stakes.

Grat. ' That was only in case I had lost, child.

Portia. A dispute between our friends! what's the matter,
 cousin?

Grat. I'll tell you, madam, the matter in short, and you
 shall be judge :

' I happen'd to say to this lady, that it was her destiny to
 ' Have me ; she consented to put it to tryal, and agreed
 ' To be determin'd by the choice my friend should make,
 ' If he had you — I should have her; and here
 ' Stand I to claim her promise.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. ' Aye! but he recanted, and said afterwards, he
 ' Would chuse for himself.

Grat. ' Why sure so I can, now I know the right casket.

' What sort of a tramontane, do you take me to

' Be? You are gone that way too, as I take it.

Ner. ' Then, madam, all my hope is, that you won't let
 ' Me keep my word.

Grat. ' 'Tis false, to my certain knowlege she hopes
 Otherwise — Nerissa! we'll play with 'em the first
 Boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. ' Methinks this looks like the last act of a play.
 ' All parties are agreed ; there remains nothing but
 ' To draw the curtain and put out the lights.

Grat. ' A good hint, my love: let you and I make our exit
 About that same last act, as you call it.

Bass. ' I rejoice, Gratiano, that my good fortune
 ' Thus included yours.
 ' Oh! that Antonio knew of our success.
 ' It would o'er-joy him. Pry'thee, Gratiano,
 ' Send a special messenger to *Venice*,
 ' To inform him of our fortunes---
 ' Shylock shall now be paid, my friend is safe,
 ' And happiness on every side surrounds us.
Gratiano going out, meets Lorenzo, Jessica, and a servant from
Antonio entering.

Grat. Lorenzo, and his pretty infidel,
 Salerio too, Antonio's servant; if I mistake him not.
 ' Look here, Bassanio; here is news from *Venice*.

Bass. Lorenzo. Welcome! Salerio too! What news
 ' From my Antonio? Oh, 'tis the best of friends!
 Y'are welcome hither. By your leave, my love,
 Tho' my interest here be yet but young, I
 Take upon me to bid my friends most welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. We thank you, madam: for my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,
 He needs would have me come.

Sal. I did, my lord, desire it, and had a reason for it:
 Seignior Antonio commends him to you.

Bass. ' How does my friend?

Sal. ' This letter will inform you.'

Bassanio reads to himself, and seems concern'd.

Grat. Nerissa, bid this stranger welcome:
 Your hand, Lorenzo: and yours, Salerio.
 What's the news from *Venice*? We are the *Jasons*
 Who have won the fleece: Antonio will rejoice
 At our success.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece which he has lost.

Portia. There are some shrewd contents in that same paper,
 Which steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:

' Some great misfortune sure: no common cause
 ' Could thus disturb him at this time. Still worse and worse.
 With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,
 And freely must have half of any thing

That this same letter brings you.

Bass. O my Portia! here are a few of the most fatal words
That ever blotted paper —

When I did first impart my love, I told you
That all the wealth I had ran in my veins.
When I said nothing, I should then have said
That I was worse than nothing: for indeed
I have engag'd myself to my best friend;
Engag'd my friend to his worst enemy,
To feed my fortunes. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What not one hit!
From Tripoly, from Mexico, from England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel 'scape!

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Portia. Is it your friend who is thus troubled?

Bass. The dearest friend to me! the kindest man!
The best condition'd, most unwearied spirit
In doing good; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
' For liberal love and bounteous courtesy,
' Than any that has breath'd in Italy
' Since Antony and Brutus.

Portia. What is the sum?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats,
' Rais'd to transport me hither.

Portia. What! no more!

' And rais'd on my account? 'Tis then my debt;
Pay him six thousand, double six thousand,
And then treble that, before a friend should suffer,
Or lose a hair thro' my Bassanio's fault:
You shall away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
Nerissa, and myself, mean while will live
As maids and widows. Let none reply,

' For I will have it thus.

Bass. ' O love, O friendship!

' Was ever man thus tortur'd!

Grat. 'What! not one quarter of an hour to pack up
' My baggage?

Ner. 'Whereabouts is the last act now, Gratiano?

Grat. 'Faith, child, I have the part ready,
If I might have leave to play it.

Portia. 'Away ye triflers.

'Nay then, Bassanio, I must thrust you from me:

'Tis hard for both to be divided thus

'Upon our wedding-day. But honour calls,

'And love must wait. Honour, that still delights

'To tyrannize o'er love. Farewel, my lord,

'Be chearful in this tryal: as you prove,

'Your faith in friendship, I will trust your love.

[She conducts him to the door.]

[Exeunt Bassanio and Gratiano.]

Lor. Madam, if you knew to whom you shew this honour!
How true a lover of your lord!

Portia. I never did repent of doing good;
Nor shall I now: but we have much to do
In other things: therefore to you, Lorenzo,
And to this lady, whose pardon I should crave,
For having stood so much un-noted by me,
I will commit, as to my lord's best friends,
The husbandry and conduct of my house
Until my lord's return: for my own part,
I have to heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord come back.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition, which
My love, and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all our hearts,
We will observe your pleasure.

Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That thou yet knowest not of. Balthazar,
Thou art honest; so let me find thee still.

Follow me in: I have some short directions
For you all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to a prison in VENICE.*

Enter SHYLOCK and JAILER, with ANTONIO in shackles.

Shyl. Jailer, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool, who lent out money gratis;
Where is that friend thou hast so much oblig'd
Will own thee now? Jailer, I say,
Look to him.

Anto. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shyl. I'll have my bond: I have sworn an oath, that
I will have my bond: thou call'dst me dog,
Before thou hadst a cause: but since I am a
Dog, beware my fangs.

Anto. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

Shyl. I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak:
I'll not be made a soft relenting fool,
To shake the head, and sigh, and yield, and melt
To christian intercessors: I'll have no speaking,
I will have my bond.

Anto. Thou wilt not take my flesh; what's that good for?

Shyl. To bait fish withal; if it will feel nothing else, it
Will feed my revenge: Thou hast disgrac'd me,
Hindered me half a million; laugh'd at my losses;
Repin'd at my gains; scorn'd my nation;
Thwarted my bargains; cool'd my friends;
Enflam'd my enemies; and what's the reason?
I am a Jew — has not a Jew eyes? Has not
A Jew hands! Organs, dimensions, senses, affections,
Passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with
The same weapons, subject to the same diseases,
Heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd
By the same winter and summer as a christian?
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you
Tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us,
Do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall
We not revenge? If we are like you in the rest,
We will resemble you in that: for if a Jew

Wrong a christian, what is his humility,
 Revenge? If a christian wrong a Jew, what
 Should his sufferance be by a christian example?
 Why, revenge. The charity you practise, I will
 Imitate: and it shall go hard, but I will improve
 By the instruction.

Anto. Thou art the most impenetrable cur
 That ever kept with men.

Shyl. My daughter too! none knew so well as you of my
 Daughter's flight. Why there, there, there is a
 Diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort.
 A ring too, it was my turkis; I had of Leah,
 When I was a batchelor; besides gold, and many other
 Precious jewels. Would my daughter were dead.
 At my foot, so the jewels were in her ears;
 Would she were hears'd, so the ducats were in the
 Coffin. No news, and I know not how much
 Spent in the search: loss upon loss. The thief gone
 With so much, and so much to find the thief;
 And no satisfaction, no revenge: but thou art
 Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole thief's bill.
 Thou, who wast wont to lend out money for a christian
 Courtesy: thou christian fool, pay thy debts:
 Jailer, I say, look to him.

*[Thrusts him after the Jailer, and Exeunt.
 The end of the third Act.]*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A court of justice. The DUKE and nobles seated. Officers of the
 court attending ANTONIO as a prisoner, BASSANIO and
 GRATIANO.*

Duke. **W**HAT is Antonio here?

Anto. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry, for thee, thou art come to answer
 A stony adversary; an inhumane wretch,
 Incapable of pity. Go, one, and call the Jew
 Into the court.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world does think, and so do I,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis hop'd,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, as strange
As is thy strange apparent cruelty,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace, of what I purpose,
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due, and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and the city's freedom:
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats; I reply to that,
It is my humour: is that question answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I am pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd; what! are you answer'd yet?
My humour is my reason. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou hard-hearted man.

Anto. I pray you think you question with a Jew;
You may as well expostulate with wolves;
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the waves be still, and winds be hush'd:
Forbid the mountain pines to stir a leaf,
When the rude gusts of heav'n are whistling round;
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that, than which what harder?
His Jewish heart: Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shyl. If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw 'em: I will have my bond.

Duke. How may'st thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shyl. What judgments shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Whom, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject, and in slavish part,
Because you bought 'em: shall I say to you,
Let 'em be free: marry 'em to your heirs:
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours; and let their palates
Be season'd with such dainties. You will answer,
The slaves are ours: so do I answer you.
The penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, shame upon your laws,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. The court will first advise. Here is a letter
From fam'd Bellario, which does much commend
A young and learned doctor in our court,
Whose wisdom shall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the council.

Bass. Fear not, Antonio: this greedy dog
Shall have my flesh, blood, sinews, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose one drop of blood for me.

To Shylock] Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shyl. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Bass. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shyl. None that thou hast wit enough to make.

Bass. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew!

And that thou liv'st, let justice be accus'd;
' And heaven accus'd that such a wretch was born.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows, did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou laid'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infix'd itself in thee.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off thy bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

' Thy curses fall on thy own head, for thus

' Ensnaring thy best friend, thou didst it, and not I.

' I stand for law: thy prodigality brought him
To this.

Bass. ' Inhumane dog!

Officer. Room for the council there.

*Enter Portia disguis'd like a lawyer, Nerissa like her clerk, with
bag and papers.*

Duke. Take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference,
Which holds the present question in the court?

Portia. I am instructed fully in the case.

Which is Antonio, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio, and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shyl. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow.
Is the bond prov'd? Or, does he confess it?

Anto. I do confess it.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shyl. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It drops as does the gentle dew from heav'n

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,

It blesses him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The crowned monarch better than his crown:

' It is the first of sacred attributes,

And earthly power does then seem most divine,

When mercy seasons justice. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the rigour of thy plea;

For if thou follow'st this strict course of law,

Then must Antonio stand condemn'd.

Shyl. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of the bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the bond?

Bass. Yes, here I tender't for him in the court,
Twice, thrice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not prevail, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.

Portia. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establish'd:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
May rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shyl. A Daniel, a Daniel: so ripe in wisdom,
And so young in years! A second Solomon.

Portia. I pray you let me see the bond.

Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor. Here it is.

Port. Shylock, there's thrice the money offer'd thee.

Shyl. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul!
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Be merciful, take thrice the money:
Bid me tear the bond.

Shyl. It has appear'd you are an upright judge:
You know the law; your exposition
Has been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I do insist upon my bond;
The time's expir'd; I claim the penalty.

Anto. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To pass the sentence.

Portia. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for the knife;
For the intent and purpose of the law
Has full relation to the penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true. O wise, and upright judge!

Portia. Prepare. Antonio: officers, be ready
To lay bare his bosom.

Shyl. Aye, his breast, so says the bond:
Does it not, noble doctor: nearest his heart:
Those are his words.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, at your charge,
To stop his wound, lest he should bleed to death.

Shyl. It is not nominated in the bond.

Portia. Not so express'd in words: but what of that?
'Twere good to allow so much for charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. Then do your office.

Duke. ' Hold a while. Antonio,
Have you any thing to say to hinder sentence?

Anto. But little, I am arm'd, and well prepar'd:

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well:

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein, Fortune shews herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view, with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingring penance

' She kindly cuts me off: once more farewell:

' Grieve not, my friend, that you thus lose a friend,

' For I repent not thus to pay your debt,

' Even with my blood and life: now, do your office,

' Cut deep enough be sure, and whet thy knife

' With keenest malice; for I would have my heart

' Seen by my friend.

Shyl. Doubt it not, christian, thus far I will be courteous.

Duke. Antonio, is this all thou hast to say?

Anto. 'Tis all.

Bass. ' Stand off. I have a word in his behalf.

' Since even more than in his avarice,

' In cruelty, this Jew's insatiable:

' Here stand I for my friend. Body for body,

' To endure the torture: but one pound of flesh

' Is due for him; take every piece of mine,

' And tear it off with pincers: whatever way

' Invention can contrive to torture man,

' Practise on me: let but my friend go safe,

' Thy cruelty is limited on him.

- * Unbounded let it loose on me: say, Jew,
- * Here's interest upon interest in flesh:
- * Will that content you?

Anto. ' It may him, not me.

Bass. ' Cruel Antonio!

Anto. ' Unjust Bassanio!

[Jew laughs.

Bass. Why grins the dog?

Shyl. ' To hear a fool propose: thou shallow christian!

- * To think that I'd consent: I know thee well:
- * When he has paid the forfeit of his bond,
- * Thou can'st not chuse but hang thyself for being
- * The cause: and so my ends are serv'd on both.
- * Proceed to execution.

Bass. Then thus I interpose.

[Draws, and stands before Antonio: The Jew starts back:
Antonio interposes.

Anto. ' Forbear, Bassanio, this is certain death

- * To both.

Bass. ' In one, both die: since it must be,

- * No matter how.

Duke. ' Before our face this insolence! and in a court

- * Of justice. Disarm, and seize him.

Portia. ' Spare him, my lord; I have a way to tame him.

- * Hear me one word.

Shyl. * Hear, hear the doctor: now for a sentence

- * To sweep these christian vermin, coupled
- * To the shambles. O, 'tis a Solomon!

Portia. Hark you, Shylock, I have view'd this bond,
And find it gives thee not one drop of blood.

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.

No more. Take thou that flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, mark you me,

Confiscate to the state.

[Shylock starts, surpriz'd.

Shyl. Humph.

Bass. O, upright judge! Mark, Jew. O, learned judge!

- * Forgive, most potent Duke, and reverend seigniors,
- * That thus enforc'd by my despair----

Duke. ' We do forgive thee, and admire thy virtue

' More than we blame thy passion. But proceed.

Portia. Shylock, thyself shall see the act,
And letter of the law: for as thou urgest justice,
Be sure thou shalt have justice.

Shyl. I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft! the Jew shall have all justice: soft, no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Grat. ' A Daniel! a Daniel! now, infidel,
We have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why does the jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shyl. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Portia. He has refus'd it in the open court,
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Shyl. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have barely thy forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shyl. Why then the devil give you good of it:
I'll stay no longer question---

Portia. Tarry, Jew.

The law has yet another hold of you:

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempt,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party against whom he shall contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods: the other half

Comes to the privy coffers of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, against all other voice;

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou had'st contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and therefore hast incurr'd

These several penalties of life and goods.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it;
But half thy wealth shall be Antonio's,

The other half the state's.

Shyl. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That does sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Duke. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Anto. So please my lord the Duke
To quit the fine of one half of his goods
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it, upon
His death, to young Lorenzo,
Who lately has espous'd his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon of his life.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shyl. Pray give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send after me your deeds,
And I will sign 'em.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it. *[Exit Shylock.]*

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift. *[The Duke and court rise.]*

Duke. 'Antonio, I rejoice at this conclusion;
• And I congratulate with you, Bassanio,
• Your friend's escape: you will do well
To gratify that learned counsellor,
For in my mind you both are in his debt.

[Exit Duke with his train, the court breaking up.]

Bass. 'Let me embrace the man, by whom my friend
• Has life: for in that life I live----
Three thousand ducats due on Shylock's bond,
I freely offer to requite your pain.

Anto. And stand indebted over and above
In love and gratitude for evermore.

Portia. He is well paid, who is well satisfied,
My mind was never yet more mercenary:
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen:
I wish you well, and take my leave.

Bass. Not as a fee, but as a small remembrance;
• A token of our loves and gratitude.

Portia. Give me your gloves: I'll wear 'em for your sake,
Or else that ring-----

Bass. This ring ! alas, it is a trifle ;
 ' Not fit for me to give, or you to take.

Portia. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers :
 You taught me first to beg, and now methinks,
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value :
 The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
 And find it out, by proclamation:
 Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Portia. Such slight excuses well I understand.
 Well —— peace be with you both. [*Excunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Anto. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,
 ' Be valu'd against every other scruple.

Bass. Pr'ythee, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
 Give him the ring; and bring him if thou can'st,
 To my Antonio's house. —— Away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

' Once more, let me embrace my friend, welcome to life,
 ' And welcome to my arms, thou best of men :
 ' Thus of my love, and of my friend, possessest,
 ' With such a double shield upon my breast,
 ' Fate cannot pierce me now, securely blest.

As they go off, re-enter Portia and Nerissa; Gratiano following.

Grat. Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken :
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
 Has sent you here the ring; and does intreat
 Your company at dinner.

Portia. For that he must excuse me: his ring
 I do accept with thanks; and so, pray tell him :
 And furthermore oblige my clerk to shew him
 Shylock's house —— these writings he must sign.

Grat. That I will do : 'tis a pert, pretty youth,
 I had much talk with him, during the tryal.

Ner. *Aside.* Now will I see if I can get a ring
 I gave him too at parting, which he swore
 As much never to part from.

Portia. Thou may'st, I warrant: we shall have old
 Swearing, that they gave these rings to men,
 But we'll out-face 'em, and out-swear 'em too.

Aloud.] Make haste, I pray ; thou know'st where I
Will tarry.

Grat. ' Come on, Sir ; the first cause I have to split,

' You shall have all my practice.

Ner. ' That may be sooner than you dream of ;

' Sir, I follow you.

' So many shapes have women for deceit,

' That every man's a fool, when we think fit.

[Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. **T**HE moon shines bright. In such a night as this
Did pensive Troilus mount the Trojan wall,
Sighing his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where beauteous Cressid lay ———

Jessi. In such a night ———

Sad Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Stood on the wild sea-beach, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage ———

Lor. In such a night Medea gather'd the enchanted
Herbs, that did renew old Aeson.

Jessi. In such a night,

Did young Lorenzo swear to Jessica
He lov'd her well, and stole away her soul
With many a vow, and ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night ———

Jessi. In such a night ——— } Both together.

I would out-night you. But hark!

I hear a footing.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.

Lor. 'Tis sure the voice of Portia.

Portia. He knows me as the blind man does the cuckow,
By the bad voice. Lorenzo, is it you?

Lor. Madam, you are most welcome.

Portia. We have been praying for my lord's success,

Who

Who fares, we hope, the better for our pray'rs:
Is he retu'n'd?

Lor. Madam, not yet. ~~But here~~ are letters from him,
Which give a good account of his proceeding,
And that he will be here to night;
We were walk'd out to wait his coming.

Portia. Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
And let our music play, and every thing
So direct us as we were here in formal expectation
Of his return —

This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

' My Portia, this was kind to meet me thus.

Portia. ' O never more let any cause of grief
' Divide my lord and me.

[Gratiano runs to Nerissa, who discourse apart.]

Bass. Nothing can: here, madam, is my friend,
Let me present him to you: this is Antonio,
Whom, if you love Bassanio, you must love.

Portia. ' I should behold him with a jealous eye,
' Who has so large a share in my lord's heart.

To Anto.] ' Having his leave, you'll not deny me yours,
' To make a third in friendship: I doubly joy
' That you are safe, and here.

Anto. I thank you, madam.

Portia. Play all our instruments of music there,
' Let nothing now be heard but sounds of joy,
And let those glorious orbs that we behold,
Who in their motions, all like angels sing,
Still choring to the blue-ey'd cherubims,
' Join in the chorus; that in heav'n and earth
' One universal tune may celebrate
' This harmony of hearts. Soft stilness, and the night
' Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Flourish of music.

Grat. By yonder moon and stars, I swear you wrong me,
By heav'n, I gave it to the lawyer's clerk.

Portia. A quarrel! what, already! what's the matter?

Grat. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring she gave me,
Whose poesie was, for all the world, like cutlers
Poetry upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. No matter for the poesie, or the value.
When I gave it, you swore never to part with it:
If not for love of me, yet for your conscience sake,
For your oath's sake, such vehement oaths, you
Should have kept it. A lawyer's clerk! a fine
Invention! but well I know the clerk who had it
Will ne'er have hair upon his face.

Grat. He will, if he but live to be man!

Ner. If! if a woman live to be a man!

Grat. Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth, a kind
Of boy; a little scrubbed boy, no higher
Than thyself; the judge's clerk; a prating
Boy, that begg'd it for a fee.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To make so slight of the first gift of love;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
' And riveted with solemn protestations
' Of mutual faith: a pledge of truth between you:
' Indeed you were to blame.

I gave my lord a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it: and here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the whole world contains.

Bass. aside.] Now were I best to cut my left-hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Grat. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
To the young smock fac'd lawyer, who begg'd it,
' And deserv'd it too: and then, the boy his clerk,
' A little importunate urchin, who took some pains
In writing, would needs beg mine; and neither
Man nor master would take any thing but the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me.

Bass. If I could add a lye to hide a fault,
I would deny it: But you see my finger
Has not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. And even as void is your false heart of truth.
By heav'n! I'll never come within your bed,
'Till I have seen this ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, till I see mine.

Bass. If you but knew to whom I gave this ring,
' For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;
' How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
' When nothing else would be accepted—

Portia. If you but knew the virtue of this ring,
' If you had valued her, who gave this ring,
Or your own honour, bound by solemn oath,
' To keep this ring, you would have dy'd, Bassanio,
' Ere you had parted from it:

What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any shew of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge a thing, held as a ceremony
Sacred to truth, and to connubial love?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but a woman had this ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam; by my soul,
No woman had it: but a generous friend,
Even he, who had held up the very life
Of my best friend. What shall I say, my Portia?
I was beset with shame and courtesy.
Had you been there, you would yourself have begg'd
' This ring, to be dispos'd as I dispos'd it.

Portia. Let not that man, whoe'er he is, come near me:
Since he has got the jewel that I priz'd,
I shall become as liberal as you,
And nothing can deny the man that has it.
' A ring it was of wondrous mystery
And sanctify'd by charms to rivet love:
' Whoever has it, has the sure command
' Of me, my person, and of all that's mine:
' The dire enchantment was so strongly wrought:

' One mind directs us, and one bed must hold us :
 Know him I shall, I must; nay, I will know him;
 ' I feel the effects already. Watch me like Argos,
 If you do not, if I be left alone,
 Now by my honour, which is yet entire,
 ' That man and I are one.

Ner. ' Just such a ring was mine:
 ' Methinks I love that lawyer's clerk already,
 Just as I love myself.

Bass. ' Forgive me this first fault;
 ' I'll trust thy honour above any charms :
 ' My love is built upon esteem so strong,
 ' As cannot doubt your virtue.

Grat. ' I am not quite so liberal of good thoughts :
 ' But this I'll say, if I can catch this clerk,
 ' His pen shall split for't.

Anto. I am the unhappy subject of this quarrel
 By my persuasion ———

Portia. Sir, grieve not you ;
 You're welcome notwithstanding. [*Walks about in a passion.*]

Bass. ' But hear me, Portia,
 ' Pardon this error ; by my soul, I swear,
 ' By what is dearer to me than my soul,
 ' Your precious self——

Anto. I dare be bound for him ;
 ' My life upon the forfeit, that your lord
 ' Shall never more break faith.

Portia. ' You have been oft his surety, and
 ' Have paid for't dearly.

Anto. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. ' Then be his surety still : here is a ring,
 ' Of the same virtue, and so qualified
 ' With equal spells. This only can retrieve
 ' With counter-magic what the other lost.

Antonio, give him this : but make him swear
 To keep it better.

Auto. Here, lord Bassanio : swear to keep this ring,

Bass. By heav'n!

[*Starts.*]

This is the same I gave the lawyer.

Portia. Why so it is : I had it from him : ' you see

‘ How quick an operation is in magic :

‘ We have met already.

Bass. Met! how have you met!

Ner. ‘ Met— Why by art-magic, to lie together :

‘ Ask that same scrubbed boy, the lawyer’s clerk.

Grat. ‘ Why this is worse, and worse.

Bass. Antonio! this was your doing.

[*Angrily.*]

Anto. ‘ Take your revenge and kill me.

Bass. ‘ I am answer’d—is it then true?

‘ And can it be? that by the secret workings

‘ Of mystic words, and spells, and dire compounds,

‘ Potions, and invocations horrible,

‘ Nature can be so led? What then is virtue?

‘ And what security has love or reason,

‘ Thus subjected to every hell-born hag,

‘ Who by such conjurations can disjoin

‘ United hearts? uniting the averse!

‘ How, wretched man! how canst thou boast free-will?

‘ If this in very deed be true. I’ll not suppose’t —

‘ But then that ring! how could she have it! ’tis witchcraft!

‘ Damn’d, damn’d witchcraft! and I will fathom hell,

‘ But I will find a fiend shall counter-work

‘ The devil that has done this. [Portia and Nerissa laugh.]

Portia. }
Ner. } Ha, ha, ha.

Grat. ‘ Is this true, Nerissa! are we then two scurvy

‘ Cuckolds by art-magic?

Portia. ‘ Ha, ha, ha. Well; since you grow so serious,

‘ I will be serious too: read this, Bassanio,

‘ The adventure’s writ at large: look not so fullen, lord,

‘ But read it. Lorenzo here, and Jessica,

Can witness for me: I set out almost

As soon as you. And am but even now return’d,

‘ I have not yet enter’d my house: but

‘ For farther proof, clerk, give Lorenzo,

‘ The writings sign’d by Shylock.

Ner. I’ll give ’em without fee: here, Lorenzo,

Here is a deed of gift to you, and Jessica,

Of all the Jew, your father, dies possess’d of.

Lor. See, Jessica; is this his hand?

Jeffi. ' 'Tis his own signing.

Lor. ' What prodigy is this ?

Bass. ' I am struck dumb with wonder !

Grat. ' Was Portia then the little smirking lawyer,
' And Nerissa the clerk ? I'll never forgive such a
' Trick. Art-magic do you call it ?

Ner. ' Nay, but Gratiano.

Grat. ' Away, away.

[*Dispute aside.*]

Portia. Antonio ! Here are letters too for you :

Ask me not yet, by what strange accident

They fell into my hands—but read 'em.

Bass. ' Amazement has bereft me of all words.

Anto. Why here I read, for certain, that my scatter'd ships,
Are safely all arriv'd at Rhodes,
With their whole cargo.

Portia. Doubt it not, Antonio. 'Tis most true.

' Virtue like yours ; such patience in adversity ;
' And in prosperity such goodness,
' Is still the care of providence.

Anto. ' My life and fortunes have been all your gift ;
' Dispose 'em, and command 'em, madam,
' As you please. [Gratiano and Nerissa advance.]

Ner. ' What, can you bear no jests, but of your
' Own making ?

Grat. ' You have so scar'd me with your art-magic,
That I shall scarce be a true man these two days ;
' But therein lies my revenge : and so shake
' Hands. From this day forwards,

' As the most precious of all gems, I swear !

' Nerissa's ring shall be Gratiano's care.

Portia. ' All look amaz'd : In every face I see
' A thousand questions : 'Tis time we should go in ;
' There will I answer all : cease your astonishment,
' My lord ; by these small services to you,
' And to your friends, I hope I may secure
' Your love ; which, built upon meer fancy,
' Had else been subjected to alteration.
' With age and use the rose grown sick and faint,
' Thus mix'd with friendly sweets, secures its scent.

- Bass. ' The sweets of love shall here for ever blow ;
' I needs must love, remembring what I owe.
' Love, like a meteor, shews a short-liv'd blaze,
' Or treads thro' various skies, a wandring maze ;
' Begot by fancy, and by fancy led :
' Here in a moment, in a moment fled.
' But fixt by obligations, it will last ;
' For Gratitude's the charm that binds it fast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The END of the FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

EACH in his turn, the * Poet and the † Priest,
 Have view'd the stage, but like false prophets guess'd :
 The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
 Would silence Poets, and reduce the stage.
 The Poet rashly, to get clear, retorts
 On kings the scandal, and bespatters courts :
 Both err ; for without mincing, to be plain,
 The guilt is yours of every odious scene.
 The present time still gives the stage its mode,
 The vices which you practise, we explode :
 We hold the glass, and but reflect your shame,
 Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.
 The scribbler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
 And to your genius must conform his line ;
 Not lewd by choice, but meerly to submit ;
 Would you encourage sense, sense would be writ.

PLAIN beauties pleas'd your fires an age ago,
 Without the varnish, and the dawb of show.
 At vast expence we labour to our ruin,
 And court your favour with our own undoing.
 A war of profit mitigates the evil,
 But to be tax'd and beaten is the devil.
 How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd,
 When TIMON, without music, moraliz'd !
 SHAKESPEARE'S sublime in vain entic'd the throng,
 Without the charm of PURCELL'S syren song.

IN the same antique loom these scenes were wrought,
 Embellish'd with good morals, and just thought :
 True nature in her noblest light you see,
 Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry,
 To trifling jest, and fustome ribaldry.
 What rust remains upon the shining mass
 Antiquity may privilege to pass.
 'Tis Shakespeare's play, and if these scenes miscarry,
 Let ‡ Gorman take the stage—or § lady Mary.

* Mr. Dryden, in his *Prologue to the Pilgrim*.

† Mr. Collier, in his *View of the Stage*.

‡ A famous prize-fighter.

§ A famous rope-dancer.

E.

THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

O R,

No MAGIC *like* LOVE.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

WITH

SCENES, MACHINES, MUSIC, and
DECORATIONS, *etc.*

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T H E P R E F A C E.

OF all public spectacles, that, which should properly be called an Opera, is calculated to give the highest delight. There is hardly an art but what is required to furnish towards the entertainment; and there is something or other to be provided that may touch every sense, and please every palate.

The poet has a two-fold task upon his hands in the Dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the composer, the actor, the singer, the dancer, &c. have each of them their several employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The same materials indeed, in different hands, will have different success; all depends upon a skilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artist will make but a meer hodge-podge with the same materials that one of a good taste shall prepare an excellent olio.

The seasoning must be sense; unless there is wherewithal to please the understanding, the eye and the ear will soon grow tired.

The *French* Opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and the magnificence; the *Italian* excels in the music and voices; but the Drama falls short in both.

An *English* stomach requires something solid and substantial, and will rise hungry from a regale of nothing but sweetmeats.

An opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the season affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unless there is something too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the guests break up dissatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his sentiments, and the justness of his characters. In this consists the solid and the substantial,

P R E F A C E.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon some story in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part : in our modern heroic poems, they supply the place of the gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with supernatural power.

The characters should be great and illustrious ; the figure the actor makes upon the stage, is one part of the ornament ; by consequence the sentiments must be suitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal share.

The dialogue, which in the *French* and *Italian* is set to notes, and sung, I would have pronounced ; if the numbers are of themselves harmonious, there will be no need of music to set them off ; a good verse, well pronounced, is in itself musical ; and speech is certainly more natural for discourse, than singing.

Can any thing be more preposterous than to behold *Cato*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Alexander the great*, strutting upon the stage in the figure of songsters, personated by eunuchs !

The singing, therefore, should be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which by being freed from a tiresome, unnatural recitative, must certainly administer more reasonable pleasure.

The several parts of the entertainment should be so suited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none ; and the connexion should be such, that not one should be able to subsist without the other ; like embroidery, so fixt and wrought into the substance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the stuff.

To introduce singing and dancing, by head and shoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera ; tho' that title is now promiscuously given to every farce sprinkled here and there with a song and a dance.

The richest lace, ridiculously set on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticise what has appeared of this kind on the *English* stage : we have several poems under the name of Dramatic operas by the best hands ; but in my opinion the subjects for the most part have been improperly chosen ; Mr. *Addison's Rosamond*, and Mr. *Congreve's Semele*

P R E F A C E.

tho' excellent in their kind, are rather masques, than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minutest things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the splendor of the *French* opera, and the harmony of the *Italian*, were so skilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular Dramatic bottom, as to instruct, as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as ravish the sense, there can be no doubt but such an addition would intitle our *English* opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been so liberal to foreigners for a consort of music only, mis-called an opera, would more than effect it.

In the construction of the following poem, the author has endeavoured to set an example to his rules; precepts are best explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may serve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of scenes of low life, and return to a taste of more generous pleasures.

We are reproached by foreigners with such unnatural irregularities in our Dramatic pieces, as are shocking to all other nations; even a *Swiss* has played the critic upon us, without considering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A stranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the sentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he sees: when *Oedipus* breaks his neck out of a balcony, and *Jocasta* appears in her bed, murdering herself and her children, in stead of moving terror, or compassion, such spectacles only fill the spectator with horror: no wonder if strangers are shocked at such sights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can seem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wished our scenes were less bloody, and the sword and dagger more out of fashion. To make some amends for this exclusion, I will be less severe as to the rigour of some other laws enacted by the masters, tho' it is always adviseable to keep as close to them as possible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain subjects proper

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for moving the passions, may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics sure, there may be room for a saving in equity from the severity of the common law of Parnassus, as well as of the *kings-bench*. To sacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the success of the whole may depend, is being too strictly tied down ; in such a case, *summum jus* may be *summa injuria*.

Cornelle himself complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules : “ there is infinite difference (says he) “ between speculation and practice : let the severest critic “ make the trial, he will be convinced by his own experience, “ that upon certain occasions too strict an adherence to the “ letter of the law, shall exclude a bright opportunity of shining, or touching the passions. Where the breach is of “ little moment, or can be contrived to be, as it were, imperceptible in the representation, a gentle dispensation might “ be allowed.” To those little freedoms he attributes the success of his *Cyd* : but the rigid legislators of the academy handled him so roughly for it, that he never durst make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the *French muse* must always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the same constraint as the construction ; not a discourse, but an oration ; not speaking, but declaiming ; not free, natural, and easy, as conversation should be, but precise, set, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like disputants in a school. In writing, like dress, is it not possible to be too exact, too starched, and too formal ? Pleasing negligence I have seen : who ever saw pleasing formality ?

In a word, all extreams are to be avoided. To be a *French Puritan* in the *drama*, or an *English Latitudinarian*, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the *British muse* is too unruly, the *French* is too tame ; one wants a curb, the other a spur.

By pleading for some little relaxation from the utmost severity of the rules, where the subject may seem to require it, I am not bespeaking any such indulgence for the present performance : tho’ the ancients have left us no pattern to

P R E F A C E.

follow of this species of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their strictest lessons.

The unities are religiously observed : the place is the same, varied only into different prospects by the power of enchantment: all the incidents fall naturally within the very time of representation : the plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the same point : the ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, so that one could not well subsist without the other : every act concludes with some unexpected revolution : and in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style ; every thought, every character, every subject of a different nature, must speak a different language. An humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would rumble strangely in the *Miltonic* dialect ; and the soft harmony of Mr. *Waller's* numbers would as ill become the mouths of *Lucifer* and *Belzebub*. The terrible, and the tender must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude. This Dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment : but Mr. *Betterton* having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begg'd it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception, as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors which soon followed ; and the introduction of the *Italian* opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer : however, upon revising it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, *scripsisse pudet*.

P E R S O N S N A M E S.

M E N.

Celius, a British king, father to Oriana.

Constantius, a Roman emperor, design'd for marriage with Oriana.

Amadis of Gaul, a famous knight adventurer, in love with Oriana.

Florestan, his companion, in love with Corisanda.

Arcalaus, a wicked enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

Lucius, a Roman of the emperor's train.

W O M E N.

Oriana, in love with Amadis, but given in marriage to Constantius.

Corisanda, betrothed to Florestan.

Urganda, a good enchantress, friend to Amadis.

Arcabon, sister to Arcalaus.

Delia, an attendant to Urganda.

Troops of Magicians attending the several enchanters.
Knights and ladies, captives. Men and women attending the British court. Priests, or Druids. Romans attending Constantius. Singers, Dancers, &c.

SCENE the king's palace, and parts adjacent, inhabited by the different enchanters.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of music. The scene represents an enchanted grove, adorn'd and beautified with fountains, statues, *etc.* Urganda and Delia performing some solemn ceremony of enchantment. A full stage of singers and dancers.

Urganda, and Delia.

Urganda.

SOUND, sound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride ;
Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love :
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

Del. Successful is our charm : the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes
The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's side,
Breakes off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

Urg. Ye sweet musicians of the sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.

[Urganda and Delia retire down the scene,
waving their enchanted rods, as continuing the ceremony.

A full chorus of instruments and voices.

*Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;*

In harmony,

Celestial harmony,

All magic charms are found ;

Sound the trumpet, sound.

[Here the statues leap from their pedestals, and form variety
of dances.

Chorus of singers after the dance.

*Music so charms, and does so sweetly wound,
That ev'ry sense is ravish'd with the sound.*

A single voice.

*When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,*

*The shepherd takes his reed ;
 He plays a tune,
 She stops as soon,
 And straight they are agreed.
 The battle near,
 When cowards fear,
 The drum and trumpet sounds ;
 Their courage warms,
 They rush to arms,
 And brave a thousand wounds.*

Chorus.

*By harmony our souls are sway'd ;
 By harmony the world was made.*

A second dance.

Singers again advance.

A single voice.

*When with adoring looks we gaze
 On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
 In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
 What is it that we see ?*

*But harmony,
 Celestial harmony !*

Our ravish'd hearts leap up to meet

*The music of her eyes,
 The music of her eyes,*

And dance around her feet.

Full chorus of voices and instruments, as at first.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.

Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;

In harmony,

Celestial harmony,

All magic charms are found ;

Sound the trumpet, sound

A third dance.

Urganda and Delia come forward.

Urg. This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
 For what's a soldier's recompence but love ?
 When forc'd from Britain, call'd to distant war,
 His vanquish'd heart remain'd a captive here ;

Oriana's eyes that glorious conquest made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

Del. By Arcabon, like hostile Juno, crost,
And like Aeneas driv'n from coast to coast,
The wand'ring Hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who anxious of neglect, suspecting change,
Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

Urg. Just in the moment, when resentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires:
Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride.

Del. Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

Urg. In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monsters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurs'd with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but most the fair complain,
Of violated loves, and lovers slain.
To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect some patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and slaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various orders various ensigns wear.
Bound by strict oaths, to serve the brightest eyes,
Not more they strive for glory, than the prize;
While to invite the toil, the fairest dame
Of Britain is the boldest champion's claim.

Del. Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy'st knight.
Nor Theseus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, bath'd in monster's gore,
Upon his crested helm the trampled dragon bore.

Urg. Ardan, that black enchanter, whose dire arts
Enslav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met spear to spear, his great delivering hand
Slew the destroyer, and redeem'd the land;

Far from thy breast all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conquest as by love.

Del. But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal arts as impiously employ :
Heirs to their brother's mischiefs, and sworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppose
Against his love and life.

Urg. ————— With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare.
Behold the time, when tender love shall be
Nor vext with doubt, not prest with tyranny.
The love-sick hero shall from camps remove,
To reap reward : the hero's pay is love.
The tasks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah ! how blest, how sweet is the reward !

As she retires, chorus of all the voices and instruments repeat.

*Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute ;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,
All magic charms are found ;
Sound the trumpet, sound.*

S C E N E II.

The SCENE changes to the inside of a magnificent temple.
King CELIUS, and the British court. Men and women
magnificently dress'd in painted habits, after the ancient
manner. The priests and druids in their solemnities, seem-
ing in confusion, replacing their idols, and setting their
altars in order. Thunder and light'ning. In the mean
time CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, and CORISANDA come
forward.

Const. Lovers consult not stars, nor search the skies,
But seek their sentence in their charmers eyes.
Careless of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take ;

When my Oriana smiles, from thence I date
My future hope ; and when she frowns, my fate.

Ori. Cease, prince, the anger of the gods to move ;
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.

Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of heav'n in wrath, forewarn th'ill-omen'd choice.

Const. Strange rules for constancy your priests devise,
If love and hate must vary with your skies.

From such vile servitude set reason free ;

The gods in every circumstance agree

To suit our union, pointing out to me ;

In this right hand the scepter that they place,

For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.

Thou best and fairest of the beauteous kind,

Accept that empire which the gods design'd,

And be the charming mistress of mankind.

Cor. Nuptials of form, of int'rest, or of state,

Those seeds of pride, are fruitful in debate ;

Let happy men for gen'rous love declare,

And choose the gentle virgin, chaste, and fair :

Let women to superior fortune born,

For naked virtue, all temptations scorn ;

The charm's immortal to a gallant mind,

If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.

And providence, not niggardly, but wise,

Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,

That by each other's virtue we may rise.

Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,

But friend and benefactor always bind.

The king advances, followed by priests and train.

King Our priests recover: 'twas a holy cheat ;

Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

Ori. What heav'n forbids —

King. ————— 'Twas ign'rance of my will,

Our priests are better taught : what now is ill,

Shall, when I please be good ; and none shall dare

Preach or expound, but what their king wou'd hear.

[Priests bow profoundly low.]

Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my nod,

My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[*Looking sternly at 'em they bow again as before.*
Prince, take your bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my hand.

[*Refusing her hand.*

King. How dar'st thou disobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears:
You'd see, cou'd you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, she wishes for dispatch;
Into a woman's meaning wou'd you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Priests, to your charge -- back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a stern, imperious air. Priests retire, obsequiously bowing, as before.*

Ori. Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir, shall ever be observ'd by me;
It is not to dispute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's short suspense; I own your pow'r,
And I submit. Grant but this small delay,
And as the prince decides, Oriana shall obey.

Const. I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Destin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

King. [*Aside*] Into what hands, ye gods! have ye resign'd
Your world? Are these the masters of mankind?
These supple Romans teach our women scorn;
I thank ye, gods, that I'm a Briton born.
[*To them*] Agree these trifles in a short debate;
No more delays, I am not us'd to wait.

[*King Celius retires back into the temple.*

Oriana, Constantius, and Corisanda, after a short pause.

Ori. Your stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest way how gen'rous men shou'd love;
All boast their flames, but yet no woman found
A passion, where self-love was not the ground.
Slaves we are made, by false pretences caught,
The Briton in my soul disdains the thought.

Const. So much, so tenderly your slave adores,
He has no thought of happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall meer words prevail.
I must have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.

By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers swear.

Const. Needs there an oath? and can Oriana say,
Thus I command, 'and doubt if I'll obey?

Ori. Prepare then, prince, to hear a secret told,
Which shame wou'd shun, and blushing I unfold,
But danger's pressing, cowards will grow bold :
Know — then — I love. [confess,

Const. [*eagerly*] Can you command despair, yet love
And curse with the same breath with which you bless?

Ori. [*Disdainfully putting him off.*]
Mistake me not — that I do love, is true,
But flatter not yourself, it is not you.

Const. [*starting*] Forbid it, gods, recall the fatal breath
Which spoke that word, the sound is instant death.

Ori. Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth — if one must die,
You are the judge; say, is it you — or I?

A messenger from the temple.

Mess. The king is much displeas'd at this delay,

Constantius walking about in a passion.

Const. And let him wait, while 'tis my will to stay.

Ori. Bear back a gentler answer: we'll obey.

[*Exit messenger.*]

Const. Hence ev'ry sound that's either soft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!

Say, flatterer, say, ah! fair deluder, speak,
Answer me this, ere yet my heart shall break;
Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

Ori. To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a subject must submit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a slave, and you have made me so.
Those chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Const. Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my flame,
To think that I could lay so harsh a claim.
Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;

No ties can bind, which from constraint arise,
Where either's forc'd, all obligation dies.

O fatal law! requiring to resign

The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

Ori. [*soothingly*] Accuse me not of hate, with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize;
Friendship, esteem, be yours; bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?

Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, esteem in you;
Had your complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been esteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, since what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded last, and came too late.

Cor. Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the scale,
And still throws in the weight that must prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms possess'd,
A grain of better luck has made him blest.

Const. [*aside*] To love and have the power to possess,
And yet resign, can nature yield to this;
Shall nature, erring from her first command,
Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the springs of life destroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! can nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we love.
Possessing she is lost—renouncing—I—
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Constantius, die.
Honour, and love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where'er your cruel call directs my way;
To shame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, un pitying guides—behold your slave.

Ori. Tho' love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour's the noblest chace, pursue that game,
And recompense the loss of love with fame;
If still against such aids your love prevails,
Yet absence is a cure that seldom fails.

Const. Tyrannic honour! what amends canst thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?

Vain race of fame! unless the conquest prove
 In search of beauty, to conclude in love.
 Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
 That love, which, spite of cruelty, can live!
 From your disdain, since no relief I find,
 I must love absent, whom I love unkind;
 Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains part,
 That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
 O dire reverse of hope, which I endure,
 From sure possession, to despair as sure!
 Farewel, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
 Can you refuse one tear to bleeding love?
 Ah! no, take head——turn, turn those eyes away,
 The charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
 Princess, rejoice——for your next news shall be,
 Constantius dies——to set Oriana free.

[Exeunt severally.]

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, a thick wooded forest, the trees loaded with military ensigns and trophies. A rich pavilion makes the point of view at the farther end.

Arcalaus, and Arcabon.

Arcalaus.

ENCHANTRESS, say—whence such replies as these?
 Thou answer'st love, I speak of Amadis.

Arcab. Swiftly he pass'd, and, as in sport pursu'd
 The savage herd, and scower'd thro' the wood;
 Tigers and wolves in vain his stroke withstand,
 Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
 Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and strong;
 Like Jove, majestic; like Apollo, young;
 With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
 And sure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

Arcal. Who pass'd? who look'd?

Arcab. —— Ah! there's the fatal wound,
 Which tears my heart-strings—but he shall be found;

Yes, ye infernals, if there's pow'r in art,
 These arms shall hold him, as he grasps my heart.
 Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
 The stars confin'd, enchant the boist'rous deep?
 Bid Boreas halt, make hills and forests move,
 Shall I —

Arcal.—Be made a whining fool to love?
 Suspend these follies, and let rage surmount,
 A brother's death requires a strict account ;
 To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
 This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our pow'r.
 Leave love in cottages and cells to reign,
 With nymphs obscure, and with the lowly swain ;
 Who waste their days and strength in such short joys,
 Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

Arcab. They're fools who preach we waste our days and
 strength,

What is a life, whose only charm is length ;
 Give me a life that's short, and wing'd with joy,
 A life of love, whose minutes never cloy :
 What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
 One little single hour of love is more.

[*An attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcalaus.*]

Arcal. See it perform'd — and thou shalt be,
 Black minister of hell — a god to me.

Attendant flies away thro' the air.

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
 Here Ardan fell, here, on this fatal spot
 Our brother dy'd ; here flow'd that precious gore,
 The purple flood, which cries aloud for more :
 Think on that image, see him on the ground,
 His life and fame both bury'd in one wound :
 Think on the murderer, with insulting pride
 Tearing the weapon from his bleeding side :
 Oh think —

Arcab. What need these bloody images to move?
 Revenge I will ; and would secure my love :
 Why should I of a frailty shameful be,
 From which no mortal yet was ever free ?

Not fierce Medea, mistress of our art,
 Nor Circe, nor Calypso 'scap'd the smart.
 If hell has pow'r, both passions I will please,
 My vengeance and my love shall both have ease.
 Lead on, magician, make revenge secure,
 My hand's as ready, and shall strike as sure. [*They go off.*
Oriana and Corisanda entering from the lower part of the scene.

Ori. Thrice happy they, who thus in silent groves,
 From courts retir'd, possess their peaceful loves.
 Of royal maids, how wretched is the fate,
 Born only to be victims of the state;
 Our hopes, our wishes, all our passions ty'd
 For public use; the slaves of others pride.
 Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
 Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

Cor. So generous this emp'ror's love does seem,
 'Twould justify a change, to change for him.

Ori. Alas! thou know'st not men, their oaths, and arts
 Of feigning truth, with treason in their hearts.
 Who now's ador'd, may the next hour displease,
 At first their cure, and after, their disease.

[*Flourish of music as in the forest.*

Cor. Oft we have heard such airy sounds as these
 Salute us as we pass.

[*Enter several of Arcalaus' magicians singing and dancing, representing shepherds, shepherdesses, and paisans.*

A shepherd, singing.

*Follow ye nymphs and shepherds all,
 Come celebrate the festival,
 And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
 For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.*

[*A dance of shepherds and shepherdesses. Then a*

Shepherdess addressing to Oriana, sings.

*Queen of Britain, and of love,
 Be happy as the blest above;
 Graces numberless attend thee,
 The gods as many blessings send thee:
 Be happy as the blest above,
 Queen of Britain, and of love.*

A rural dance of paisans.

[*Exeunt dancing.*

Ori. Prepost'rous nuptials! that fill ev'ry breast
With joy, but only hers who should be blest.

Cor. Sure some Magician keeps his revels here:
Princess retire, there may be danger near.

[Flourish of soft music at a distance.]

Ori. What danger in such gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice pow'rful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on——
Music's the balm of love, it charms despair,
Suspends the smart, and softens ev'ry care.

[Exeunt down the scene, following the music.]

[Arcalaus enters, with an attendant, observing them as they walk down into the forest.]

Arcal. Finish the rest, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form so fair.
Happy beyond my wish, I go to prove
At once, the joys of sweet revenge and love.

[Walks down the scene after them.]

Enter Amadis and Florestan.

Ama. Mistake me not——no——Amadis shall die,
If she is pleas'd, but not disturb her joy;
Nice honour still engages to requite
False mistresses, and friends, with slight for slight:
But if, like mine, the stubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderness, the brave must feign,
In private grief, but with a careless scorn
In public, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flor. Hard is the task, in love or grief to feign;
When passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts which from rumour rise, you should suspend
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a rash distrust,
Is the aggressor, and the first unjust.

Ama. If she is true, why all this nuptial noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty joys?
Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian coast
His fate enquiring, spake Atrides' ghost;

Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of ev'ry ill, a woman is the worst;
Trust not a woman. — Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his wife's adulteries.

Flor. Thus in despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not heav'n escapes the impious Atheist's tongue.

Ama. Enticing crocodiles, whose tears are death,
Sirens, who murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazling to the sight,
Pompously deck'd, all gawdy, gay, and bright;
With glitt'ring gold, and sparkling gems they shine,
But apes and monkeys are the gods within.

Flor. My love attends with pain, while you pursue
This angry theme; — I have a mistress too:
The faultless form no secret stains disgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemish'd as her face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin,
Without all angel, all divine within;
By truth maintaining what by love she got;
A heav'n without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

Ama. [*Embracing him*] Forgive the visions of my frantic brain,
Far from the man I love be all such pain:
By the immortal gods I swear, my friend,
The fates to me no greater joy could send,
Than that your labours meet a prosp'rous end.
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true.

Oriana and Corisanda, without.

Ori. and Cor. Help, help, oh! heav'n's help——

Ama. ————— What cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the call of beauty in distress.
Of savage beasts and men, a monstrous brood
Possess this land——

Ori. and Cor. ——— Help, help——

Ama. ————— Again the cry's renew'd.
Draw both our swords. and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress'd have a sure refuge in the brave.

Exeunt, drawing their swords.

[Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by a party of
Arcalaus' Magicians]

Ori. and Cor. Help, help——

Party. Pursue, pursue——

[Florestan crosses the stage following the pursuit.

Arcalaus fighting and retreating before Amadis.

Arcal. Thou run'st upon thy fate : mortal forbear,
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

Ama. Think not my sword shall give the least reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let such monsters live.

[Florestan re-enters retreating before another party, is seiz'd, disarm'd, and carry'd off.

Arcal. Yet pause, and be advis'd ; avoid thy fate ;
Without thy life, my vengeance is compleat :
Behold thy friend born to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

Ama. Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall :
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[Fight, Arcalaus still retreating. A sudden sound of instruments expressing terror and horror, with thunder at the same time. Monsters and daemons rise from under the stage, while others fly down from above, crossing to and fro in confusion, during which the stage is darken'd. On a sudden a flourish of contrary music succeeds ; the sky clears and the whole scene changes to a delightful vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his sword, surrounded by shepherds and shepherdesses, who with songs, music and dances, perform the following enchantment.

To be sung in full chorus.

Love, creator love, appear,

Attend and hear ;

Appear, appear, appear.

A single voice.

Love, creator love,

Parent of heav'n and earth,

Delight of gods above ;

To thee all nature owes her birth ;

Love, creator love.

Another single voice.

All that in ambient air does move,

Or teems on fertile fields below,

Or sparkles in the skies above,

*Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the seeds which thou dost sow,
Love, creator love.*

Chorus.

*Better in love a slave to be,
Than with the widest empire free.*

Dance.

Ode to Discord. A single voice.

*When love's away then discord reigns,
The furies he unchains,
Bids Aeolus unbind
The northern wind,
That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains:
Old ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tares,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That dash against the sky,
And seem to drown the stars;
Th' assaulted clouds return the shock,
Blue light'nings singe the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.
Then Jove usurps his father's crown,
Instructing mortals to aspire;
The father would destroy the son,
The son dethrones the sire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a second fight,
Briareus arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold Gigantic bands.
Pelion upon Ossa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
Horror, confusion, dreadful ire,
Daggers, poison, sword and fire,
To execute the destin'd wrath conspire.
The furies loose their snaky rods,
And lash both men and gods.*

}

Chorus repeat the last stanza.

Then Symphony for love.

A single voice.

But when love bids discord cease,

The jaring seeds unite in peace ;

O the pleasures past expressing !

O the rapture of possessing !

Melting, dying, heav'nly blessing,

O the rapture of possessing !

Hail to love, and welcome joy !

Hail to the delicious boy !

In Cyprus first the god was known ;

Then wand'ring, wand'ring o'er the main,

He in Britania fixt his reign,

And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

A full chorus.

Hail to love, and welcome joy !

Hail to the delicious boy !

See the son from love returning,

Love's the flame in which he's burning.

Hail to love, the softest pleasure ;

Love and beauty reign for ever.

Dance.

[Then to be sung by a shepherdess addressing herself to Amadis.

Now mortal prepare,

For thy fate is at hand ;

Now mortal prepare,

And surrender.

For love shall arise,

Whom no pow'r can withstand,

Who rules from the skies

To the centre.

Now mortal prepare,

For thy fate is at hand ;

Now mortal prepare,

And surrender.

Chorus repeat.

Now mortal prepare, etc.

[During

[During the chorus, Oriana appears rising from under the stage, repos'd upon a machine representing a bed of flowers. The chorus ended, she rises, and comes forward.

Ori. In what enchanted regions am I lost?

Am I alive? Or wander here a ghost?

Art thou too dead?— *Starting at the sight of Amadis.*

Ama. Where-e'er you are, the realms of bliss must be;
I see my goddess, and 'tis heaven to see.

[Throwing away his sword is seiz'd and bew.d.]

Stand off, and give me way—

Ori. ————— No, keep him there,

Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:

Convey the wretch where Sisyphus atones

For crimes enormous, and where Titius groans,

With robbers, and with murth'ers let him prove

Immortal pains—for he has murder'd love.

Ama. Have I done this?—

Ori. ————— Base and perfidious man!

Let me be heard, and answer if you can.

Was it your love, when trembling by your side

I wept, and I implor'd, and almost dy'd,

Urging your stay: was it your love that bore

Your faithless vessel from the British shore?

What said I not, upon the fatal night,

When you avow'd your meditated flight?

Was it your love that prompted you to part,

To leave me dying, and to break my heart?

See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,

Repent your folly—but repent too late.

Ama. Mistaken princess; by the stars above,

The pow'rs below, and by immortal Jove!

Unwilling and compell'd—

Ori. Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain pretence,

For base neglect, and cold indifference.

Was it your love, when by those stars above,

Those pow'rs below, and that immortal Jove,

You vow'd, before the first revolving moon,

You would return?—Did you return?—The sun

Thrice round the circled globe was seen to move,

You neither came, nor sent—was this your love?

Ama. Thrice has that sun beheld me on your coast,
By tempests beaten, and in shipwrecks lost.

Ori. And yet you chose those perils of the sea,
Of rocks, and storms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my passion, with my wishes join'd,
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Lest I your absence, than your danger, fear'd ;
In vain they threaten'd, and I sued in vain,
More deaf than storms, more cruel than the main ;
No pray'r, nor gentle message could prevail
To wait a calmer sky, or softer gale ;
You brav'd the danger, and despis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor passion move.

Ama. Of our past lives, the pleasure, and the pain,
Fixt in my soul, for ever shall remain ;
Recall more gently my unhappy state,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate :
In mortal breast, sure, honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd :
You saw my torment, and you knew my heart,
'Twas infamy to stay, 'twas death to part.

Ori. In vain you'd cover, with the thirst of fame,
And honour's call, an odious traitor's name ;
Could honour such vile perfidy approve ?
Is it no honour to be true to love ?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too, some remnants found a place ;
From Brute descending in a line direct,
Within these veins thy fav'rite blood respect ;
Mother of love, by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm these vows, and let this pray'r be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth shall bear
Immortal hatred, and eternal war ;
Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
But seeds of everlasting discord grow ;
With fire and sword the faithless race pursue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due :
Rise from our ashes some avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land ;

Waves fight with waves, and shores with shores engage,
And let our sons inherit the same rage.

Ama. Might I be heard one word in my defence——

Ori. No, not a word. What specious forc'd pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?

To false Aeneas, when 'twas giv'n by fate
To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian state,
Forfaken Dido was the first that stood

To strike his eye, her bosom bath'd in blood
Fresh from her wound : pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the false man, confounded at the sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint words he spoke,
Some tears he shed, which, with disdainful look,
Unmov'd she heard, and saw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock, when faithless tempests roar,
With one last look, his falseness she upbraids,
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.

Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding queen,
With just reproaches loads perfidious men,
Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endless night,
But keep——that odious object——from my sight.

[Exit.

Enter Arcalaus.

Arcal. With her last words, she sign'd his dying breath,
Convey him straight to tortures, and to death.

Ama. Let me not perish with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am ;
Loose this right hand——

Arcal. Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.

Sinks under the stage with him.

For him, let our infernal priests prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for her
Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bow'rs,
Music, and songs, and all those melting pow'rs
With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderness and yielding——

Superior charms, enchant us to be kind.

[Exit.

The Act concludes with dancing.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

ARCALAUS, and ARCABON, meeting.

Arcalaus.

WELCOME as after darkness chearful light,
Or to the weary wand'rer downy night :
Smile, smile, my Arcabon, for ever smile,
And with thy gayest looks reward my toil,
That fullen air but ill becomes thee now,
See'st thou not glorious conquest on my brow !
Amadis, Amadis——

Arcab. Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

Arcal. He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
The gnawing vulture, and the restless wheel,
Shall be delight, to what the wretch shall feel.

Arcab. Goddess of dire revenge, Erinnyes, rise,
With pleasure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes ;
Smile like the queen of love, and strip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks ;
With chearful tunes disguise thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note ;
Let envy's self rejoice, despair be gay,
For rage and murder shall triumph to-day.

Arcal. Arise, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, arise, burst from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witness to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and rest for ever void of care.

Arcab. Pluto, arise, infernal king, release
Thy tortur'd slaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

Arcal. Mourn all ye heav'ns, above yon azure plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The thunderer with tears bedew his sky,
For Amadis, his champion's doom'd to die.

Arcab. Death be my care ; for to compleat his woe,
The slave shall perish by a woman's blow ;

Thus each by turns shall his dire vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquish, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcal. So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, consuming dy'd :
O never more let love disguise a face
By rage adorn'd with such triumphant grace.

Arcab. In sweet revenge inferior joys are lost,
And love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy coast ;
Rage rules all other passions in my breast,
And swelling like a torrent, drowns the rest.
Should this curst wretch, whom most my soul abhors,
Prove the dear man whom most my soul adores,
Love should in vain defend him with his dart,
Thro' all his charms I'd stab him to the heart. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter CELIUS, CONSTANTIUS, LUCIUS a Roman, and a
numerous attendance of Britons.

King. From contracts sign'd, and articles agreed,
With British faith it suits not to recede :
How may the world interpret such neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect ?
Roman, consider well what course you run,
Resolve to be my pris'ner, or my son,
If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
Those supple arts, which foreigners delight,
Nor stand on forms to vindicate our right.

Exit King and attendants.

Luc. Happy extremity ! now, prince, be blest,
Of all you love, and all you wish possess ;
No censure you incur, constrain'd to choose,
Possess at once of pleasure, and excuse.

Const. If for myself alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual joy, and brutal happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle sublime of bliss, is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the ravish'd charmer taste.

Oriana, no—tho' certain death it be,
 I'll keep my word—I'll die, or set thee free.
 Haste, Lucius, haste, sound loud our trumpets, call
 Our guard to arms, tho' few, they're Romans all.
 Now tremble, savage king, a Roman hand
 Shall ne'er be bound, that can a sword command.

As they go off, re-enter king Celius, attended as before.

King. Not to be found! she must, she shall be found;
 Disperse out parties, search our kingdoms round;
 Follow Constantius, seize him, torture, kill;
 Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
 Well have thy gods, O Rome! secur'd thy peace,
 Planted behind so many lands and seas,
 Or thou should'st feel me, city, in thy fall,
 More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
 But to supply and recompense this want,
 Hear, O ye guardians of our isle, and grant
 That wrath may rise, and strife immortal come
 Betwixt the gods of Britain, and of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The scene changes to a scene of tombs and dungeons, men and women chain'd in rows, opposite to one another. In the front of the captives, FLORESTAN and CORISANDA. A magnificent monument erected to the memory of ARDAN, with this inscription in large letters of gold:

REVENGE IS VOW'D, REST QUIET, GENTLE SHADE,
 THE LIVING SHALL BE RESTLESS TILL 'TIS HAD.

A guard of daemons. Plaintive music.

To be sung by a captive king.

Look down, ye pow'rs, look down,

And cast a pitying eye

Upon a monarch's misery.

Look down, look down.

Avenge, avenge, avenge

Affronted majesty.

*I who but now on thrones of gold,
 Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
 To empire born,
 From empire torn,
 A wretched slave,
 A wretched slave,
 Am now of slaves the scorn.
 Alas! the smiles of fortune prove
 As variable as womens love.*

By a captive lover.

*The happiest mortals once were we,
 I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
 Each desirous of the blessing,
 Nothing wanting but possessing;
 I lov'd Mira, Mira me,
 The happiest mortals once were we.
 But since cruel fates dis sever,
 Torn from love, and torn for ever,
 Tortures end me,
 Death befriend me:
 Of all pains, the greatest pain,
 Is to love, and love in vain.*

By a captive libertine.

*Plague us not with idle stories,
 Whining loves, and senseless glories;
 What are lovers, what are kings?
 What at best but slavish things.*

*Free I liv'd, as nature made me,
 No proud beauty durst invade me,
 No rebellious slaves betray'd me,
 Free I liv'd, as nature made me.*

*Each by turns, as sense inspir'd me,
 Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
 I alone have lost true pleasure;
 Freedom is the only treasure.*

Chorus of daemons.

*Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving,
 No, no,*

*The powers below
No pity know ;
Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless grieving.*

A dance of daemons insulting the prisoners.

Flor. to Cor. To taste of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wise contrive,
In vain against their stars the destin'd strive.

Cor. So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the snare,
Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the same cage in mournful notes complain
Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

A captive. O heav'ns take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

[A flourish of instruments of horror. Arcabon descends in a
chariot drawn thro' the air by dragons, guarded by infer-
nal spirits. She alights and comes forward, arm'd with a
dagger in her hand.

[breath

Arcab. Your vows have reach'd the gods, your chains and
Have the same date——

Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.

He who so oft has 'scap'd th' assaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could quell,
By whom so many bold enchanters fell,

Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,

Your guardian deity's himself our prey.

From all their dungeons let our captives come,

Idle spectators of their hero's doom.

[Flourish of loud instruments of divers sorts. Other dungeons
open, and discover more captives. Amadis chain'd to an
altar, infernal priests on each side of him with knives up-
lifted ready for the sacrifice.

Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, starts and stops.

Arcab. Thou dy'st—what strange and what resistless charm,
With secret force, arrests my lifted arm?

What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Dost make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

Ama. One, who disdaining mercy, sues to die;
I ask not life, for life were cruelty.

Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god,
Fain won'd my soul encumber'd, cast her load.

Arcab. [*Afide.*] In ev'ry line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace:
My brother! had my father too been slain,
The blood of my whole race should plead in vain.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The strongest tie of nature, is in love.

Ama. O Florestan! I see those chains with shame,
Which I could not prevent—O stain to fame!
O honour lost for ever! Theseus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his friend—what man cou'd do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we stood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of pond'rous mail, these shameful bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th'inglorious weight of chains.

Flor. Where shall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

Arcab. He spoke—and ev'ry accent to my heart
Gave a fresh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but red'ning at the tears that fall,
Is it for these? Be quick, and free them all.
Let ev'ry captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence ev'ry grief, and ev'ry anxious care,
Mix with the seas and winds, breed tempest there:
Strike all your strings, to joyful measures move,
And ev'ry voice sound liberty and love.

[Flourish of all the music; the chains at once fall off from
all the captives, Arcabon frees Amadis herself.]

Chorus of all the captives.

Liberty! liberty!

A single voice.

*Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;*

Liberty! liberty!

Chorus repeat.

Liberty! liberty!

Another single voice.

*Happy isle all joys possessing,
Clime resembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy blessing,
Land of liberty and love!
When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themselves and lovers free,
In the blessing of obtaining,
Ah! how sweet is liberty!*

Dance of captives, expressing joy for liberty.

[Arcabon having freed Amadis, they come forward together; the rest standing in rows on each side of the theatre, bowing as they advance.

Arcab. When rage, like mine, makes such a sudden pause,
Methinks 'twere easy to divine the cause:
The dullest warrior, in a lady's face,
The secret meaning of a blush may trace,
When short-breath'd sighs, and catching glances, sent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent.
Let glory share, but not possess you whole,
Love is the darling transport of the soul.

Ama. The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have destin'd fame, no other chance for me;
My sullen stars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reserv'd for love.

Arcab. The stars which you reproach, my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder course:

Trust to my charms, the present time improve,
 Select and precious are the hours of love.
 Unguarded see the virgin treasure stand,
 Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;
 Honour, his wonted watch no longer keeps,
 Seize quickly, soldier, while the dragon sleeps.

Ama. Enchanting are your looks, less magic lies
 In your mysterious art, than in your eyes;
 Such melting language claims a soft return,
 Pity the hopeless flames in which I burn;
 Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
 I prize the blessing fated to refuse.

Arcab. [*Aside.*] Those formal lovers be for ever curst,
 Who fetter'd freeborn love with honour first,
 Who thro' fantastic laws are virtue's fools,
 And against nature will be slaves to rules.
 [*To him.*] Your captive friends have freedom from this hour,
 Rejoice for them, but for thyself much more:
 Sublimar blessings are reserv'd for thee,
 Whom love invites to be possess'd of me.
 The shipwreck'd Greeks cast on Aeaea's shore,
 With trembling steps the dubious coast explore,
 Who first arrive, in vain for pity plead,
 Transform'd to beasts, a vile and monstrous breed;
 But when Ulysses with superior mien
 Approach'd the throne where sat th' enchantress queen,
 Pleas'd with a presence that invades her charms,
 She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
 Up to her bed she leads the conqu'ror on,
 Where he enjoys the daughter of the sun.

[She leads Amadis out. Florestan and Corisanda, and the released captives only remain. Florestan and Corisanda run into each other's arms.]

Flor. In this enchanting circle let me be,
 For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Cor. Soul of my soul, and charmer of my heart,
 From these embraces let us never part.

Flor. Never, O never—in some safe retreat,
 Far from the noise and tumults of the great,

Secure and happy on each other's breast,
 Within each other's arms we'll ever rest ;
 Those eyes shall make my days serene and bright,
 These arms, thus circling round me, bless the night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*]

[The remaining captives express their joy for liberty by singing and dancing.]

Chorus of all the captives together.

*To fortune give immortal praise,
 Fortune reposes, and can raise ;
 Fortune the captives chains does break,
 And brings despairing exiles back ;
 However low this hour we fall,
 One lucky moment may mend all.*

The act concludes with variety of dances.

The end of the third Act.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

ARCABON and ARCALAUS.

Arcalaus.

OF women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
 Each haughtily sets out in beauty's bloom,
 Till late repenting, to redeem the past,
 You turn abandon'd prostitutes at last.

Arcab. Who hate declares, is sure of hate again ;
 Rage begets rage, disdain provokes disdain :
 Why, why, alas ! should love less mutual prove ?
 Why is not love return'd with equal love ?

Arcal. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise ;
 From sure possession what desire can rise ?
 Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
 By doubt provok'd, by certainty destroy'd.

Arcab. To govern love, alas ! what woman can ?
 Yet 'tis an easy province for a man.

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
 There is a cure—I'd ask it—if I might.
 Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
 I've learnt my rival is your pris'ner here;
 If that be true—

Arcal.— What thence would you infer? *[Surlily.]*

Arcab. What but her death—When Amadis is free;
 From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

Arcal. Thou cloud to his bright Juno—fool—shall he
 Who has lov'd her, ever descend to thee?

Arcab. Much vainer fool art thou—where are those charms
 That are to tempt a princess to thy arms?
 Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars.—

Arcal.—————But yet
 This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
 Your counsel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
 To make the woman sure, the man shall bleed. *[Exit surlily.]*

Arcab. First perish thou; earth, air, and seas, and sky,
 Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
 And ev'ry other living creature die. }

I burn, I burn; the storm that's in my mind
 Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
 Love and resentment, wishes and disdain,
 Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.

Furies! Alecto! aid my just design:
 But if, averse to mercy, you decline
 The pious task, assist me, pow'rs divine;
 Just gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
 Strike whom you please, but save the man I love. }

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

[The scene changes to the representation of a fine garden ;
 ORIANA sitting pensively in a pleasant bower towards the
 lower end of the scene. Soft music playing. Arcalaus enters,
 addressing himself respectfully to her, she rises; they advance
 slowly towards the front of the stage, seeming in mute
 discourse, till the music ceases.

Arcalaus and Oriana.

Arcal. Of freedom lost, unjustly you complain,
 Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
 No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
 And not a prison, but an empire find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
 'Tis all the mercy to be wish'd from you.
 To die, is to be free : oh let me find
 A speedy death—that freedom would be kind.

Arcal. Too cruel to suspect such usage meant,
 Here is no death, but what your eyes present :
 O may they reign, those arbiters of fate,
 Immortal, as the loves which they create.
 We know the cause of this prepost'rous grief,
 And we should pity, were there no relief :
 One lover lost, have you not millions more?
 Can you complain of want, whom all adore ?
 All hearts are yours ; ev'n mine, that fierce and free
 Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity,
 Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
 And prostrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to pow'r alone,
 Beauty distress'd, like kings from empire thrown,
 Each insolent invades——
 How art thou chang'd ! ah, wretched princess ! now,
 When ev'ry slave that loves, dares tell thee so ?

Arcal. If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
 Blame them who wound, and not your slave who dies :
 If we may love, then sure we may declare ;
 If we may not, ah ! why are you so fair ?

Who can unmov'd behold that heav'nly face,
Those radiant eyes, and that resistless grace?

Ori. Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up ev'ry grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once, and me.

Arcal. Such strange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I wou'd revenge myself a gentler way.

[Offering to take her hand, she snatches it away disdainfully.]

Ori. Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace;
Save me, ye pow'rs, from violence and shame,
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

Arcal. *[Aside.]* Love, with submission, first begins in course,
But when that fails, a sure reserve is force:
The nicest dames who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who thro' frailty yields, dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It shall be so.—

[To her.] Since softer arguments have prov'd so vain,
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[He seizes her, she breaks from him.]

Ori. Help—help—ye gods!

Arcal. Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what a rage she'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this scorn, he dies.

*[Amadis discover'd in chains. Arcalaus advancing to stab him,
Arcabon enters in the instant and offers to stab Oriana.]*

Arcab. Strike boldly, murd'rer, strike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger answers ev'ry wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

Ori. Strike, my deliv'rer, 'tis a friendly stroke,
 I shun thee not, but rather would provoke:
 Death to the wretched is an end of care,
 But yet, methinks, he might that victim spare.

Pointing to Amadis.

Ama. Burst, burst these chains, just gods, can you look down
 On such distress, like idle lookers on?
 My soul, till now, no dangers could affright,
 But trembles like a coward's, at this sight.

Arcab. So passionate! but I'll revenge it here—

Arcal. Hold, fury—or I strike as home—forbear.—

Arcabon offering to stab Oriana, Arcalaus does the same to
 Amadis; both withhold their blow.

[Trumpets, kettle-drums, and warlike instruments of all kinds,
 resound from all parts of the theatre. Urganda enters hastily
 with a numerous train. Arcalaus and Arcabon surpriz'd
 retire to the opposite side of the stage.

Urg. To arms, to arms, ye spirits of the air,
 Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
 Leave your bright mansions, and in arms appear.

[Warlike music sounds a charge; spirits descend in clouds;
 some continue in the air playing upon instruments of war,
 others remain ranged in order of battle; others descend
 upon the stage, ranging themselves by Amadis, whom Ur-
 ganda frees, giving him a sword. Oriana likewise is freed.

Arcab. Fly quick, ye daemons, from your black abodes,
 And try another combat with the gods;
 Blue fires, and pestilential fumes arise,
 And flaming fountains spout against the skies;
 From their broad roots these oaks and cedars tear,
 Burn like my love, and rage like my despair.

[Trumpets sound on Arcabon's side, which are answer'd on
 Urganda's. The grove appears in an instant all in a flame;
 fountains from below cast up fire as in spouts; a rain of
 fire from above; the sky darkned; daemons range them-
 selves on the stage by Arcalaus and Arcabon; other dæ-
 mons face Urganda; spirits in the air; martial instruments
 sounding from all parts of the theatre; Arcalaus advances
 before his party, with his sword drawn, to Amadis.

Arcal.

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Arcal. Let heaven and hell stand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two shall die.

[Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties; a fight at the same time in the air, and upon the stage; all sorts of loud instruments sounding; Arcalaus falls; the daemons, some fly away thro' the air, others sink under ground, with horrible cries.

Urg. Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heav'n and earth may hear;
And thou, O sun! shine out serene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants lost the day.

[Tunes of triumph, the sky clears, the grove returns to its first prospect. A large ball of fire representing the figure of the sun descends gradually to the stage; Amadis approaching Oriana respectfully; Arcabon stands sullen and observing.

Ama. to Ori. While Amadis Oriana's love possess,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was blest.

Ori. While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wand'ring flames to distant climates drew,
No heav'n, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

Ama. That heav'n of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those pow'rs by whom she falsely swore;
She to Constantius would those charms resign,
If oaths could bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a fine falshood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by such ways you'd hide a conscious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is shame.

[Turning disdainfully from him.

Ama. [*Approaching tenderly.*]
But shou'd this injur'd vassal you suspect
Prove true——ah! what return might he expect?

Ori. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderness.*]
Tho' brave Constantius charms with ev'ry art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he shines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the sight,

Were Amadis restor'd to my esteem,
I would reject a deity—for him.

Ama. Tho' false as wat'ry bubbles blown by wind,
Fixt in my soul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithless and unkind.

O were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair!
For her alone I'd live—and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these murmurs of returning love,
And from this scene of rage and fate remove.

[To Arcabon.]

Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious pow'r:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'st living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy despair.

[To Oriana and Amadis.]

Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[The machine representing the figure of the sun opens and appears to be a chariot refulgent with rays, magnificently gilt and adorn'd, with convenient seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon stops him by the robe.

Arcab. What, not one look! not one dissembling smile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my sight for ever, and my heart.

Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.

Back, soldier, to the camp, thy proper sphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Useless to women—thou mere image, meant
To raise desire—and then to disappoint.

[Amadis takes his place in Urganda's chariot, which rises gradually in the air, not quite disappearing till the close of Arcabon's speech.

So ready to be gone—Barbarian, stay.
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O stay, come back—horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!—return, return,

Eternal racks my tortur'd bosom tear,
 Vultures with endless pangs are gnawing there,
 Fury! distraction—I am all despair.
 Burning with love, may'st thou ne'er aim at bliss,
 But thunder shake thy limbs, and light'ning blast thy kiss,
 While pale, aghast, a spectre I stand by,
 Pleas'd at the terrors that distract thy joy!
 Plague of my life! thy impotence shall be
 A curse to her, worse than thy scorn to me.

[Exit.

Chorus.

First Voice.

*The battle's done,
 Our wars are over,
 The battle's done,
 Let laurels crown
 Whom rugged steel did cover.*

Second Voice.

*Let myrtles too
 Bring peace for ever,
 Let myrtles too
 Adorn the brow,*

That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full chorus of all the voices and instruments.

*Let trumpets and tymbals,
 Let atabals and cymbals,
 Let drums and hautboys give over;
 But let flutes
 And let lutes
 Our passions excite
 To gentler delight,
 And every Mars be a lover.*

Dances, with which the act concludes.

The end of the fourth Act.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

SCENE URGANDA's enchanted palace.

The scenes are adorn'd and diversify'd with the several representations of the adventures and exploits of heroes and heroines : a large piece facing the front, representing their Apotheosis, or reception among the gods.

AMADIS *and* ORIANA.

ORIANA.

IN my esteem he well deserves a part,
He shares my praise, but you have all my heart ;
When equal virtues in the scales are try'd,
And justice against neither can decide ;
When judgment, thus perplex'd, suspends the choice,
Fancy must speak, and give the casting voice :
Much to his love, much to his merit's due,
But pow'rful inclination was for you.

Ama. Thou hast no equal, a superior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should fame sollicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Shou'd purchase but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

Ori. Wrong not my virtue, to suppose that I
Can grant to love, what duty must deny ;
A father's will is wanting, and my breast
Is rul'd by glory, tho' by love possess'd :
Rather than be another's, I wou'd die ;
Nor can be yours, till duty shall comply.

Ama. Hard rules, which thus the noblest loves engage,
To wait the peevish humours of old age !
Think not the lawfulness of love consists
In parents wills, or in the forms of priests ;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happy'st bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd, when hearts agree.

Enter Urganda, Corisanda, Florestan, and attendants to Urganda.

Urg. Here faithful lovers to sure joys remove,
The soft retreat of glory and of love,
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerours;
Here, gallant prince, let all your labours end;
Before, I gave a mistress; now, a friend;
The greatest blessings which the gods can send.

[*Presenting Florestan*

Ama. O Florestan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys compleat;
The sight of thee does such vast transports breed,
As scarce the ecstasies of love exceed.

Flor. If beyond love or glory is a taste
Of pleasure, it is sure in friendship plac'd.

Ori. My Corisanda too; [*Embracing her.*
Not Florestan cou'd fly with greater haste
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breast,
As to thy lover's—

Cor.———O joy compleat!
Blest day!

Wherein so many friends and lovers meet.

Flor. The storm blown over, so the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and seek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and cooe eternal loves.

Ama. O Florestan! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the fates are kind, without reserve.
My joys are not so full, tho' love would yield,
Fierce honour stands his ground, and keeps the field;
Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While honour, with his guard of pride, defends:
O nature, frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wishes, honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid honour, thus to bind,
When nature prompts, and when desire is kind.

*Enter Arcabon conducting Constantius, her garments loose, and
hair dishevel'd, seeming frantic. Constantius in deep mour-
ning.*

Arcab. This, Roman, is the place; 'tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.

Behold them at our view dissolve in fear,
 Two armies, are two lovers in despair ;
 Proceed, be bold, and scorning to intreat,
 Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit ;
 Kill him, and ravish her—for so wou'd I,
 Were I a man —or rather let both die.

The rape may please —

Each was disdain'd ; to equal rage resign
 Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
 'Tis sweet to love, but when with scorn we meet,
 Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.

[A chariot descends swiftly, into which she enters at the following lines.]

Up to th' ethereal heav'ns where gods reside,
 Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy side.

[A clap of thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vanishes with her.]

Const. Fly where thou wilt, but not to blest abodes,
 For sure, where-e'er thou art, there are no gods.

Addressing himself to Oriana,

I come not here an object to affright,
 Or to molest, but add to your delight.
 Behold a prince expiring in your view,
 Whose life's a burthen to himself, and you.
 Fate and the king all other means deny
 To set you free, but that Constantius die.
 A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
 But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart ;
 I thank ye, gods, nor think my doom severe,
 Resigning life, on any terms, for her.

Urg. What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
 When on one face depends so many fates ?

Const. Make room, ye Decii, whose devoted breath
 Secur'd your country's happiness by death ;
 I come a sacrifice no less renown'd,
 The cause as glorious, and as sure the wound.
 O love ! with all thy sweets let her be blest,
 Thy reign be gentle in thatauteous breast.

Tho' thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
 Have scorch'd my joys, and in their baneful course
 Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up ev'ry source;
 Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright,
 Cherish her heart, and nourish her delight,
 Restrain each cruel influence that destroys,
 Bless all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[Oriana weeps, and shews concern; Amadis addressing himself
 to Constantius.

Ama. Were fortune us'd to smile upon desert,
 Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
 Thus fate divides the prize; tho' beauty's mine,
 Yet fame, our other mistress, is more thine.

[Const. looking sternly upon him.

Disdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praise,
 Whom your high worth thus humbles to confess
 In every thing but love, he merits less.

Const. Art thou that rival then? O killing shame!
 And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
 Like a scorn'd captive prostrate at his side,
 To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
 O 'tis too much! and nature in disdain
 Turns back from death, and firing ev'ry vein,
 Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
 Be firm, my soul, quick from this scene remove,
 Or madness else may be too strong for love.
 Spent as I am, and wearied with the weight
 Of burthening life—I could reverse my fate.
 Thus planted—stand thy everlasting bar—

[Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breast, Amadis does the
 same, each holding a dagger ready to strike.

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

[Stabs himself; Amadis throws away his dagger, and sup-
 ports him; they all help.

Ori. Live, gen'rous prince, such virtue ne'er should die.

Const. I've liv'd enough, of all I wish, possess,
 If dying—I may leave Oriana blest.
 The last warm drop forsakes my bleeding heart;
 Oh love! how sure a murderer thou art.

[Dies.

Ori. [*Weeping.*] There breaks the noblest heart that ever
burn'd

In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Ama. Lavish to him, you wrong an equal flame ;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the same.

Flor. Oh emperor! all ages must agree,
Such, but more happy, shou'd all lovers be.

Urg. [*To Oriana.*]
No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deserving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the sight.

[*Carry off the body.*]

Ere yon bright beams are shadow'd o'er with night.
The stubborn king shall license your delight ;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you desire ;
And honour, which so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Flourish of all the music. The stage fills with singers and dancers
in the habits of heroes and heroines.*]

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, etc. to a seat during the
following entertainment.

First voice.

*Make room for the combat, make room ;
Sound the trumpet and drum ;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The gods of desire take part in the fray,
And love sits like Jove, to decide the great day.*

*Make room for the combat, make room ;
Sound the trumpet and drum.*

Second voice.

*Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious ;
But love has decreed
Tho' beauty may bleed,
Yet beauty shall still be victorious.*

Chorus.

Make room for the combat, make room ;

Sound the trumpet and drum.

[Here two parties enter from the opposite sides of the theatre, arm'd at all points, marching in warlike order. And then dance several Pyrric or martial dances, with swords and bucklers. Which ended, the singers again advance.

To be sung.

Help ! help ! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries ;

He faints, he falls ; help ! help ! ah me ! he dies ;

Gently she tries to raise his head,

And weeps, alas ! to think him dead.

Sound, sound a charge, — 'tis war again ;

Again he fights, again is slain ;

Again, again, help ! help ! she cries,

He faints, he falls, help ! help ! ah me ! he dies.

Dance of heroes and heroines.

Then singers again come forward.

To be sung.

Happy pair,

Free from care,

Enjoy the blessing

Of sweet possessing ;

Free from care,

Happy pair.

Love uniting,

Souls uniting ;

Desiring,

Expiring ;

Enjoy the blessing

Of sweet possessing ;

Free from care,

Happy pair.

Another dance of heroes and heroines.

Then a full Chorus of all the voices and instruments.

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure ;

Tho' cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure !

In the hour of possessing,

So divine is the blessing,

That one moment's obtaining,

Pays an age of complaining.

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure,

Tho' cruel the pain is how sweet is the cure!

[Here follows variety of dances, with which the entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, *etc.* rise and come forward.

Ama. So Phoebus mounts triumphant in the skies,
The clouds disperse, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ori. Our present joys are sweeter for past pain;
To love and heav'n, by suff'ring we attain.

Urg. Whate'er the virtuous and the just endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always sure.

[A triumphant flourish of all the instruments, with which the play concludes.

The end of the fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

By the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

WHEN ORPHEUS tun'd his pipe with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow ;

While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.

That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to beauty join'd :

Where sounding strings, and artful voices fail,
The charming rod, and mutter'd spells prevail.

Let sage URGANDA wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landskip mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fixt,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show :
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still :
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgress'd)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise :
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle * we divert your sight.

* The ladies.

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